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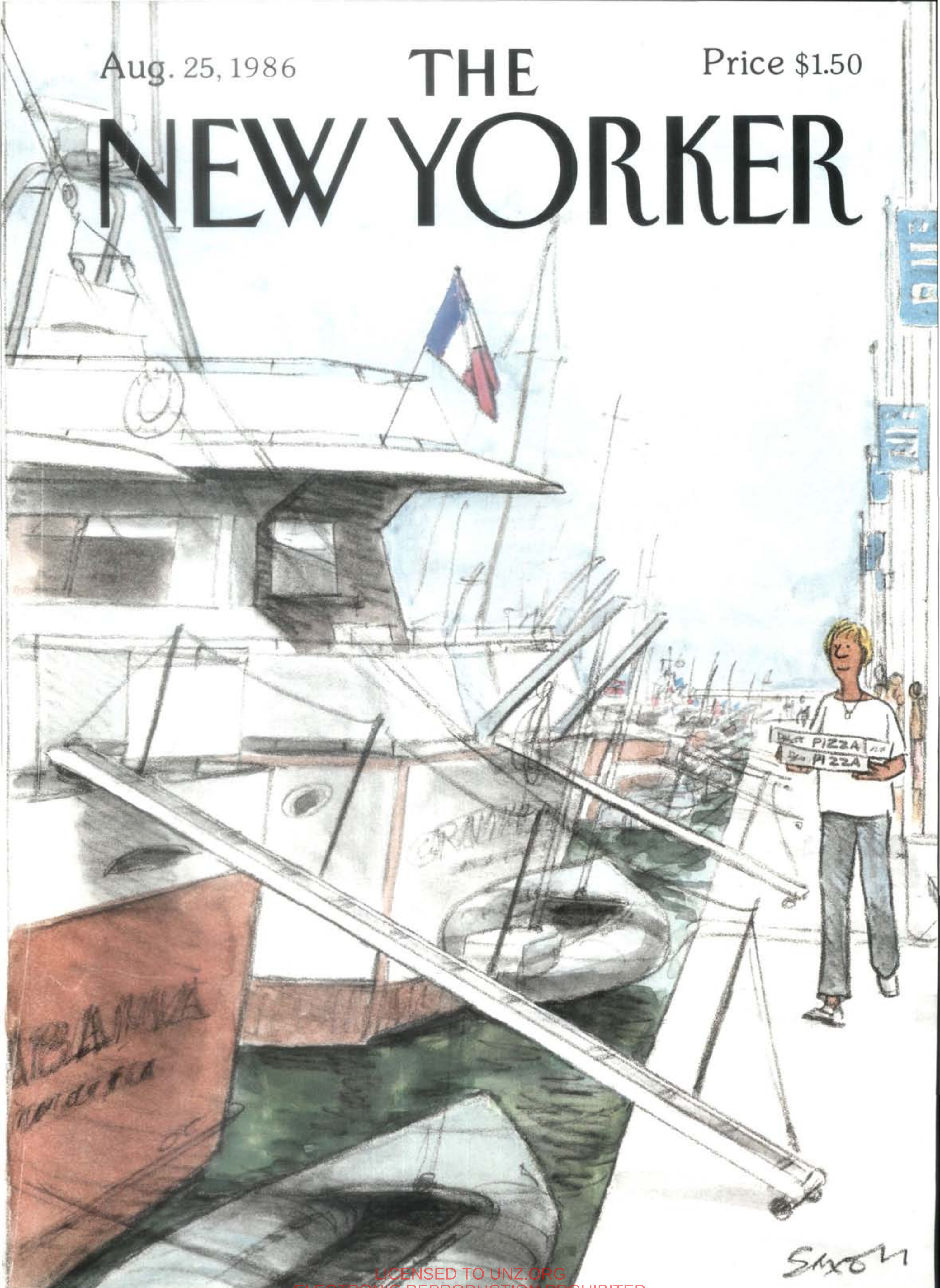
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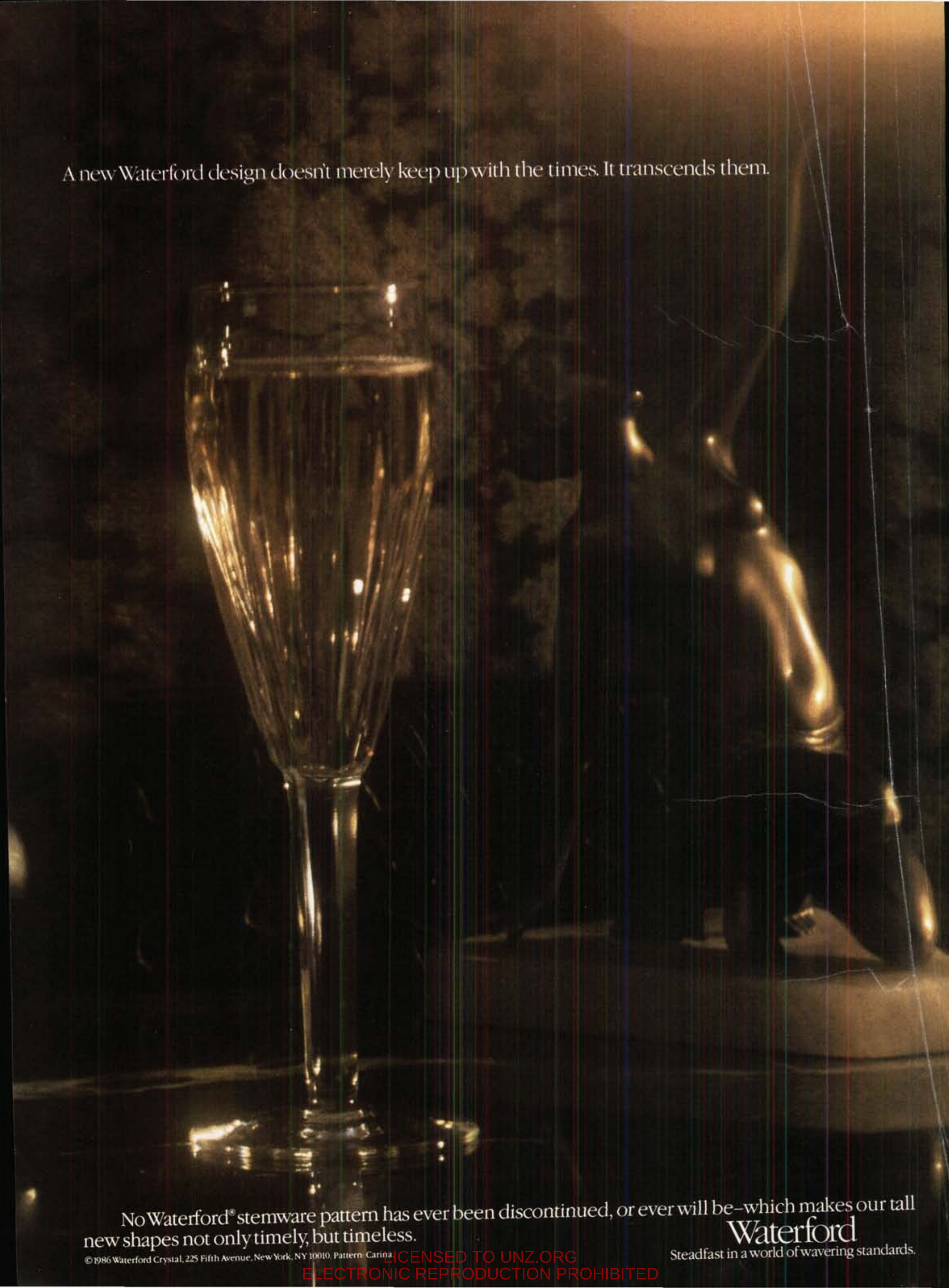
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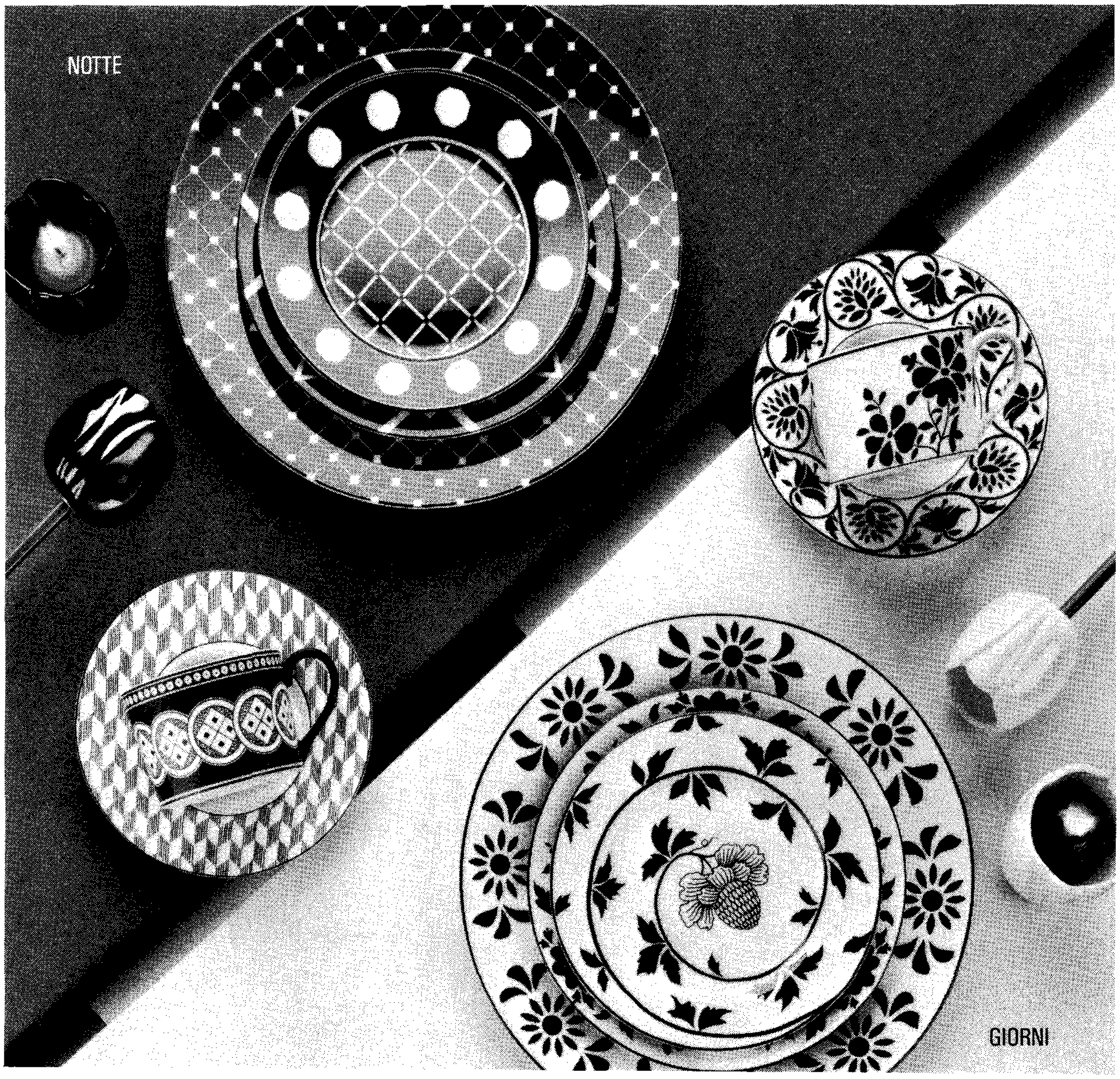

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

RECEIVED
AUG 27

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			20	21	22	23
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Arsenic and Old Lace—Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts are the leading characters in this farce by Joseph Kesselring, which was a big hit back in 1941. It is still pretty funny and so worth devoting an idle summer evening to. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/7/86.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cuba and His Teddy Bear—Robert De Niro is a Hispanic drug dealer (cocaine), who is bringing up his teen-age son. Reinaldo Povod's first play is considerably better than promising; Mr. De Niro's performance is remarkable, and he is well supported by Burt Young, Ralph Macchio, and Paul Calderon. Bill Hart directed. (6/2/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 2.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—A return engagement of the Royal Shakespeare Company production, based on the Dickens novel and adapted for the stage by David Edgar. With music and lyrics by Stephen Oliver and direction by Trevor Nunn and John Caird. Previews through Saturday, Aug. 23. Opens officially on Sunday, Aug. 24, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 16. The play will be done in two parts, and tickets will be available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 24: Willian H. Smith's **THE DRUNKARD.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Aug. 27: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Me and My Girl—An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, worth going to for the superb performance by Robert Lindsay in the starring role. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his sudden death has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose, and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nunsense—A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend, with Martin Vidnovic, doubling as the General and the usurping Jupiter, and Elizabeth Austin, as a chorus girl who happens to be the "wife" of one of the "producers." Music by Grant Sturiale, and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harmon, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Sundays at 7; Saturday Aug. 23, at 7 and 10; and Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2:30.)

Rags—Teresa Stratas and Larry Kert in a musical with a score by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, and a book by Joseph Stein. The director is Gene Saks. Previews Wednesday, Aug. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 21. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Raisin in the Sun—Lorraine Hansberry's passionate and often funny play about the attempts of a black family in Chicago to leave their slum apartment and move on is somewhat lacking in urgency and fire in this revival. Even so, much of the acting is good, especially that of Vondie Curtis-Hall, Starletta DuPois, James Pickens, Jr., and Kim Yancey. Harold Scott directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden, along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—With his first Broadway comedy, Andrew Bergman proves a worthy successor to the Neil Simon of "Barefoot in the Park." The fine cast includes Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Olympia Dukakis, Joanna Gleason, and Stefan Schnabel. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday evening, Aug. 25.)

Sweet Charity—A musical that, with very little alteration, has mysteriously improved with

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age. Directed and choreographed by Bob Fosse, it has a book by Neil Simon, songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, settings by Robert Randolph, and a star in the person of Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Today I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday evening, Aug. 25.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Aug. 24, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,952 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE:** A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations written for her by Jane Wagner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** Imported from England, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Dance Theatre Workshop—Programs of contemporary dance—**HELEN DANNENBERG:** Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 21-23, at 8. . . . **DANIEL EZRALOW:** Monday through Friday, Aug. 25-29, at 8. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A yellow-brick-faced all-blues bar and restaurant that happens to be next door to a yellow-brick-faced funeral parlor. The flag of the second-largest state flies here; Yosemite Sam, Road Runner, and Wile E. Coyote animate the walls; and the house piano is a yellow upright. **HUBERT SUMLIN**, who played guitar with Howlin' Wolf for twenty-two years, will be here Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 21-23. Other bluespersons can be heard every night except Sunday. Music from about nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Montgomery, Plant & Stritch are singing and pattering in harmony in the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. **EMILY REMLER** and John Basile play guitar duets on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, and on the following Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, Mark Morganelli will sit down at the upright piano and conduct the Jazz Forum All-Stars. Other groups can be heard during the rest of the week. Sets begin at nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at ten Fridays and Saturdays.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin music room on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets, where, Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty, you will find **BLOSSOM DEARIE** singing "Peel Me a Grape" and "My Attorney Bernie" in her tiny, pure, diction-perfect voice; Helen Schneider sings Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The big blue banner that flies above the entrance to this club may not be modest ("Jazz Capital of the World," it says), but it looks nice flapping in a summer breeze. The musicians: through Thursday, Aug. 21, **CHUCK & GAP MANGIONE**; Friday through Sunday, Aug. 22-24, **TANIA MARIA** & Brazilian Explosion; Monday, Aug. 25, the **VERNEL FOURNIER** All-Stars, featuring **CLIFFORD JORDAN**; and starting Tuesday, Aug. 26, the **DIZZY GILLESPIE** quintet. Shows from about nine. Tenor saxophonist Jean Toussaint leads a band every night but Monday after the last set until about four in the morning. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Wednesdays, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, the **DAVID BROMBERG** band; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 24-25, jazz-fusion saxophonist **SADAO WATANABE**; Thursday, Aug. 28, Jesse Winchester and Aztec Two-Step; Friday, Aug. 29, **PETER ROWAN** and Beausoleil; and Saturday, Aug. 30, Deep Gap, North Carolina, guitarist **DOC WATSON**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a barstool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. **NORMAN SIMMONS** and **JIMMY ROWSER** work together through Saturday, Aug. 23; **RED MITCHELL** accompanies George Ziskind on Sunday, Aug. 24; and starting Monday, Aug. 25, **MR. MITCHELL** teams up with **KENNY BARRON**. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. Baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT** and his quartet, Concept, perform through Monday, Aug. 25, and on Tuesday, Aug. 26, **DOC CHEATHAM**, whose trumpet solos tend to be short and lyrical, brings in his combo. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**DICK WELLSTOOD** is now presiding at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar. He plays Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club, where the fearless, thrilling aviatrix **BETTY CARTER** will be soaring and swooping with her trio through Sunday, Aug. 24; **RALPH TOWNER** and **GARY BURTON** will engage in guitar-vibraphone duets starting Tuesday, Aug. 26. Mondays are the property of guitarist and recording innovator **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—A cozy supper club in verdant Turtle Bay. **MICHELE BAUTIER**, whose repertoire includes that hymn to greenness first sung by Kermit the Frog, winds up her engagement on Saturday, Aug. 23. Shows Wednesday and Thursday at nine, and Friday and Saturday at nine and eleven.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse—the ceiling is a mile high—this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. **HILTON RUIZ** works with bassist **VISHNU WOOD** through Saturday, Aug. 23; Nat Jones plays on Monday, Aug. 25; and **HAL SCHAEFER** takes over on Tuesday, Aug. 26. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The hip Cherry Hill, Arkansas, vocalist **BOB DOROUGH** will be at the upright piano and **BILL TAKAS** will be on electric bass through Saturday, Aug. 23; Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 27-30, Kitt Moran sings with backing from her pianist husband, Mike Moran, and from bassist Rick Crane; Sundays and Mondays, Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays are reserved for guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The dashing, versatile, and sartorially resplendent **ROGER KELLAWAY** is in charge of the dining-room grand through Saturday, Aug. 23; starting Tuesday, Aug. 26, it will be in the hands of **JOHN EATON.** Sundays are claimed by Jim Badzik, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner bar and restaurant crowded with good listeners listening to bebop pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** and bassist Paul Brown through Saturday, Aug. 23, and, beginning Tuesday, Aug. 26, to **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **STEVE LA SPINA.** Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 20-21, the Searchers; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, the **JOHNNY COPELAND** band; Monday, Aug. 25, Chicago blues harpists **JAMES COTTON** and **JUNIOR WELLS;** Tuesday, Aug. 26, **WILSON PICKETT;** Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28, **DAVE MASON;** and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 30-31, **ROBERT GORDON.** Music after nine nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room, you can see the tubbed saplings in the adjacent office-tower frontage, and in the spiffy back room you can see and hear **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL,** who are concentrating on the songs of Alan Jay Lerner. They sing Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some very substantial players on the bandstand. Wednesday, Aug. 20, Tamara Kain; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, the scholarly, swinging pianist **BILLY TAYLOR;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, R. & B. men **CORNELL DUPREE** and **RICHARD TEE.** Music from about ten until two.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The performers: Thursday, Aug. 21, Hard Facts and Simply Red; Friday, Aug. 22, the **FEELIES;** Saturday, Aug. 23, Discharge, D.R.I., C.O.C., and Youth of Today; Tuesday, Aug. 26, John Eddie; and Thursday, Aug. 28, the Blow Monkeys. The shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Brazilian music, African music, salsa music, reggae music, and American music. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 20, **JEAN CARNE;** Thursday, Aug. 21, **LITTLE MILTON** and **OTIS CLAY;** Saturday, Aug. 23, **MIKATA;** Tuesday, Aug. 26, Arrow, Shadow, and Duke; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28, **GIL SCOTT-HERON;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, Batucaje. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The South African pianist and composer **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and his swaying septet, **EKAYA,** will occupy the bandstand through Sunday, Aug. 24; pianist **MC COY TYNER** begins a two-week residence on Tuesday, Aug. 26; and the **GIL EVANS** orchestra, sixteen-strong, raises the roof on Mondays. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A refreshingly simple and basic (in the age of extravagance), non-trendy blues and rock club. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, **CEDELL DAVIS;** Sunday, Aug. 24, the Bourbon Street Jass Band; Monday, Aug. 25, **JUMP STREET;** Tuesday, Aug. 26, the **BEN VAUGHN** combo; Thursday, Aug. 28, the Josie Kuhn band, with Lauren Shapiro; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Shows after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa bands get going in the big downstairs space on Monday nights after nine; on Aug. 25, **WILLIE ROSARIO** and his orchestra, **HECTOR LAVOE** and his orchestra, and **LEW TABACKIN,** the guest jazz soloist, will provide the excitement. On Sundays, at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty, the reunited **SKATALITES** cut loose. . . . ¶ On Friday, Aug. 22, from four to seven, downstairs, upstairs, and on the Terrace, various groups, including **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS, CHICO FREEMAN'S** quartet, and **TIM BERNE'S** trio will be performing. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in the Terrace Bar, longtime partners **JUNIOR MANCE** (piano) and **MARTY RIVERA** (bass) collaborate every night except Monday. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present, with a trio, on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment is the most famous jazz club in the world. Ace trumpeter **JON FADDIS** and his quintet will be present through Sunday, Aug. 24, and a quintet led by two young players from New Orleans—trumpeter **TERENCE BLANCHARD** and altoist **DONALD HARRISON**—will move in on Tuesday, Aug. 26. Mondays remain prime time for the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has foursquare tables, booths, and live music. **EARLE WARREN** plays swing-time alto with his Countsmen through Sunday, Aug. 24; on that afternoon and night he and his crew will be joined by **BUCK CLAYTON, JONAH JONES, RAM RAMIREZ, SAMMY PRICE,** and **EDDIE DURHAM'S** sextet, all of whom will be performing for the benefit of WKCR, Columbia's jazz station. On Tuesday, Aug. 26, clarinettist **KENNY DAVERN** sits in with the Ronnie Cole trio, and on Wednesday, Aug. 27, singer **MICHELLE HENDRICKS** arrives with her trio. Shows from about nine.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—A plush downstairs club, with a lot of art on the walls and an Oriental rug on the bandstand. Pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS'** quartet, which features saxophonist **BRANFORD MARSALIS,** will be on hand through Sunday, Aug. 24, and on Tuesday, Aug. 26, drummer **ROY HAYNES** and his foursome commence a six-night stint. The Monday honors go to trumpeter Tex Allen's sextet. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), which no longer looks like a cardboard-box factory, you can listen to **ELLIS LARKINS** play the dining-room grand through Sunday, Aug. 24, and to **JACK WILSON** starting Tuesday, Aug. 26. **MULGREW MILLER** fills in on Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A ground-floor town-house restaurant, bar, and jazz nook, where pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** are working in tandem. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

METALLIC KEEL—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8.

BRUCE COCKBURN—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8.

SALSA CONCERT—Celia Cruz, Johnny Pacheco, Hector Lavoe, Ray Barretto, Papo Lucca, and others. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8.)

JAZZ CULTURAL THEATRE—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Barry Harris trio and C-Sharpe. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 7: Barry Harris. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Aug. 29-31, at 10 and midnight: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. (Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300.)

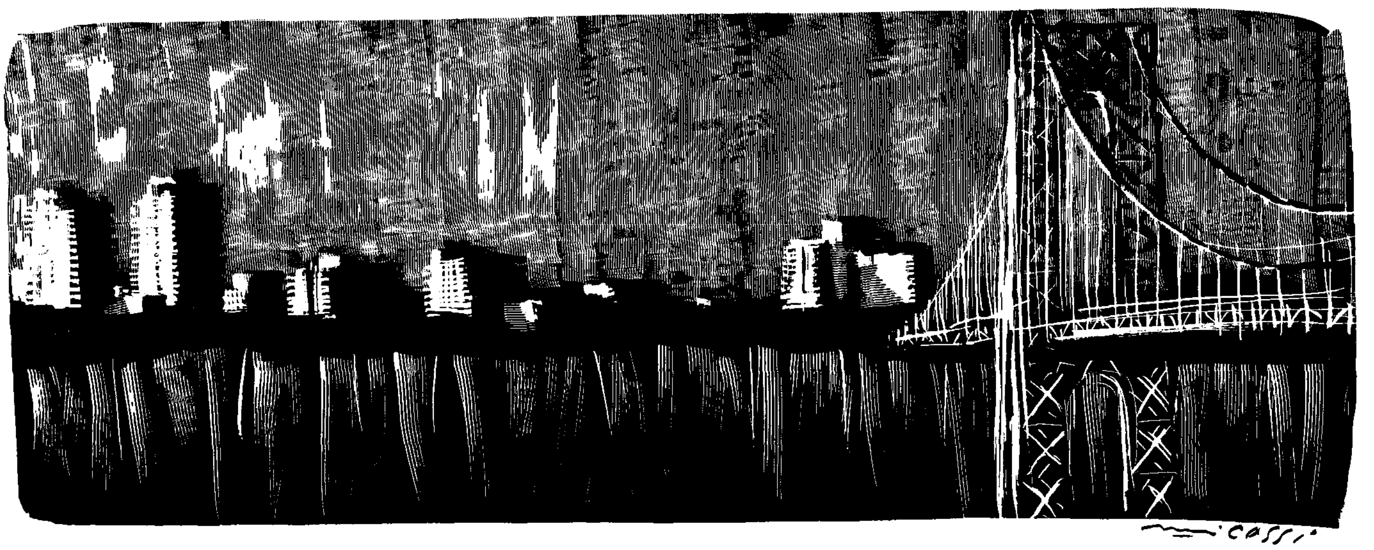
JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, at 9:30 and 11: Bill Barron quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 9:30 and 11: Billy Harper quintet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Four large recent sculptures, plus smaller works. Through Sept.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robin Hill / Hannah Villiger—Abstract sculptures in wax, both natural and pigmented. / The artist's own body is the subject of her photographs. Through Wednesday, Aug. 27. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Israel—Ink drawings of costume designs for "Vienna: Lusthaus" and for the Seattle Opera's production of the Ring Cycle. Through Friday, Aug. 29. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **center for african art,** 54 E. 68th St.: "African Aesthetics: The Carlo Monzino Collection," comprising works in wood, mainly, but also in gold, ivory, bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, and including the famous "Black Venus." Through Sept. 7. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: A show that complements the "Vienna 1900" exhibit at the Modern; works on paper, including prints, by Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka. Through Sept. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hoffeld,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by twentieth-century artists. Through Sept. 26. . . . **york,** 21 E. 65th St.: Two dozen paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century American artists, including landscapes by Heade, Kensett, and Twachtman, flower studies by O'Keeffe and Joseph Stella, and a portrait of Frances de Forest by William Merritt Chase. Through Sept. 20.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at: **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **cooper,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **davis & langdale,** 231 E. 60th St. . . . **fischbach,** 24 W. 57th St. . . . **hoffman,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **robert miller,** 41 E. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Wendell MacRae (1896-1980)—Prints of New York in the thirties and forties by an artist who was a staff photographer for Rockefeller Center during its construction. Through Friday, Aug. 22. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Jay Maisel / Todd Webb—Large-scale photographs of the American landscape over the past thirty years. / Photographs concentrating on New York and Paris and dating from 1945 to 1960. Through Sept. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Rosalind Solomon—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of prints by an artist who has found a connection between, for instance, a Santa on duty in the Northgate Mall in Chattanooga, Tennessee, a *condomblé* initiation in Brazil, and a wedding in Burma. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—Mostly contemporary photographs centering on sporting activities—rodeos, football, hunting, fishing. Eadweard Muybridge, Garry Winogrand, Nancy Dwyer, Stephen Frailey, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 29. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of forty French Impressionist and early modern paintings on loan from the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad, and the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts, in Moscow, including Matisse's "Harmony in Red." Starts Friday, Aug. 22. . . . ¶ Japanese color woodblocks, reflecting the impression Westerners made on late-nineteenth-century Japanese artists. Lincoln Kirstein gave these prints to the museum. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. Through Oct. 21. . . . **photography:** Prints by Rosalind Solomon. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with popular turn-of-the-century Viennese music performed by an ensemble of Juilliard alumni. Through Saturday, Aug. 30.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Expressive Figure from Rousseau to Bacon," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper that are based on the figure but were done during the rise of abstractionism. . . . ¶ A small show of sculptures and collages by Louise Nevelson, including an environmental piece called "The Floral Garden," which the artist recently gave to the museum. . . . ¶ A display of six large-scale tapestries by Norwegian artist Jan Groth, and related drawings in crayon. All shows through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ Shaker design, exemplified by furniture, textiles, farming equipment, cooking utensils, etc., plus watercolors done as religious tokens. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of forty prints by the photographer Joel-Peter Witkin, whose work is characterized by erotic and fantastic imagery. Through Sept. 22. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of recent North American Indian textiles, pottery, baskets, jewelry, and carvings. Through Oct. 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Hollywood: Legend and Reality," a show about the nuts-and-bolts aspects of the film industry over the years. The displays include original production designs (a matte painting by Albert Whitlock for "The Birds"), costume sketches and costumes (the matador suit Rudolph Valentino wore in "Blood and Sand," the barbecue dress Vivien Leigh wore in "Gone with the Wind"), set models (a tabletop model city for "Blade Runner"), posters, about two hundred photographs, documents (a pithy memo on character development from F. Scott Fitzgerald to David O. Selznick), and, from the Xanadu of Hollywood's prop room, the sled from "Citizen Kane" and the piano from "Casablanca." Through Oct. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

UMBRELLAS
Uncle SAM
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CANES
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UMBRELLAS

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Bill Thompson's fourteen-foot-wide photocollage of an Auschwitz gas chamber, Audrey Flack's Photo-Realist rendering of a Margaret Bourke-White photograph of survivors of Buchenwald, Rodney Ripps's abstract canvas of the land of Israel, and Ann Sperry's welded-steel sculpture entitled "The Creation; Seven Days" are included. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-three paintings of animals and birds commissioned from seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian, Flemish, and Dutch artists by various Medicis, whose courtyards seem to have been enlivened by pheasants, two-headed lambs, storks, and, of course, lapdogs and hunting dogs. On loan from the Pitti Palace. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—About seventy specimens of botanical illustration are displayed in books, prints, magazines, drawings, and watercolors: the laurel tree of Carolina (*Magnolia altissima*) from Catesby's volume "The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands" (1731-43); lilies and azaleas from Paxton's *Magazine of Botany* (nineteenth century); paintings and drawings by Asher Durand, Baroness Hyde de Neuville, and others. Through Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maria Spacagna, Jane Shaulis, Richard Leech, and Robert McFarland; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Elizabeth Holleque, Diana Walker, Harry Theyard, and John Lankston; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Rachel Rosales, Mark Thomsen, Robert McFarland, and Harry Dworchak; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 2: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Susanne Marsee, and William Parker; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8: "Carmen," with Cynthia Rose, Elizabeth Hynes, Robert Grayson, and Stanley Wexler; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 26, and Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2: The company's première of Sigmund Romberg's "The New Moon," with Leigh Munro, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Gerald Isaac, and Richard White; Jim Coleman. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27, and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 8: "The New Moon," with Maryanne Telese, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Gerald Isaac, and Davis Gaines; Jim Coleman. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7—Wednesday, Aug. 20: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Arleen Augér, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21: The Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio, with Michael Tree and Caroline Levine, viola, and Julius Levine, double bass. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Sankyo's Golden Flute Concert—Among the participants will be Ransom Wilson, Robert Stallman, Linda Chesis, Sandra Miller, Eugenia Zukerman, and Robert Cram. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, Aug. 23, at 10:45 P.M.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Christoph Eschenbach and Tzimon Barto, duo piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 7: Cho-Liang Lin, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 9: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the Boston Symphony and acting as piano soloist in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting, with Mr. Barto, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2:30: Semyon Bychkov conducting, with Mr. Lin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 26, at 2: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Tanglewood Music Center and a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony, conducted by Seiji Ozawa and John Williams. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8:30: Benjamin Luxon and William Crofut in a program of English and American folk songs. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 7: Carol Vaness, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Brahms-Ravel program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8:30: Zubin Mehta conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, with the women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a performance of Britten's "War Requiem," with Miss Vaness; Thomas Moser, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 22, at 9: Ruth Laredo, piano, in an all-Chopin program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 5:30: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in an all-Vivaldi program. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturday, trains will leave Grand Central Terminal at 12:48, 2:48, and 5:48, and be met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances by the **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA:** Wednesday, Aug. 20: Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Weber-Mahler program. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21: Dennis Russell Davies conducting, with Gerry Mulligan, saxophone, and John Cheek, bass. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22: Varujan Kojian conducting, with Rudolf Nureyev and members of the Paris Opéra Ballet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23: Dennis Russell Davies directing a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Benita Valente, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Hadley, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Montreal Symphony Orchestra Chorus. . . . **SPECIAL CONCERTS:** Sunday, Aug. 24: Stevie Ray Vaughn. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 25: Willie Nelson & Family, with Emmylou Harris. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27: The Eurythmics and Jean Beauvoir. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 28: The Charlie Daniels Band, the Gregg Allman Band, and the Dickey Betts Band. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29: George Benson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30: Elton John. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31: Zubin Mehta conducting the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Sunday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 399-4444, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Final programs of the season. Through Saturday, Aug. 23: Jazzdance: The Danny Buraczeski Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 26-30: Avner the Eccentric. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 1, and Thursday, Aug. 21, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Oakland, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, at 7:30, and Sunday, Aug. 24, at 1:30. . . . ¶ California, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 25-26, at 7:30. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 29, at 7:35, and Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2:20.

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Saturday, Aug. 30, at 8.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Daily at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 25. The Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 23; the John A. Morris Handicap, Sunday, Aug. 24; and the Spinaway, Monday, Aug. 25. . . . **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1, from Wednesday, Aug. 27, through Monday, Oct. 20. The Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 27, and the Woodward, Saturday, Aug. 30. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 23. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Atlantic City Breeders' Cup, Friday, Aug. 22.

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Tuesday, Aug. 26, through Thursday, Sept. 4, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at noon. For information about tickets, call 1-718 271-5100.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 22.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances by **CUMBRE FLAMENCA,** a flamenco dance troupe from Spain. The last in a series of programs of Hispanic music and dance. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-7155.)

Central Park Mall—Performances in the 72nd Street Bandshell. Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 6: Dance programs by Donald Byrd/The Group and Kathy Duncan. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 6: Dance programs by the Urban Bush Women and Frey Faust. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 3: Bobby Sanabria & Ascensión, with Claudio Roditi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 6: Dance programs by Diane Martel and the Wendy Perron Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 3: James Jabbo Ware and the Me, We & Them Orchestra.

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Wednesday, Aug. 20: Kid Creole & the Coconuts and the Neville Brothers. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22: Wynton Marsalis and Bobby McFerrin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23: Acoustic Hot Tuna and Kingfish. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27: Big Country and the Rainmakers. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A four-week festival of dance, music, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Wednesday, Aug. 20, chamber music by the New Winds at 6:15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, "Introduction to the Ballet" (for children) at 10:30, and "A Lady with a View," a musical by the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, Ze'eva Cohen and Dancers at 5. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, the National Improvisational Theatre and a program of Brazilian samba music and dance at noon, Singers' Satellite, from the Richard Allen Center for Culture and Art, at 2, and the Charles Moore Dance Theatre at 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 26, a program of poetry, comedy, and dance by Plath/Taucher Productions at 5. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27, Jazzmobile at 12:15, and Jazzdance: The Danny Buraczeski Dance Company at 5. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Thursday, Aug. 21, the Murray Louis Dance Company at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, the Clive Thompson Dance Company at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, On the Lam Street Band and the Klezmatics at noon, Norwegian folk music performed by Gone at Last at 1, bluegrass performed by the Greenbriar Boys at 2, North Carolina blues performed by John Dee Holeman and Quentin (Fris) Holloway at 3, the Hungaria and Delibab Folk Music Dance Ensemble at 4, sea chanteys performed by the Boarding Party at 5, Richie Havens at 6, and Doc Watson at 8:15. (Through Monday, Sept. 1. For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

South Street Seaport Museum—The Climax Blues Band, in a final free concert on Pier 16. (East River at Fulton St. Saturday, Aug. 23, at 9.)

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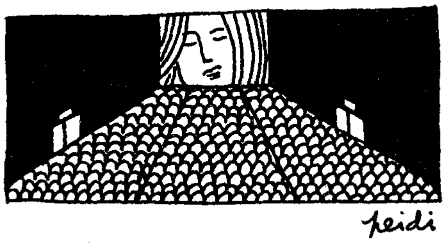
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 10.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A program of Latin-American films.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "Legal Eagles" (†). From Aug. 27: "Sincerely Charlotte" (directed by Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 21: "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore. From Aug. 22: "Night of the Creeps."

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Aliens" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Aug. 21: "Ruthless People" (†).
From Aug. 22: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 3: "Heartburn" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 21: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy.
From Aug. 22: (Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Armed and Dangerous."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Aug. 21: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner.
From Aug. 22: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"About Last Night . . ." (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Aliens" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Aug. 21: "Love Songs" (Elie Chouraqui; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Christopher Lambert, and Nick Mancuso.
From Aug. 22: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farah Fawcett.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "Back to School" (†). From Aug. 22: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy. (No performances on Wednesday, Aug. 27.)
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (Rob Reiner), with Wil Wheaton.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Mona Lisa" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Theatre 2: "My American Cousin" (Sandy Wilson), with Margaret Langrick and John Wildman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 21: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason. From Aug. 22: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen. From Aug. 22: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 2: "Legal Eagles" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Heartburn" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Aug. 21: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
From Aug. 22: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (Tom McLoughlin). From Aug. 22: "Night of the Creeps."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 21: "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore. From Aug. 22: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy. From Aug. 22: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 26: "The Liberation of Auschwitz" (directed by Irmgard von zur Muhlen), a documentary. From Aug. 27: "We Were So Beloved" (Manfred Kirchheimer), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Do You Remember Dolly Bell?" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Vagabond" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French). From Aug. 22: A two-week festival of jazz films.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "No Surrender" (Peter Smith).
Theatre 2: "Ruthless People" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 28: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang. From Aug. 29: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "A Fine Mess" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Danson. From Aug. 22: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 3: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).
Theatre 4: "Ran" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: (Matinées only) "Flight of the Navigator" (Randal Kleiser); and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. From Aug. 22: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 21: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy. From Aug. 22: (Matinées only) "Flight of the Navigator" and (evenings only) "Armed and Dangerous."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Next Summer" (Nadine Trintignant; in French), with Fanny Ardant, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Claudia Cardinale.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Flight of the Navigator" (Randal Kleiser).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Aug. 21: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang.
From Aug. 22: "Back to School" (†).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Aug. 28: "Top Gun" (†).
From Aug. 29: "Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Heartburn" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 28: "Men . . ." (Doris Dörrie; in German). From Aug. 29: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière.
Theatre 2: "Men . . ."
Theatre 3: "Men . . ."

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (Spike Lee).
Theatre 2: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 26: "Sincerely Charlotte" (Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert. From Aug. 27: "Hard Traveling" (Dan Bessie), with Ellen Geer.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 3: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 21: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy. From Aug. 22: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 5: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 6: "Ruthless People" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 21: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen. Aug. 22-28: (Matinées only) "The Transformers—The Movie" and "Manhunter." From Aug. 29: "Born American."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal. From Aug. 22: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 21: (Matinées only) "The Transformers—The Movie"; and (evenings only) "About Last Night . . ." (†). Aug. 22-28 (tentative): "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From Aug. 29: "Reform School Girls."
Theatre 4: Aug. 20: "Oedipus Rex" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Fran-

co Citti and Silvana Mangano; and "Teorema" (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. Aug. 21-23: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "The Ballad of Narayama" (1983; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese). Aug. 24-25: "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (†); and "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. Aug. 26-27: "The Horse's Mouth" (†) and "The Ladykillers" (†). Aug. 28-30: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Beauty and the Beast" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Fly" (directed by David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum.
Theatre 2: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 21: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez. From Aug. 22: "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 21: "Legal Eagles" (†). From Aug. 22: "Howard the Duck" (Willard Huyck), with Lea Thompson.
Theatre 5: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 6: "The Transformers—The Movie."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "A Fine Mess" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Danson. From Aug. 22: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 3: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 4: "Top Gun" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Aug. 21: "Howard the Duck" (Willard Huyck), with Lea Thompson.
From Aug. 22: "Night of the Creeps."

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (Tom McLoughlin).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Back to School" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
(Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 21: "One Crazy Summer" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and Demi Moore. From Aug. 22: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett.
Theatre 2: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (†).
Theatre 2: "Aliens" (†).

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 21: "Cocaine Wars." From Aug. 22: "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2" (Tobe Hooper), with Dennis Hopper.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "Armed and Dangerous" (Mark L. Lester), with John Candy and Eugene Levy. From Aug. 22: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 21: "The Ruling Class" (1972; directed by Peter Medak), with Peter O'Toole and Arthur Lowe; and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco.
Aug. 22-23: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg); and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford), with Edward Woodward.
Aug. 24-26: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
Aug. 27-28: "Carmen Jones" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Dorothy Dandridge; and "Laura" (†).
Aug. 29-30: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Aug. 20: "You're a Big Boy Now" (1967; Francis Ford Coppola), with Elizabeth Hartman, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, and Julie Harris; and "Goodbye, Columbus" (1969; Larry Peerce), with Richard Benjamin, Ali MacGraw, and Jack Klugman.
Aug. 21-23: "The Fortune Cookie" (1966; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau; and "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder.
Aug. 24-25: "Play It Again, Sam" (†) and "Bananas" (†).
Aug. 26-27: "The Odd Couple" (†) and "The Goodbye Girl" (†).
Aug. 28-30: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.

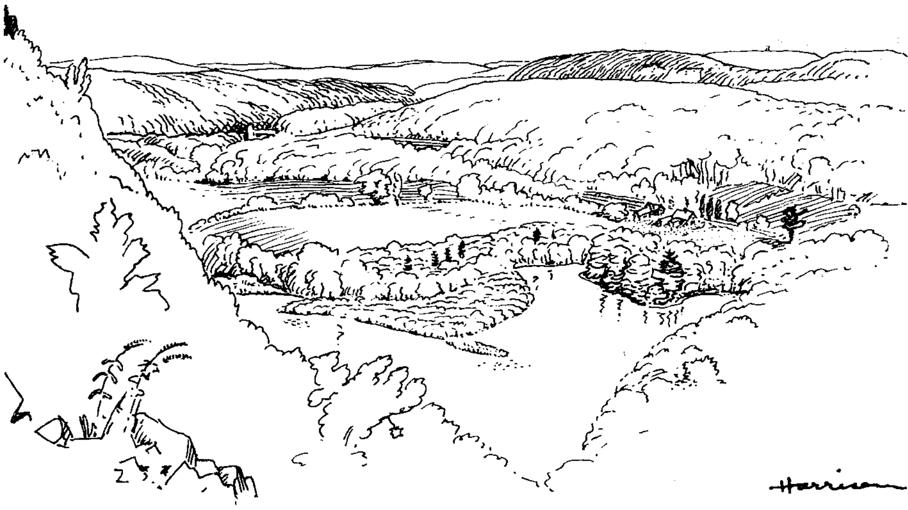
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Aug. 20: "The Last Woman" (1976; Marco Ferreri; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Ornella Muti; and "Heat of Desire" (1980; Luc Béraud; in French), with Patrick Dewaere.
Aug. 21: "Rancho Deluxe" (1975; Frank Perry), with Jeff Bridges, Sam Waterston, Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James; and "92 in the Shade" (1976; Thomas McGuane), with Peter Fonda and Warren Oates.
Aug. 22-23: "50/50" (1978; Uwe Brandner; in German).
Aug. 24: "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and "Passione d'Amore" (1982; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Bernard Giraudeau.
Aug. 25: A program of cartoons.
Aug. 26: "Mondo Cane" (1963; Gualtiero Jacopetti); "Mondo Pazzo" (1965; Gualtiero Jacopetti); and "Go Go Go World" (1964).
Aug. 27: "The Thin Man" (†) and "Another Thin Man" (†).
Aug. 28: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (†).
Aug. 29: "Love and Death" (1975; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Sleeper" (†).
Aug. 30: "Lolita" (†); and "King, Queen, Knave" (1972; Jerzy Skolimowski), with David Niven, Gina Lollobrigida, and John Moulder-Brown.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Aug. 20: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" (1945; Elia Kazan), with Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, and Peggy Ann Garner.
Aug. 21: A program of cartoons.
Aug. 22-23: "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.
Aug. 24: "L'Avventura" (†) and "The Eclipse" (†).
Aug. 25: "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, and Welles; and "The Castle" (1969; Rudolf Noelte), with Maximilian Schell.
Aug. 26: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (†) and "Girl Friends" (†).
Aug. 27: A program of jazz concerts on film.
Aug. 28: A program of cartoons.
Aug. 29-30: "Dial M for Murder" (†); and "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Aug. 20: "Summertime" (1955; David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin; and "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (1961; José Quintero), with Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty, and Lotte Lenya.
Aug. 21: "The Merry Widow" (1934; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier; and "Monte Carlo" (1930; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald.
Aug. 22-23: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.
Aug. 24-25: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (†) and "M" (†).
Aug. 26: "Funny Face" (†) and "Sabrina" (†).
Aug. 27: "The Little Foxes" (†) and "Dodsworth" (†).
Aug. 28: "Beauty and the Beast" (†); and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.
Aug. 29-30: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope; and "The Old Dark House" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre 1: Theatre closed.
Theatre 2: Aug. 21 at 3: A program of French and German avant-garde films of the twenties. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 6:30 and Aug. 22 at 3: "The Life and Death of 9413 a Hollywood Extra" (1928; directed by Robert Florey); "Pie in the Sky" (1935; Ralph Steiner and Irving Lerner); and "Hallelujah the Hills" (1963; Adolfas Mekas). . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 6:30 and Aug. 23 at 2:30: A program of early films. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at



5:30: “The Wind” (1928; Victor Seastrom; a silent film), with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2:30: “Eight Hundred Brave Soldiers” (1938; Ying Yun-Wei; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 5:30: “The Plow That Broke the Plains” (1936; Pare Lorentz) and “The City” (1939; Willard Van Dyke and Ralph Steiner). . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 3: “The Wind.” . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 6:30: “La Passion de Jeanne d’Arc” (1928; Carl Theodor Dreyer; a French silent film), with Maria Falconetti and Antonin Artaud. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 3: “The Plow That Broke the Plains” and “The City.” . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 6:30: “Eight Hundred Brave Soldiers.” . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 3: “La Passion de Jeanne d’Arc.” . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 6:30 and Aug. 29 at 3: “As You Like It” (1936; Paul Czinner), with Elisabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier. . . . ¶ Aug. 29 at 6:30 and Aug. 30 at 2:30: “The Mikado” (1939; Victor Schertzinger), with Kenny Baker and Martyn Green. . . . ¶ Aug. 30 at 5:30: “Une Partie de Campagne” (1946; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles), with Sylvia Bataille; and “Il Miracolo” (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

About Last Night . . .—This adaptation of “Sexual Perversity in Chicago,” David Mamet’s one-act play about singles bars and the hostility between the sexes, is close to being a conventional romance about the adjustments that lovers have to make in their first year together. Danny (Rob Lowe) is intimidated by his pal Bernie (Jim Belushi), but he learns to trust his love for Debbie (Demi Moore) and get off the singles treadmill. And Debbie casts out the doubts that are engendered by her roommate, the caustic Joan (Elizabeth Perkins). If anyone comes out of this enterprise with honor it’s Perkins, who brings appealing, plaintive undercurrents to a ghastly role. Directed by Edward Zwick. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/14/86.) (Sutton, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Aug. 21, evenings only.)

Aliens—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Ridley Scott’s 1979 “Alien” is more mechanical than the first film—more addicted to “advanced” weaponry and military hardware. The movie is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it in an energetic, systematic, relentless way, with an action director’s gusto, and a shortage of imagination. The imagery has a fair amount of graphic power, but there’s too much claustrophobic blue-green dankness. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence, and Cameron toys with the sex-role reversal by turning the final confrontation with the queen into the Battle of the Big Mamas. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big “Boo!” movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein as Vasquez the bodybuilder, and Carrie Henn as the wraithlike little girl, Newt, who is out there in space to arouse Ripley’s maternal instinct. (8/11/86) (New Gramercy, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

Another Thin Man (1939)—The third in the series, and without any new ideas except a bad one: still airily casual, Nick and Nora Charles (William Powell and Myrna Loy) are now the parents of a baby boy. The plot involves a weekend at the estate of an explosives manufacturer (C. Aubrey Smith) who expects Sheldon Leonard (looking very young and sleek) to kill him. The film is dispiriting, but a lot of amusingly familiar faces turn up, among them Otto Kruger, Ruth Hussey, Marjorie Main, and, of course, Asta. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Thalia; Aug. 27.)

L’Avventura (1959)—Antonioni’s study of the human condition at the higher social and economic levels—a study of adjusted, compromising modern man, afflicted by short memory, thin remorse, the capacity for easy betrayal. This is upper-class neorealism—the poetry of moral and spiritual poverty. There had been nothing like it before, and it isn’t fair to blame this movie for all the elegant sleepwalking and desolation that followed. There’s something great here—a new mood, a new emotional rhythm—even with all the affectation. Léa Massari is the woman who quarrels with her architect lover (Gabriele Ferzetti) and then disappears from the uninhabited island they’re visiting; Monica Vitti is her friend who takes up the search and then takes her place with the architect. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 24.)

Back to School—Rodney Dangerfield, the archetypal complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It’s Dangerfield’s movie, and when he can’t say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he’s not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture’s inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Manhattan; through Aug. 21. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; starting Aug. 22.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Regency; Aug. 24-25.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau’s first full-length movie is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. In Christian Bérard’s makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty’s self-sacrifice for him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André, Michel Auclair, and Mila Parély. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 28. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; Aug. 28-30.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The audience, confined in the madman’s universe, sees what the madman sees: distorted perspectives, eerie painted lights and shadows, an angular, warped world of fears and menace. The sets are used expressionistically to convey the madman’s thoughts, to intensify the characters’ emotions, and to emphasize the meanings of the action. This film is so entrenched in the “masterpiece” classification that a few cautionary remarks should be added, lest your initial reaction be disappointment: you may be delighted that the flats express something, because most of the actors don’t; you may find that the décor, which is highly experimental in terms of space and distance but is derived from the stage use of Expressionism, is a monotonous zigzag (too many hooks and no fish). Werner Krauss is the hypnotist Caligari, the nightmare image of a psychoanalyst; the somnambulist Cesare is played by the extraordinary young Conrad Veidt. The cast also includes Lil Dagover and Friedrich Feher. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24-25.)

Dial M for Murder (1954)—Ray Milland is the suave husband who hires unsavory, penny-dreadful Anthony Dawson to kill his rich, unfaithful wife, Grace Kelly; he then calmly goes out for the evening with her lover, Robert Cummings. The unexpected happens: the wife dispatches her would-be assassin with scissors; so the determined husband goes to work to make the murder look premeditated. All this is related with Alfred Hitchcock’s ghoulish chic, but everyone in it seems to be walking around with tired blood. Amusingly, John Williams, as the inspector who unravels the case, is so wryly, archly dexterous that he makes everybody else’s underplaying look positively boisterous. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 29-30.)

Dodsworth (1936)—While other writers were turning out novels ridiculing American materialism and glorifying the expatriate existence, Sinclair Lewis conceived a businessman hero and showed him to be a true dreamer, while his culture-mad wife was a foolish horror. Walter Huston stars in the movie version, which was produced by Sam Goldwyn with great care and taste; William Wyler is the director. With Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor, Maria Ouspenskaya, Paul Lukas, and David Niven. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 27.)

The Eclipse (1962)—Some like it cold. Michelangelo Antonioni on alienation, with Alain Delon and, of course, Monica Vitti. Even she looks as if she has given up in this one. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 24.)

Funny Face (1957)—Fred Astaire as an Avedonish fashion photographer who discovers Audrey Hepburn working in a bookshop and takes her to Paris to model clothes for a *Vogue*-like magazine. The George and Ira Gershwin score has some of the fresh sprightliness it must have had when it served the original “Funny Face” on Broadway thirty years earlier (also with Astaire). This big Stanley Donen musical isn’t all it should be, though. You keep wanting it to turn into wonderful romantic fluff, but it’s only spottily successful. The movie emphasizes Astaire’s age by trying to ignore it. And it’s a sour idea to use a Sartre-like thinker (Michel Auclair) as the villain, a philandering phony. Still, Hepburn is a charming sidekick for Astaire, and the satirist Kay Thompson is agreeable as the rangy, hardboiled fashion editor. With Suzy Parker, Ruta Lee, and Robert Flemyng. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 26.)

Girl Friends (1978)—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is the interesting one of the counterpull between the wish for sociability and the wish to be alone, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 26.)

The Goodbye Girl (1977)—The prolific Neil Simon at it again; this time it’s a tearful comedy that he wrote directly for the screen, and for Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She’s a thirtyish former chorus girl who has been deserted by an actor husband and then by an actor lover, and has become so defensive that she’s hostile toward a new actor (Dreyfuss) who, through elaborately contrived circumstances, comes to share the apartment she and her ten-year-old daughter (Quinn Cummings) live in. So she says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Simon’s idea of depth is a tug at your heartstrings, and Marsha Mason’s chin keeps quivering—her face is either squinched up to cry or crinkled up to laugh. This may be the bravest, teariest, most crumpled-face performance since the days of Janet Gaynor. Herbert Ross directed; the cast includes Paul Benedict, Barbara Rhoades, Theresa Merritt, and Marilyn Sokol. (Regency; Aug. 26-27.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It’s likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah’s parents are played by Maureen O’Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there’s nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen’s early movies is gone. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (New Carnegie.)

Heartburn—Directed by Mike Nichols, and written by Nora Ephron, who adapted her own 1983 novel (a jokey, fictionalized version of her marriage to Carl Bernstein), the film is rich in fillips—sparse little taps and strokes. But after a while you start asking yourself, "What is this movie about?" (You're still asking when it's over.) Mike Nichols takes much of the cheapness out of the material, but the gossipy kick has gone out, too. Working with the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he shoots the story (of the husband's infidelity and the pregnant wife's rage) in a tight, airless, neutral style. With the heroine's life no longer treated as rowdy comedy, and the "pain" brought to the surface, the effect is like a weak mixture of "Carnal Knowledge" and a Woody Allen picture and Robert Benton's "Kramer vs. Kramer." With Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson, arguably miscast in the leads, and Stockard Channing, Richard Masur, Catherine O'Hara, Maureen Stapleton, Steven Hill, and John Wood—all in top form. Also with Jeff Daniels, Miloš Forman, Aida Linares, and Karen Akers. Music by Carly Simon. (8/11/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Joyce Cary's painter-hero, Gulley Jimson, is a fabulous, lewd creation: the modern artist as a scruffy, dirty little bum. Gulley's antic self-destructiveness is partly based on the behavior of Cary's friend Dylan Thomas, and his approach as a painter is derived from the tradition of William Blake. Alec Guinness's sly, likable Gulley isn't all that one might hope for; and the movie is too literal-minded, but, with that said and out of the way, let's admit how marvellously enjoyable it is. With Ernest Thesiger, Renée Houston, Kay Walsh, and Michael Gough. Ronald Neame directed Guinness's adaptation. (Olympia Quad; Aug. 26-27.)

The Ladykillers (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a grotesque fantasy of murder. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost done in by great, hideous teeth, is the leader of a horrendous gang that includes Peter Sellers. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans simply by living in a world of her own. As her victims are, in some ways, even less real than she (at least, is as real as a good fairy), the disasters that befall them are extravagantly funny. With Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Danny Green, Jack Warner, and Frankie Howerd. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick. (Olympia Quad; Aug. 26-27.)

Laura (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors; Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective; and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. (Speaking of Price, she says, "He's no good, but he's what I want. I'm not a nice person, neither is he. . . . We're both weak and can't seem to help it.") Produced and directed by Otto Preminger. (Cinema Village; Aug. 27-28.)

Legal Eagles—As a New York assistant district attorney, Robert Redford reminds you of what made him a star—but his affable performance is no more than a reminder. Debra Winger is confined in the prim, tailored-suit role of a dedicated young defense lawyer; she has glimmers of humor, but the part is an emotional straitjacket. And Daryl Hannah, who is charged with stealing one of her dead artist father's paintings, and then with murder, has no character to play—she goes through the movie pouting, her long blond hair flowing, her eyes blank. The cast includes Terence Stamp (more assured every year and looking great), David Clennon, Brian Dennehy, Roscoe Lee Browne, Christine Baranski, Sara Botsford, Steven Hill, and many other gifted performers who flit on-screen and off, with nothing to do but push the engine-less plot uphill. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/30/86) (Loews New York Twin. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 21. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Aug. 26.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 27.)

Lolita (1962)—Wild, marvellously enjoyable comedy, adapted from Nabokov's novel. James Mason is the smiling, obsequious phony, Humbert Humbert, lover of little girls; Shelley Winters is Charlotte Haze, the culture vulture rampant; Sue Lyon is her sexy daughter, Lolita; and Peter Sellers (at his most inspired) is Quilty, Humbert Humbert's walking paranoia. Stanley Kubrick directed. (Thalia; Aug. 30.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The police, in trying to track him down, disturb the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organizes to find him, so that crime can go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase—actually, on the two converging chases of the police and the underworld. But there's nothing facile about Lorre: trapped by the underworld, he screams, "I can't help myself!" Our identification with him as a psychopath is so complete it's hard to believe that while appearing before Fritz Lang's cameras in the daytime, he was, at night, acting as a comedian in a farce. With Gustaf Gründgens and Otto Wernicke. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24-25.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. In Japanese. (Thalia; Aug. 28.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hang-outs, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Cinema Studio.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's real-

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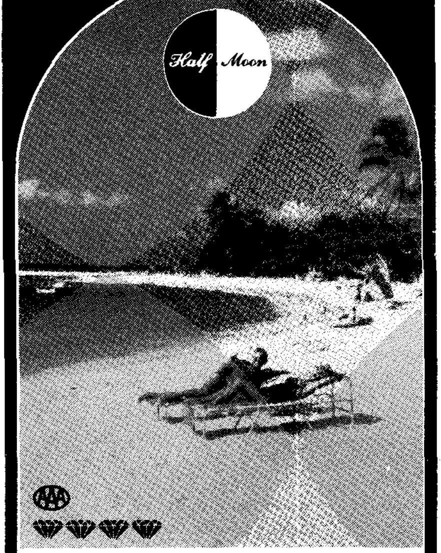

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ly about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 26.)

The Odd Couple (1968)—Neil Simon's funny play, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. There is a brilliantly mopey performance by Walter Matthau as the card-playing divorced husband driven mad by a male crony who comes out in housewifeliness like measles. Jack Lemmon is the fusspot, Gene Saks the director. (Regency; Aug. 26-27.)

The Old Dark House (1932)—This wonderful deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon," but the part is actually played by a woman, Elspeth Dudgeon.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 29-30.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconism. (Regency; Aug. 24-25.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1979)—A film by Joseph Strick of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (Olympia Quad; Aug. 24-25.)

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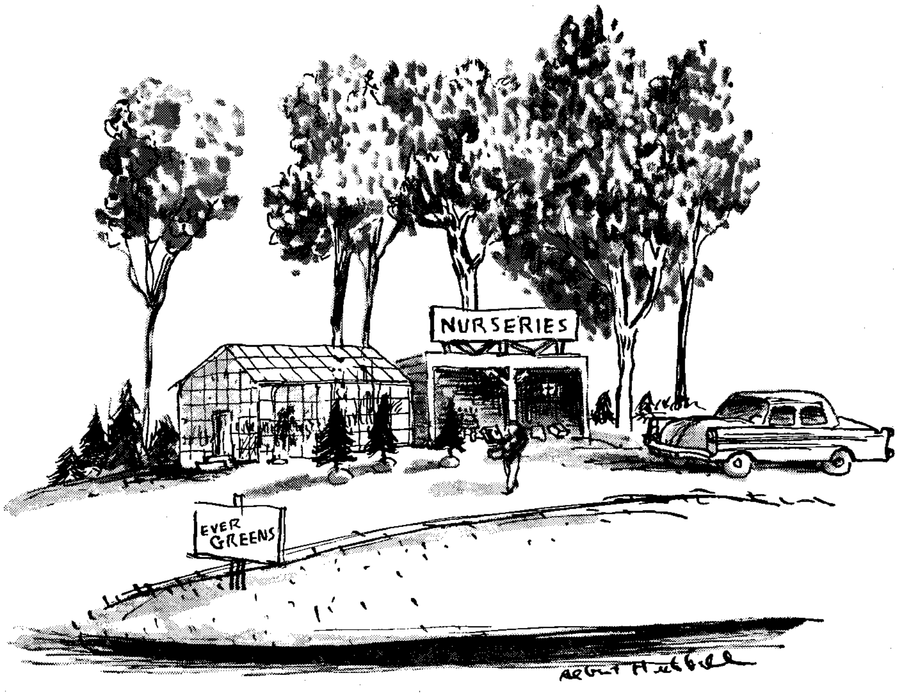
Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Quad Cinema.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Ruthless People—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (Beekman, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Six-plex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Aug. 21.)



Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn is forced to overdo her gamine charm in this horrible concoction about a Cinderella among the Long Island rich. She's the chauffeur's daughter who's in love with the playboy son (William Holden) of her father's employer (Walter Hampden). There's also an older son—an earnest magnate—and Humphrey Bogart got trapped in the role. Billy Wilder directed, and he had a hand in adapting the Samuel Taylor play ("Sabrina Fair"), though Bogart is said to have accused Wilder's three-year-old offspring of being responsible for the script. With John Williams, Martha Hyer, Marcel Dalio, Nella Walker, and Francis X. Bushman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 26.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his comedies, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen, and Marshall Brickman. (Thalia; Aug. 29.)

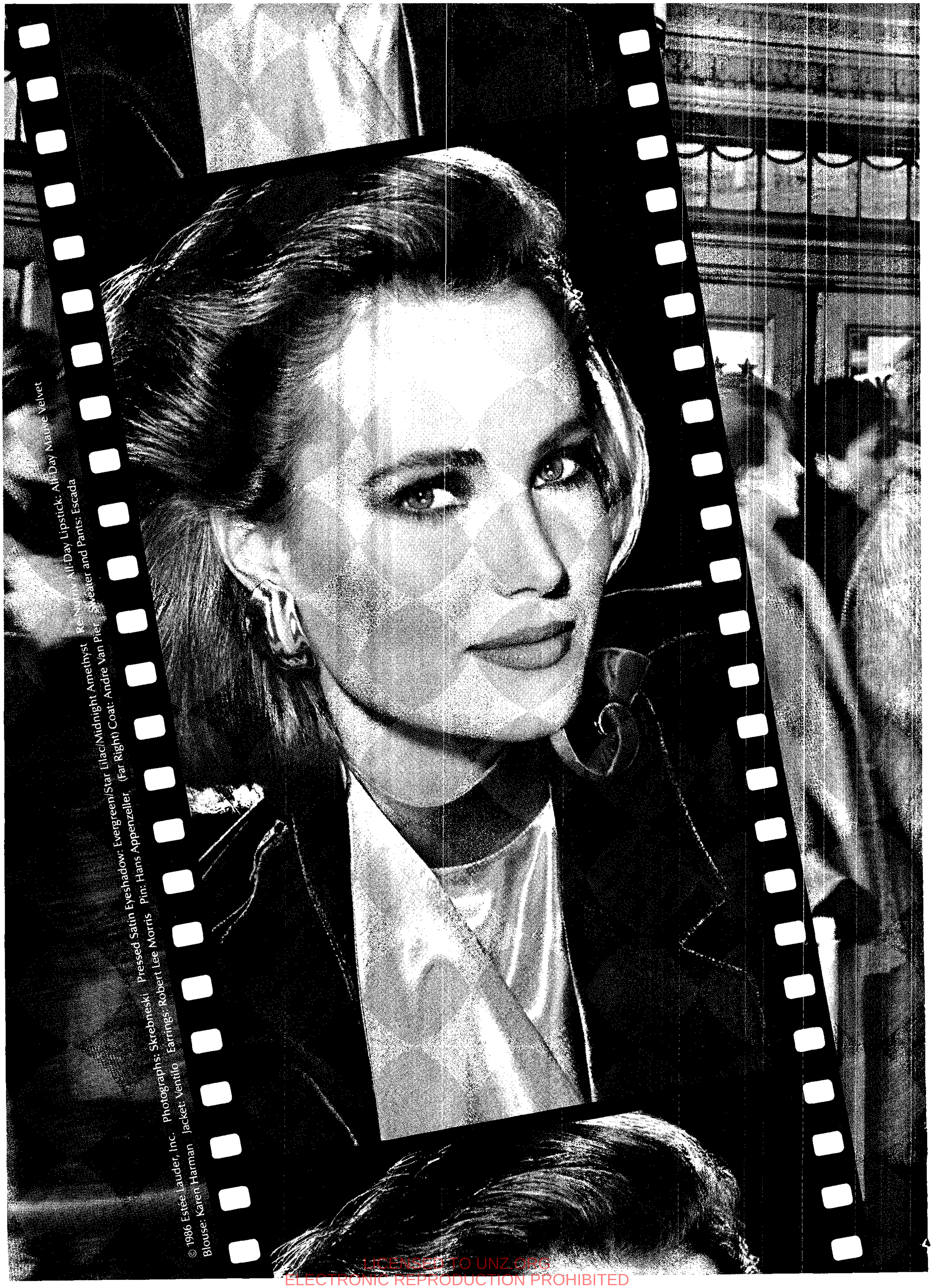
The Thin Man (1934)—Directed by W. S. Van Dyke, the film started a new cycle in screen entertainment by demonstrating that a murder mystery could also be a sophisticated screwball comedy. And it turned several decades of movies upside down by showing a suave man of the world (William Powell) who made love to his own rich, funny, and good-humored wife (Myrna Loy); as Nick and Nora Charles, Powell and Loy startled and delighted the country by their heavy drinking (without remorse) and unconventional diversions. In one scene, Nick takes the air gun his complaisant wife has just given him for Christmas and shoots the baubles off the Christmas tree. The cast includes the lovely (not wildly talented here) Maureen O'Sullivan and Cesar Romero. Warning: There's a lot of plot exposition and by modern standards the storytelling is very leisurely. (Thalia; Aug. 27.)

Top Gun—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through Aug. 28.)

Vagabond—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

MELLOWED IN AGED OAK
ORIGINAL
EXTRA
SMOOTH
E&J
BRANDY

80 Proof Brandy, E&J Distillers, Modesto, California. © 1986



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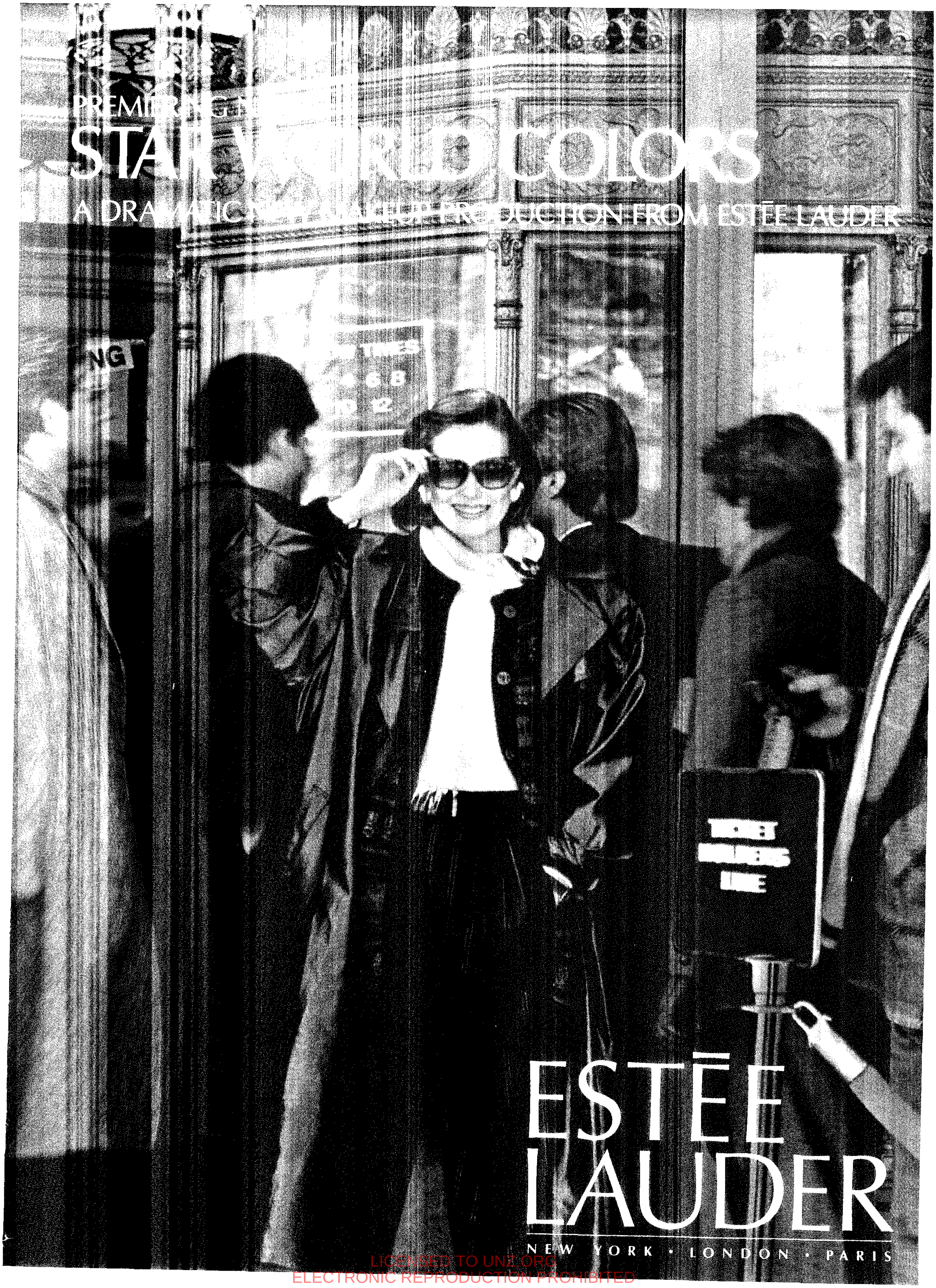
Blouse: Karen Harman Jacket: Ventilo Earrings: Robert Lee Morris Pin: Hans Appenzeller (Far Right) Coat: Andre Van Pier Sweater and Pants: Escada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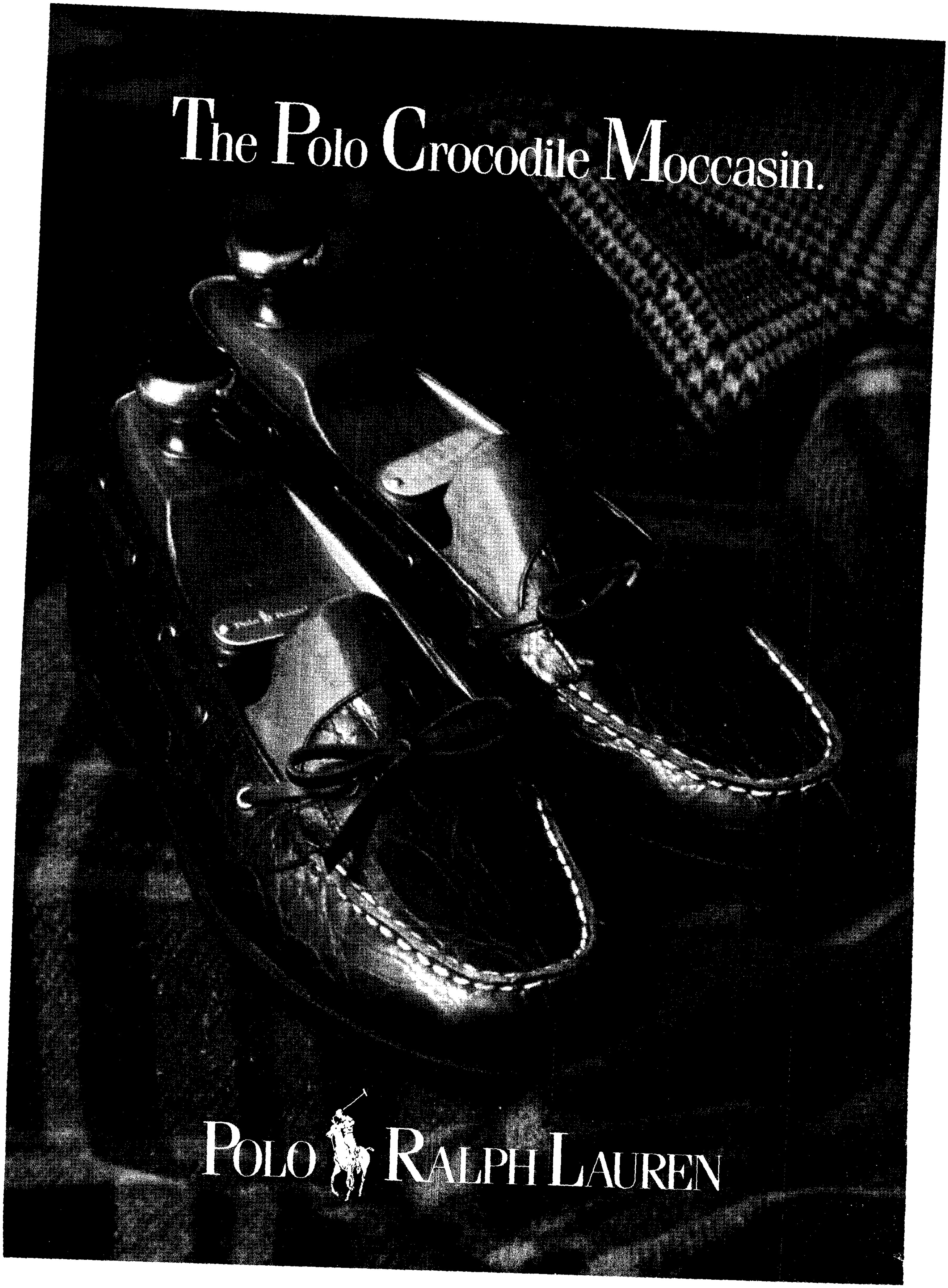
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POLO RALPH LAUREN

THE NEW YORKER

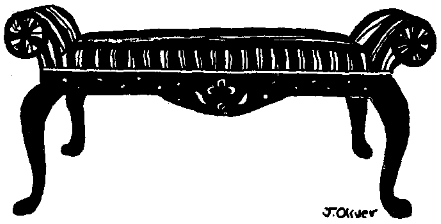
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LETTER from a staff writer:

After I heard that my friend Kim Williams, the author, naturalist, and radio commentator, had died of cancer at her home, in Missoula, Montana, I hung up the telephone and took out my notes on her. I have hundreds and hundreds of them; somehow, just about everything she said seemed remarkable to me. I have old bill envelopes covered with telephone conversations recorded on the spur of the moment; and a crinkly notebook that got so wet one afternoon in the rain that my pencil started to tear the pages; and stacks of copy paper that I filled at her kitchen table while she gave me a lunch of biscuits, apricot and rhubarb preserves, brown rice seasoned with chives and lemon thyme, a tea called Evening in Missoula, and pink-fleshed Kokanee salmon that her husband, Mel, had caught in Lake Mary Ronan the morning before. One day, I followed her around the streets and alleys of her neighborhood and, by back fences mended with "For Sale by Owner" signs, she showed me plants like tansy, which is supposed to repel ants, and comfrey, also called knitbone, and the false Solomon's-seal berry, also called the treacleberry, and mullein, whose yellow blossoms yield an oil said to be good for earache, and red-rooted pigweed, and wild lettuce, and purslane, and yarrow, and parrot's-beak, and daylilies, which she sometimes made soup out of, and night crawlers, which she once fried in garlic butter for the benefit of a television crew come to interview her, and cheeseweed, and nettles, which she liked creamed, and rue, and shepherd's purse, and burdock. Certain of my notes I made after the event, like the first time we went someplace in my van (Kim Williams quit driving years ago), and water that had collected on top suddenly sloshed through the sun roof all over her, and I asked her to fasten her seat belt, and she noticed the holes in the floor, and she had a moment of real doubt about me. A big bunch of notes came from a trip we made to pick huckleberries on Blue Mountain, west of Missoula, where the white-fir trunks disappeared in clouds, and the windshield misted over with droplets that then began to run, and we met a house-size cloud coming down the road at us, and overhangs bearded with tree roots were on one side and gray sky was on the other, and she talked a lot about the eighteen years she and her husband lived in Santiago, Chile, and about her Chilean housekeeper, Lucy, who wouldn't wait on table and liked to discuss philosophy and once brought her a quince the size of a baby's head, and whose grandmother had a garden with a puma in it.

Sitting at my desk, I reread things Kim Williams told me: "When I graduated from Cornell, I was offered two jobs, and I turned them both down and went to California. I lived on the ocean and I was a beatnik. But I never met any of the other beatniks. I guess they were somewhere else. Then I was a career girl in New York, but I never had a career. Then I was a serious married lady in Chile, and I belonged to the country club and went to card parties, and then I stopped doing that. Now when people ask me what I do, I'm not afraid to say, 'I deal in ideas.' We all have our bad habits: at night, I stay up late, I listen to the late news, I eat a piece of wheat toast or some peanuts, and then I go out in the yard and take a look at the night. I put the world to bed. I don't know the stars—I'm interested in the essence of the night, not the details. I went to South America with two suitcases and came back with two suitcases. Our furniture here mostly came from friends and relatives. It doesn't show any personality at all. I have no idea what I would do to a house. I suppose most people decorate a house. Decorating makes me *ner*-vous."



Seeing that sentence on the page, I remembered exactly how she used to talk. She was sixty-two. Her mother is ninety-six. I expected to know Kim Williams thirty years from now. Suddenly, my stack of notes became kind of a lump, and I didn't have anything between me and feeling sad anymore.

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WE'VE been haunted in recent weeks by memories of a scene in Gillo Pontecorvo's 1965 film "The Battle of Algiers." That film, as you may recall, was a stirring piece of agitprop, a gritty, cinéma-vérité-style re-creation of the urban terrorist campaign that preceded Algeria's liberation from French colonial domination in the early sixties. Pontecorvo made no attempt to mask his allegiances in the film—his sympathies were unmistakably engaged on the side of the guerrillas—and yet he evinced a remarkably steady kind of lucidity. Particularly in the scene that has been haunting us. At that point in the story, the Algiers Casbah had been more or less cordoned off by French military police, and residents were having to pass through elaborate security checks to enter and leave. The guerrillas therefore began using women, who would presumably arouse less suspicion, to deliver their bombs to the civilian colonial targets on the far side of the cordon. In the sequence we're remembering, the camera followed one such woman as she picked up her bomb, stowed inside a basket, and carried it through the narrow streets of the Casbah, across the checkpoint (undetected), down into the broad, leafy avenues of the cosmopolitan part of town, and into a café packed with breezy, insouciant French colonials. She set down her basket by her feet, under a bar stool, nudged it under the bar counter, and then, in accordance with her instructions, dallied for a few moments, so as not to provoke notice. And here's where Pontecorvo's lucidity entered, because during the next minute the camera adopted her point of view. It would have been easy to populate those seconds with her perceptions of flirting, cocky soldiers or rich, spoiled colonial kids. Instead, Pontecorvo had his woman's gaze come to rest on a manifestly innocent toddler, lapping at an ice cream cone. She continued watching that child, and some other people, for a few seconds more, then got up and ambled away, out into the street and down the avenue; some moments passed (the camera returned to the café for one last look at the child, his cone now finished), and then there was a tremendous explosion. Pontecorvo seemed to be saying, "Yes, such tactics were perhaps necessary, but, my God, the cost! The terrible cost, and the awesome responsibility!" He didn't allow his agitprop characters any easy evasions.

It's that refusal to evade responsibility which has haunted us these past few weeks as the Senate considered once again, and probably not for the last time, the question of military aid for the Nicaraguan Contras. The proponents and the opponents of extending a hundred million dollars in such aid seemed to be inhabiting different universes, so divergent were their interpretations of what is going on down there and what this vote implies. That in itself was eerie, and gave one pause. But what has really been bothering us is the sense of distance, of sublime remove, on the part of the proponents of the assistance. It would be one thing if they were saying, "My God, what a sorry pass things have come to that today we have to vote to expand a war that will inevitably result in hundreds of deaths and the mutilation of hundreds of innocent bystanders—men, women, children. It's terrible, and yet we have to do it, for such-and-such a higher cause. We do it with heavy hearts and with our eyes wide open. Still, do it we must." However, they have said nothing of the kind. Through copious recourse to euphemisms of the "pressure for negotiation" and "nurturing the movement toward democracy" variety, they have managed to empty their position of all its actual consequences. Their vote will nonetheless have terrible consequences in the real world. The legislators have simply contrived, if only for the time being, to evade responsibility for them.

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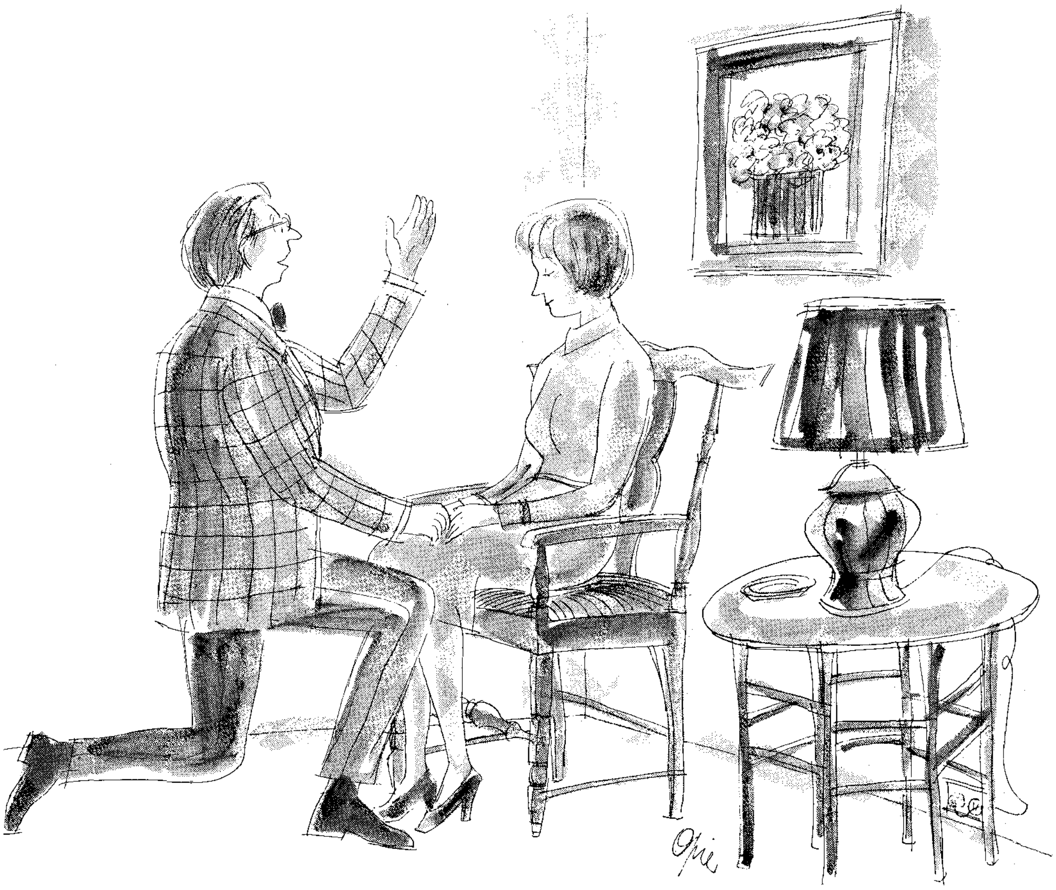
Secure

Exchequer courts, as void by law,
great grievances we call;
Though great men do assert no flaw
is in them; they shall fall,
And be condemned by every man
that's fond of liberty.
Let them withstand it all they can,
our laws we will stand by.

THAT verse, and some other verses, just as euphonious (and, remember, this was in the days before writing workshops), landed the newspaper editor John Peter Zenger in a New York jail in 1734 on charges that he had "wickedly and maliciously" attempted to "traduce, scandalize, and vilify the government of Our Lord the King under the Administration of Governor William Cosby." His trial, of course, was a big deal—not as big as the United States Football League trial, maybe, but certainly one of the biggest outside the realm of sports. And so when the Litigation Section of the American Bar Association visited Manhattan twenty-five hundred strong last week (an imposing sight, twenty-five hundred people who can sue you) it commissioned a dramatic re-creation of the Zenger trial from Michael Tigar, a professor at the University of Texas School of Law. We attended the play's single performance, in the packed Starlight Roof of



"First it was Maria and Arnold, then it was Caroline and Ed, then it was Fergie and Andrew, then it was Tatum and John—and now it's us!"

THE
IS EVERYTHING OK, FOLKS?
RESTAURANT

the Waldorf, and can report that Professor Tigar went way past ham (he went *whole hog*) into eloquence in the part of Andrew Hamilton, the aged, gouty Philadelphia attorney who persuades the jury to disregard the corrupt instructions of the judge handpicked by Governor Cosby and instead to find Zenger not guilty. "The question before you, gentlemen of the jury, is not of small or private concern," he said at the finish. "It is not the cause of the poor printer, nor of New York alone. No! It may in its consequence affect every freeman that lives under a British government on the main of America. It is the best cause. It is the cause of liberty."

A few minutes later, as Professor Tigar stripped down to his red Jockey shorts before donning jeans for the cast party at Elaine's, he told us that while seditious libel has since been abolished in these provinces (that means the government can't sue you for criticizing it) Hamilton's defense remains important. "The attorney general who argued the case for New York argued it on grounds of national security," he said. "That's what governments are still saying." On the other side of the room, also changing out of his Colonial garb, was Scott Armstrong, the man who had capably played the role of the unfortunate Zenger (though, in truth, the part consisted mostly of standing quietly in the dock and either nodding or frowning, depending on who was speaking). Mr. Armstrong, who is a former Washington *Post* investigative reporter and the co-author with Bob Woodward of "The Brethren," a book about the Supreme Court, said (when we called him a few days later) that he'd enjoyed his acting début, in large measure because the issues Zenger dealt with he deals with almost every day in his new job, as executive director of the National Security Archive, a clearing house for important information extracted from the government by various researchers.

"I spent the last five years preparing a book on foreign-policy decision-making," he said. "Unlike 'The Brethren,' where you're dealing with courts, which have a natural way of summing up their deliberations and letting you see the intellectual distillate, information on national security came and went. I started using the Freedom of Information Act very aggressively, and often I prevailed, but even when I got the stuff I would find I was missing a piece. And I'd talk to some other researcher and he would have that piece but be missing something else. And it slowly dawned on me that the government is bigger than we are, and we have to take it on from several vantage points." The Archive, which will be in full operation by year's end, collects documents, groups them by subject, microfilms them, and sends them out to libraries, scholars, and journalists across the country. "We've got wonderful stuff," Mr. Armstrong said. "I've got a tape of a wonderful song prepared by the Army Psychological Operations people, at Fort Bragg. It's supposed to sound like a West Indian singer, though what it actually sounds like is what it is—a Vietnamese singer who has learned English and is trying to sound West Indian. And he's singing a folk song. The first line goes, 'Had it not been the hand of America what would have been the fate of Grenada?'—it's the folk song that 'sprang up spontaneously' following the invasion of Grenada. The really interesting thing is that the accompanying documentation suggests that it was written in August. And the invasion was in October."

Mr. Armstrong told us about a number of other examples—documents suggesting that the Cuban Missile Crisis continued much longer than almost anyone suspected, documents hinting at links between the Saudi Arabians and the Nicaraguan Contras, documents telling all sorts of truths and half-truths and interesting lies. "This Zenger thing was wonderful to do—it's renewed me, it's made me realize again just how much everything stays the same. They don't jump down your throat for reasons of national security. They jump down your throat to quell dissent." Then Mr. Armstrong, who worked as a senior investigator to the Senate Watergate committee, mentioned one transcript that was unearthed in the process of those long investigations but, like so many others not bearing directly on the President's involvement, was largely overlooked. We went off to the public library and looked it up, and decided to reprint a small portion of it here, in part because those who forget history are condemned blah blah blah but mainly because it's funny for the same reason that the Zenger trial was funny: powerful men get so frustrated trying to keep a lid on everything. It's from a conversation on July 24, 1971, between President Nixon and his aides John Ehrlichman and Egil (Bud) Krogh—a conversation, incidentally, in which President Nixon refers to meeting with his future Supreme Court nominee "Renchburg" and "that group of clowns." President Nixon has been informed about a leak, and after inquiring if the suspected leaker is "hawkish or dovish," and urging polygraph testing of three or four hundred thousand federal employees, he begins to mull over the possibility of creating some new security classification:

President: Which we would call what? Let's just call it a new classifica— Don't use TOP SECRET for me ever again. I never want to see TOP SECRET in this God damn office. I think we just solved—shall we call it— Uh, John, what would be a good name? "President's Secure—" Or, uh— "Eyes Only" is a silly thing too. It doesn't mean anything anymore. Uh—

Krogh: We used "Presidential Document" before with one of the counsel we were working with, but that didn't— There's some—

Ehrlichman: How about— Uh, uh, looking forward to the court case, I wonder if we could get the words "National Security" in it.

President: Yeah.

Ehrlichman: So that "National," uh, just say "National Security Classified" or "National Security—" . . . How about "Privilege"?

President: "Privilege" is, is not strong.

Ehrlichman: Too soft. Too soft.

President: "National Security—" uh, "National Security—" uh—

Ehrlichman: "Restricted." "Restricted."

President: Right. "National Security—" and, uh—I agree to "National, Na—, National Security—"

Ehrlichman: "Restriction"?

President: "Priority."

Ehrlichman: "Controlled"?

President: Or "National Security"—"Priority"—"Restricted"—"Controlled."

Ehrlichman: Oh, we'll— Let us work on it.

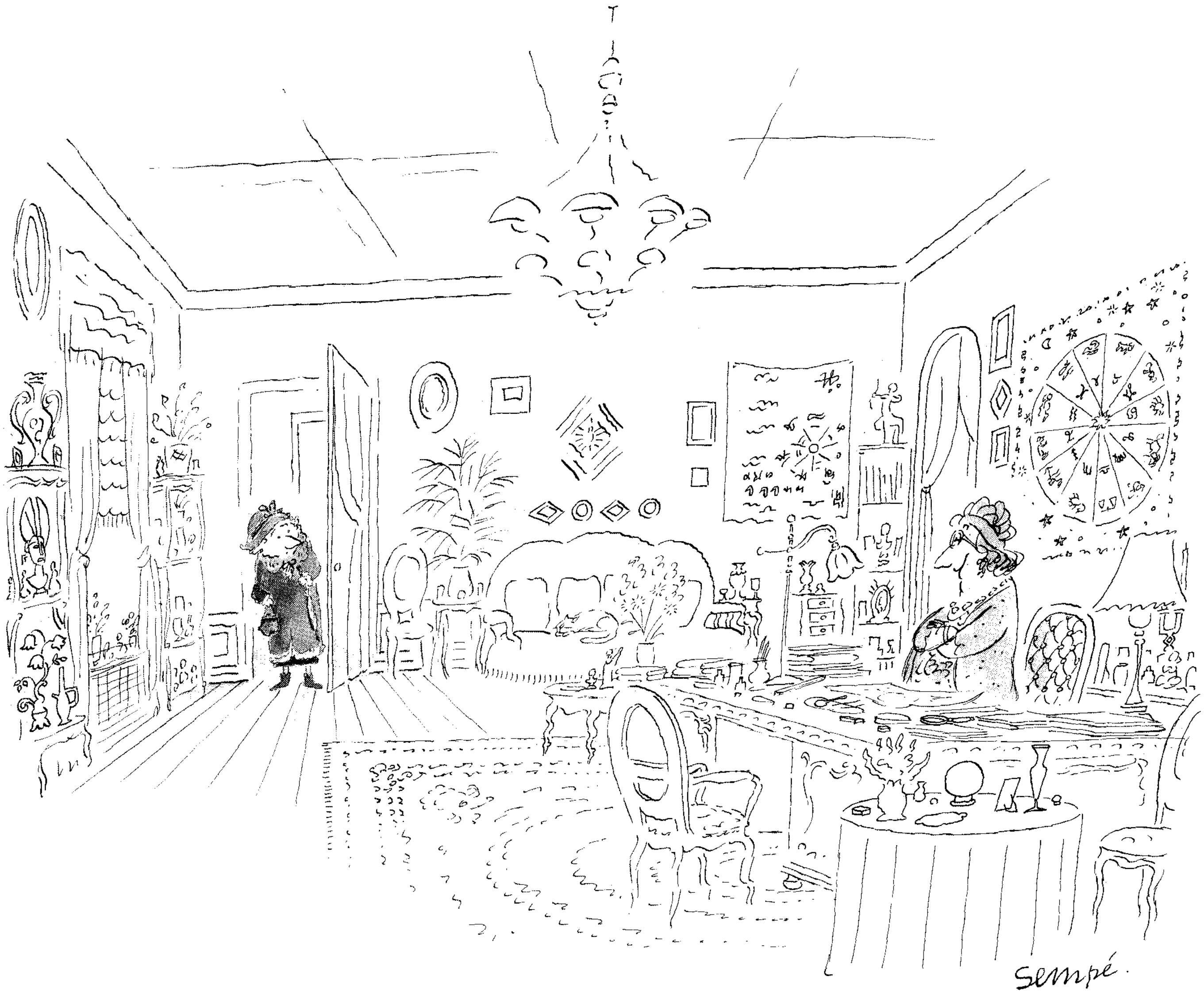
Chief

ARRESTS soar! Local corruption endemic! Residents have impure thoughts in record numbers! Cheap restaurants close! If you live in New York, you live with trouble. So it was nice to talk last month with John O'Rourke, who retires this fall as chief of the city's Fire Department, and learn that the number of fires in New York City has fallen by an average of seven per cent each year since 1980. "Right now we're still a heck of a lot higher than we were in 1953, when I joined the Department," Chief O'Rourke said. "But we're at an activity level we can handle. We're set up for it. It's not like the nineteen-sixties, when you'd hear them on the radio saying, '*Any unit*, respond to a fire at . . .' That's not a good way to run a fire department."

Chief O'Rourke joined the Department after stints in the Navy, a Brooklyn insurance company, and a firm that manufactured the diaphragms for gas meters. "Four hundred of us joined the same day," he told us. "The city was reducing the work week for firefighters from forty-eight hours to forty-two, so they needed lots of new men. They told us we could report to the nearest firehouse to where we lived at 6 P.M. to find out our assignments. I was living in Flatbush, so I went to the station on Rogers Avenue, and they told me Engine Company 215, in Greenpoint, which meant nothing to me. I reported there—it was a quiet station. I remember the first call we went to was a false alarm. My heart's beating a mile a minute, I'm determined to go out there and do my best, and then we get there and nothing." Commuting from Flatbush was difficult—a bus to Nostrand Avenue, the subway to Lafayette Avenue, and, finally, the GG train to Greenpoint—so Chief O'Rourke requested a transfer and was assigned to Pacific Street, which was a busier station. "It was a very exhilarating time—you're young and full of energy," he said. "Those fellows there were engaged in the study processes for promotion, so I joined in, and I was successful the first shot out of the box."

As a young lieutenant, he was assigned to Brownsville. "You've heard about the South Bronx burning?" Chief O'Rourke asked, and when we nodded he said, "Brownsville was burning long before anyone had heard about the South Bronx. We went from three hundred runs a month to nine hundred runs a month in a matter of a couple of years. We didn't realize, at first, it was a trend. We thought it was

Songbird and Poet



"Well, Mme. Ispanin, there has been quite a struggle between Jupiter and Uranus over you this week!"

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a phenomenon. And at first it was very exhilarating. The guys are on a high—you're involved in hectic proceedings, you feel you're out there doing God's work, it's inspiring. But after a while it's debilitating to your body. And you start to see the futility of it, since people were using fire as a means of social protest, or, in the case of avaricious landlords, for economic gain. The serious structural fires weren't so bad. But the mattress fires, the wastebasket fires—what we call the 'nits and lice'—got to you. And the false alarms. You'd get there and you'd know that someone in the crowd on the corner had pulled the box and was using you as entertainment, and it was damn frustrating."

Frustrating enough so that Chief O'Rourke asked to be assigned to midtown Manhattan, where there were plenty of major blazes but fewer "casual fires" (although there were the owners of Studio 54, who refused to take down a House of Horrors blocking the entrance on Halloween night until Chief O'Rourke ordered the place vacated). And from there he rose swiftly into the upper ranks of the Department, and has participated in most of the major and minor controversies, including the advent of women firefighters and of lime-green trucks. "That green—actually, it's called Federal Safety Yellow—was a real trend for a few years, because some guy in some tiny burg in upstate New York had some study that said you saw it better. So we gave it a try, despite the clamor against it by firefighters. About the first day we had it, a bus ran into one of the trucks. What happened was, I think, the bus driver said 'What's *that?*' and just sort of ran on into him. So eventually we went back to red."

Even though he gets called out to all the big fires, Chief O'Rourke, who has the broad shoulders and thick forearms you would expect, says he misses his days in the firehouses. "The meals are the best times," he said. "I used to specialize in the seafood types of things, because my father-in-law was in the seafood business and I'd stop by there on the way to work and get it a lot cheaper than I could from the A & P. And you'd just sit around and shoot the breeze, and if a guy was bald, or had a little paunch, or big ears—well, that was good to talk about."

HORSE CAMP

ALL the other Seniors were over at the street side of the parking lot, but Sal stayed with her sister Norah while they waited for the bus drivers. "Maybe you'll be in the creek cabin," Sal said, quiet and serious. "I had it second year. It's the best one. Number Five."

"How do they—when do you, like, find out what cabin?" asked Norah.

"They better remember we're in the same cabin," Ev said, sounding shrill. Norah did not look at her. She and Ev had planned for months and known for weeks that they were to be cabinmates, but what good was that if they never found their cabin, and also Sal was not looking at Ev, only at Norah. Sal was cool, a tower of ivory.

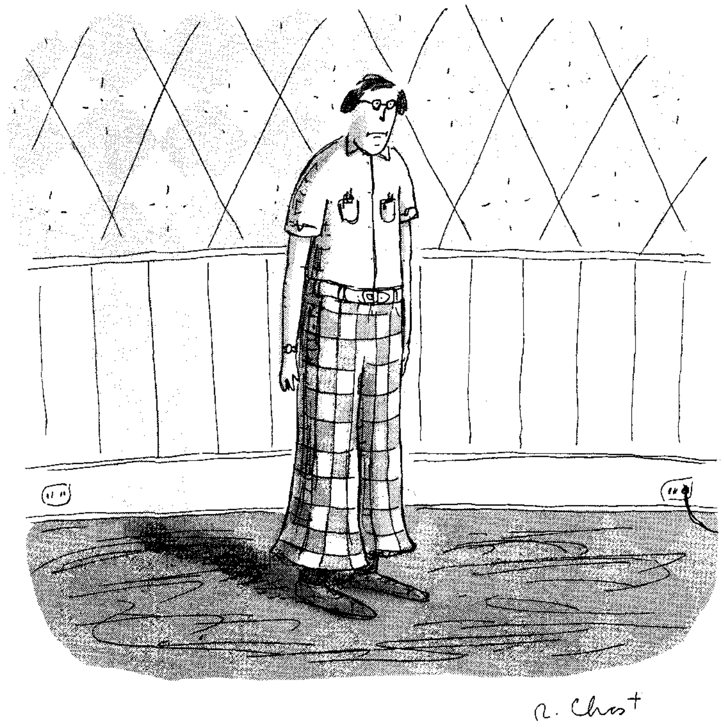
"They show you around as soon as you get there," she said, her quiet voice speaking directly to Norah's dream last night of never finding the room where she had to take a test she was late for and looking among endless thatched barracks in a forest of thin black trees growing very close together, like hair under a hand lens. Norah had told no one the dream, and now remembered and forgot it. "Then you have dinner, and First Campfire," Sal said. "Kimmy's going to be a counsellor again. She's really neat. Listen, you tell old Meredy . . ."

Norah drew breath. In all the histories of Horse Camp which she had asked for and heard over and over for three years—the thunderstorm story, the horse-thief story, the wonderful Stevens Mountain stories—in all of them Meredy the handler had been: Meredy said, Meredy did, Meredy knew . . .

"Tell him I said hi," Sal said, with a shadowy smile, looking across the parking lot at the far, insubstantial towers of downtown. Behind them the doors of the Junior Girls bus gasped open. One after another the engines of the four buses roared and spewed. Across the asphalt, in the hot morning light, small figures were lining up and climbing into the Junior Boys bus. High, rough, faint voices bawled. "O.K., hey, have fun," Sal said. She hugged Norah and then, keeping a hand on her arm, looked down at her intently for a moment from the tower of ivory. She turned away. Norah watched her walk, light-foot and buxom, across the black gap to the others of her kind, who enclosed her, greeting her, "Sal! Hey, Sal!"

JEFFREY N.:

THE GUY WHO MANAGED TO GET THE LEAD OUT OF HIS PANTS BUT THEY WERE STILL THE WRONG PANTS



Ev was twitching and nickering, "Come on, Nor, come on. We'll have to sit way at the back. Come on!" Side by side, they pressed into the line below the gaping doorway of the bus.

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In Number Five cabin, four iron cots, thin-mattressed, gray-blanketed, stood strewn with bottles of insect repellent and styling mousse, T-shirts lettered "UCSD" and "I ♥ Teddy Bears," a flashlight, an apple, a comb with hair caught in it, a paperback book open face down: "The Black Colt of Pirate Island." Over the shingle roof huge second-growth redwoods cast deep shade, and a few feet below the porch the creek ran out into sunlight over brown stones streaming bright-green weed. Behind the cabin Jim Meredith, the horse-handler, a short man of fifty who had ridden as a jockey in his teens, walked along the well-beaten path, quick and a bit bowlegged. Meredith's lips were pressed firmly together. His eyes, narrow and darting, glanced from cabin to cabin, from side to side. Far through the trees high voices cried.

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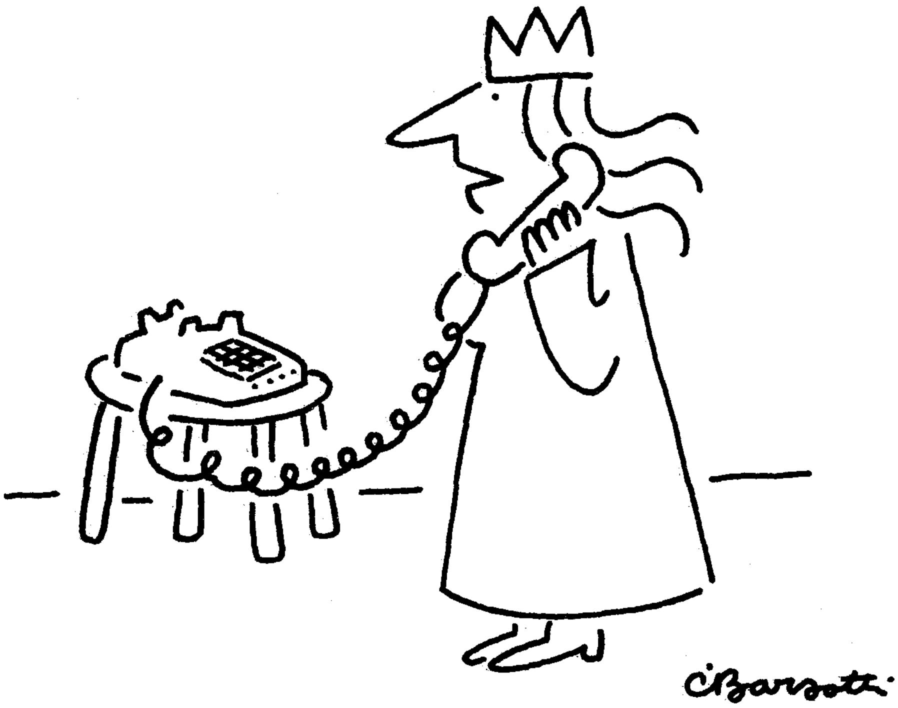
The counsellors know what is to be known. Red Ginger, blond Kimmy, and beautiful black Sue: they know the vices of Pal, and how to keep Trigger from putting her head down and drinking for ten minutes from every creek. They strike the great shoulders smartly: "Aw, get over, you big lunk!" They know how to swim underwater, how to sing in harmony, how to get seconds, and when a shoe is loose. They know where they are. They know where the rest of Horse Camp is. "Home Creek runs into Little River here," Kimmy says, drawing lines in the soft dust with a redwood twig that breaks. "Senior Girls here, Senior Boys across there, Junior Birdmen about here."

"Who needs 'em?" says Sue, yawning. "Come on, who's going to help me walk the mares?"

•

They were all around the campfire on Quartz Meadow after the long first day of the First Overnight. The counsellors were still singing, but very soft, so soft you almost couldn't hear them, lying in the sleeping bag listening to One Spot stamp and Trigger snort and the shifting at the pickets, standing in the fine, cool alpine grass listening to the soft voices and the sleepers shifting and, later, one coyote down the mountain singing all alone.



"He's in the counting house. That's Extension 5198."

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"Nothing wrong with you. Get up!" said Meredy, and slapped her hip. Turning her long, delicate head to him with a deprecating gaze, Philly got to her feet. She stood a moment, shuddering the reddish silk of her flank as if to dislodge flies, tested her left foreleg with caution, and then walked on, step by step. Step by step, watching, Norah went with her. Inside her body there was still a deep trembling. As she passed him, the handler just nodded. "You're all right," he meant. She was all right.

•

Freedom, the freedom to run, freedom is to run. Freedom is galloping. What else can it be? Only other ways to run, imitations of galloping across great highlands with the wind. Oh, Philly, sweet Philly, my love! If Ev and Trigger couldn't keep up she'd slow down and come round in a while, after a while, over there, across the long, long field of grass, once she had learned this by heart and knew it forever, the purity, the pure joy.

•

"Right leg, Nor," said Meredy. And passed on to Cass and Tammy.

You have to start with the right fore. Everything else is all right. Freedom depends on this, that you start with the right fore, that long leg well balanced on its elegant pastern, that you set down that tiptoe middle fingernail, so hard and round, and spurn the dirt. High-stepping, trot past old Meredy, who always hides his smile.

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Shoulder to shoulder, she and Ev, in the long heat of afternoon, in a trance of light, across the home creek in the dry wild oats and cow parsley of the Long Pasture. I was afraid before I came here, thinks Norah, incredulous, remembering childhood. She leans her head against Ev's firm and silken side. The sting of small flies awakens, the swish of long tails sends to sleep. Down by the creek, in a patch of coarse grass, Philly grazes and dozes. Sue comes striding by, winks wordless, beautiful as a burning coal, lazy and purposeful, bound for the shade of the willows. Is it worth getting up to go down to get your feet in the cool water? Next year Sal will be too old for a camper, but can come back as a counsellor, come back here. Norah will come back a second-year camper, Sal a counsellor. They will be here. This is what freedom is, what goes on—the sun in summer, the wild grass, coming back each year.

•

Coming back from the long pack trip to Stevens Mountain, weary and dirty, thirsty and in bliss, coming down from the high places, in line, Sue jogging just in front of her and Ev half asleep behind her—some sound or motion caught and turned Norah's head to look across the alpine field. On the far side, under dark firs, a line of horses, mounted and with packs: "Look!"

Ev snorted. Sue flicked her ears and stopped. Norah halted in line behind her, stretching her neck to see. She saw her sister going first in the distant line, the small head proudly borne. She was walking light-foot and easy, fresh, just starting up to the high passes of the mountain. On her back a young man sat erect, his fine, fair head turned a little aside, to the forest. One hand was on his thigh, the other on the reins, guiding her. Norah called out and then broke from the line, going to Sal, calling out to her. "No, no, no, no!" she called. Behind her, Ev and then Sue called to her, "Nor! Nor!"

Sal did not hear or heed. Going straight ahead, the color of ivory, distant in the clear, dry light, she stepped into the shadow of the trees. The others and their riders followed, jogging one after the other till the last was gone.

Norah had stopped in the middle of the meadow, and stood in grass in sunlight. Flies hummed.

She tossed her head, turned, and trotted back to the line. She went along it from one to the next, teasing, chivying, Kimmy yelling at her to get back in line, till Sue broke out of line to chase her and she ran, and then Ev began to run, whinnying shrilly, and then Cass and Philly and all the rest, the whole bunch, cantering first and then running flat out, running wild, racing, heading for Horse Camp and the Long Pasture, for Meredy and the long evening standing in the fenced field, in the sweet dry grass, in the fetlock-shallow water of the home creek.

—Ursula K. Le Guin

A HALF-LIFE AHEAD

NICHOLAS bent down over the tracing paper on his architect's drawing board and added a couple of human figures to give the scale of his building. The figures were long out of period.

Well, I'm decades out of step, too, he said to himself. But a half-life to go. He shouted to his young wife through their Tudor kitchen hatch, "Bambina, you'll know. What's a half-life? I can't remember that sort of physics today. I was waylaid by pipe runs and stresses and strains."

"You're the maestro, Bambino. Your Bambina won't have you bringing London stress into our nest." Who else could yell orders in such an embracing way?

"Maestro's music, not architecture."

"In Italian you are *maestro*. In French you are *maître*, and in my little house you are my master and *mio caro* and—" She went on in Arabic. Nicholas took shelter in sharpening a pencil, and wondered whether there was any language without possessive pronouns. He avoided initialling his drawings. To Bambina's mind, he would never rise high enough. She had said once in her smoothing way, in English, "Your work will not stand up." He had laughed, found the cut harsh and anyway impossible to explain to his radiant but entirely humorless dear polyglot, and then managed to say, "I hope the buildings will just lie down and *rest* when I'm gone." She had said, "But what about the capital assets? What about your Bambina, and your children? We are so much younger than you, Bambino."

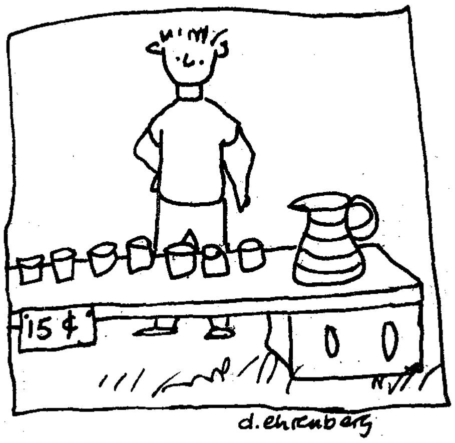
Bambina must once have had a name, but this was the only one she reliably answered to in any of the nine languages she spoke. In English, she magnetized words like "napery," "greensward," and, most of all, "gladsome." Originally Egyptian, with a much-travelled Greek mother freshly married to a Swiss printer of art books, Bambina also sometimes replied to Bambina Modela, Inc., and to Madre, in any tongue. Bambina was six feet four and said that she had royal Watusi blood. She wore bangles on both arms as far as her shoulders. Her nails were long, though she held that her typing speed was a phenomenon. The nails were painted either black or dark green, with spangles that picked up the sequinned combs in her hair, which she dyed an African tribal red with imported red mud. Bambina's stately softness hid from Nicholas the rabid will she had to conquer the world boutique market. The armaments of her master plan were tribal fabric patterns and folk-craft memorabilia of the kind described in big old-fashioned shops as "notions."

Tinkling, she loped serenely into the room to her husband. Nicholas Grey was a long thin reed of an Etonian, white-haired. She took the cigarette, drooping with ash, out of his mouth.

"Bambina, that's the most thoughtful thing anyone's ever done for me." Or the most fatuous thanks I've ever uttered, he thought. Or something. The ash fell on his plans and she brushed it off with a firm feminine motion that was too decisive, like that of a bad hospital nurse ripping off a sticking plaster. It smudged his figures to obliteration. They had been verging, he had said to himself, on Augustus John's. Even on Gwen John's, given that genius. He thought of her drawings, of their placement. She had managed marvels in circumstances roped-in enough. Her cats, her churchgoing women. Beautiful and lucid. My own drawing, thought Nicholas: gone by the board in practicing architecture, and not of the sort that sells now anyway. Not of the laser-beam school, not by a long chalk. Had drawing chalk hit the dust, too? I am not a particularly modern man, he thought. Well, perhaps not at all.

"Half-life, I asked, Bambina."

She kissed him too hard with her grape-colored lipstick and then wiped off the marks with a sequinned something. Only seven hours ago—not long enough for Nicholas—she had woken him with the dawn and kissed him with the same lipstick.



"You're the only woman I've ever known who wears makeup in bed," he had told her. "Apart from heroines in the flicks."

"It's nutritional, Bambino. My lipsticks are a stew."

"No, they're immaculate. Oh, you can't mean they're a foodstuff?"

"I take care of Bambino. I must be edible."

He turned over, amazed. "My first wife didn't wear makeup in bed."

"She didn't look after Bambino's health. Is she a how-you-say?"

"Not a bit. We married each other. Things got hard for her. What's a how-you-say?"

She hissed, like a camel, but also so femininely that he roused himself.

"She became different after we separated," he said, "but in more *usual* ways. Like asking me endlessly for money she feels she has a right to. It's a souring bond, that one, though maybe she's broke. But so are we, and she knows I haven't got anything left. She's lonely, I think. She keeps on hunting me down about some Sheraton table of my father's. You remember the last furor. Father had a collection, but I don't see any Sheraton tables here."

Bambina glided away, and he went back to sleep, and dreamed of Sheraton tables saving their fortune and taking up all the room of his unsorted work in the attic.

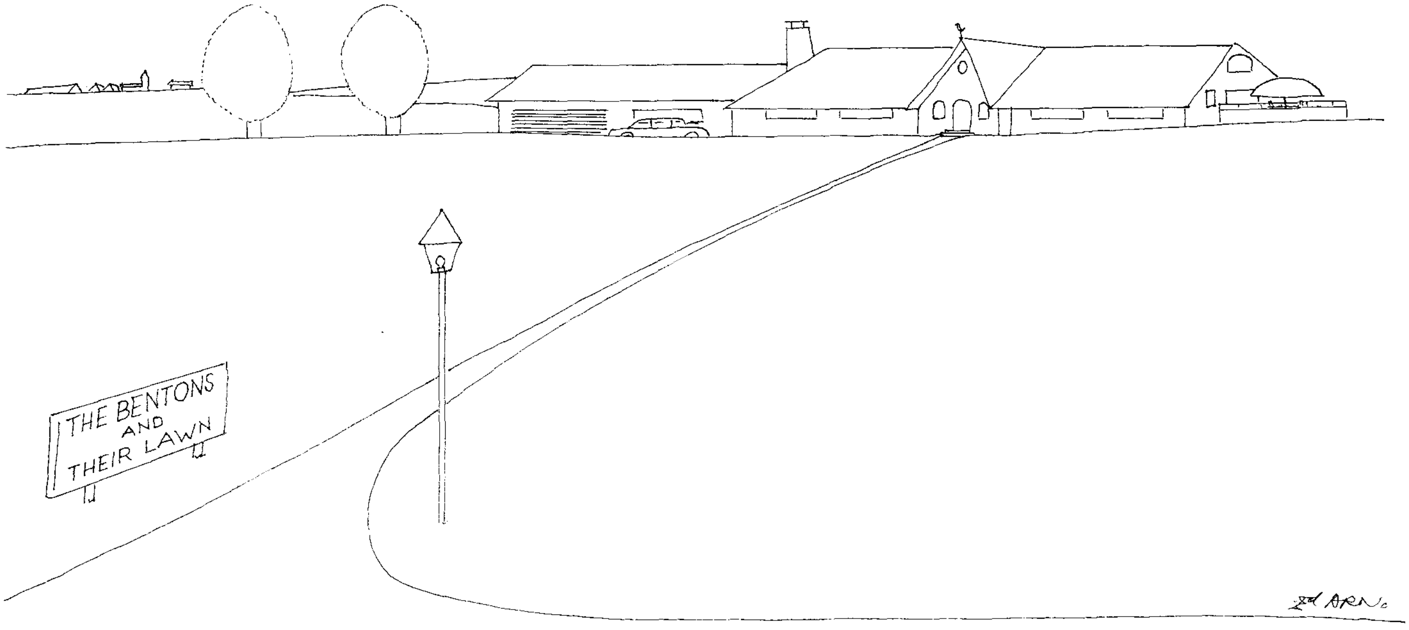
"The news on the radio is dismaying," he said now, unable as always to think about work in her presence and missing his figure sketches.

"You shouldn't listen to the news on the nasty radio, Bambino," she said. "*Povero* Bambino! Your work will suffer. We must be hermits. You are my maestro."

"But a terrorist bomb has gone off again. This one the I.R.A., or so the BBC thinks. The World Service news is keeping quiet. That would be saner."

Bambina laughed. "Your bé-bé-sé!" Bambina used tarot cards for the news.

Back to his question: "But what *is* a half-life?" She stroked his forehead and then took out a comb and teased the fine hair into soft curls that fell exasperatingly into his eyes. "I think it's something to do with radioactivity," he said, blowing the hair out of his eyes. "With diminishing radioac-


THE BENTONS AND THEIR LAWN

tive elements. The half-life of each of them being so long and singular that mathematics can only cope by showing it as unimaginably small and capable of halving itself forever without going into a minus. If I've got that right."

"Your poor head," said Bambina.

THEIR three children, led by Sam, the eldest, swarmed in and clung to her strong gold-strapped ankles, the shoe straps just findable among the gold anklets from Udaipur. The babies, newly risen from crawling, tottered like very small drunks worn out but triumphant after many parties. They carried lumps of Bambina's homemade fibrous food (non-fibrous food made her swell, she said) hidden in their socks, their dungaree pockets, the funnel of a toy liner, the engine of a toy motorcar. Anywhere to be rid of them. Many of the lumps sparkled with Bambina's sequins. The children put them in the backs of their shoes as heel lifts to cheat when they were being measured by Bambina on the bathroom door, developing calluses as the stuff hardened, which she noticed no more than the fact that all three clung to their shoes like grim death when it came time to be measured, however tightly cramped their toes. The pleasure of their rapid rise in height was reward enough. They used the ad-hoc glue to stick together rulers broken in sword fights. They had suggested to their father in lowered voices, coming to him in a helpful battalion, that the hardening lumps could be used to tether his papers to his drawing board.

"Hang on a mo," said Nicholas with another cigarette in his mouth, fed it by Bambina. "Have you got one of your tinderboxes on you?" Bambina didn't believe in matches, but she liked the Greys' old family tinderboxes. She decorated the leather. "We're so broke I should have given up smoking ages ago," he said.

"*Mon pauvre*," she said. "And you're so thin. It's when you go down to London for your meetings." She tinkled. "Your meetings don't feed you."

"Oh yes they do." He thought hungrily of his next trip, and then worried about getting his drawings done well in what he loathed himself for calling this chaos, there being no family chaos without an abettor. He leaned down to smoke with his elbow on the drawing board, and a pile of papers spilled to the floor. He let them lie. The children picked them up. "It's the tilt," he said. "Yes," said Sam, trying for a moment to push the board flat with all his might. Nicholas said to Bambina, "Those meetings, there are sausages, and veal and ham pies, and Scotch eggs, and sandwiches galore."

"Not enough fibre, Bambino," said his wife. "All so bad for Bambino. You are the maestro, you need to be strong." Beside her he felt dwarfed. His vertebrae hurt. He felt himself stooping. Probably he was too short for her bed by now. It happened with age, they said. His eldest son by his first marriage was already sending him parking tickets from Oxford for offenses by his motorbike. It was the motorbike that was at fault, not his son; that son of mine has a lot in common with his stepmother, he thought, finding a grain of rebellion in the heart that he thought of as a dud, maritally speaking. He put his hand on his heart and there it was, pumping away like a metronome. He hummed the first theme from Beethoven's first movement of his first quartet. What a start. As to himself now, he thought, his three fond omnipotent tots clustered around his drawing board, he was proceeding backward fast up the slipway from any embarkation he had made. Can a man's life go into a minus?

"Madre," said Sam, lying down on the floor soberly, "I can see up the holes in Papa's pockets. All the way up to his cigarette. It's miles."

His younger sister, Emma, started to cry. "We could sew up the holes." She was already well practiced with her toy sewing machine. "Papa, Papa, take your trousers off."

"Emma, darling, I'm not going to take my trousers off. I'm just not going to. And now that I'm saying no, I'm not keen on all of you climbing in and out of Mummy's bath all the time, either."

Another sob. "She's Madre."

Nicholas paid attention. "Emma, I apologize. It doesn't matter really. But I do think you three should wear some clothes in the garden, because of the stinging nettles, and inside, because otherwise it surprises the fishmonger. And the reason Madre needs a bath alone is that she's working and it's more restful. Grown-ups need time to be private."

"I don't like it when you're private."

Nicholas picked her up and kissed her, groaning at the pain in his long back with a sound that he turned into an Indian war cry he had made up for the children, and bounced her up to the ceiling. She laughed with bliss. No child should be told she can't do things, he reprimanded himself. But couldn't Bambina do that just once in a while, instead of giving them all this license? They're making up their own laws as they go along. Well, I suppose everyone does. As to work, no point in letting this life of Peter Pan and Wendy get the upper hand. So start again, and make thought swift. Eagerness roared along his bones. He turned away from the sight of his beloved wife's stubborn sloth for a moment and tried to repeat what he had caught at speed before in the smudged-out figure drawings. Yes, that was working. That survived. Quite a blithe outlook, this half-life, he thought, forgetting Bambina and finding the pain in his back gone.

Nicholas went upstairs and put on his other pair of jeans. Bambina called from the kitchen. "What are you doing, Bambino?"

"Changing into another pair of jeans so Emma can oversee the pocket-mending of the last lot."

"Put on the safari leather trousers with the fringes that your Bambina made for you."

"They'll get in a mess."

"I'm cooking. A buyer's coming."

"Oh Jesus."

"It's important. It's in the diary."

"It's not in my head, darling."

"The diary's beside the telephone."

"I don't go there, because the telephone's cut off. I haven't paid. I can't get enough work done. You're a brick; you're doing all you can, I know."

"How do you mean, a brick?"

"In English it's something one drops." Oh Lord, not drop my wife. "A brick is a trooper. Someone who doesn't give up." Pull back, pull back.

Bambina glided toward the kitchen with a jingle of trinkets. Apart from the bangles, there was also a clanking of the chains that she festooned around

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THREE POEMS

FIRST DESIRES

It was like listening to the record of a symphony before you knew anything at all about the music,
what the instruments might sound like, look like, what portion of the orchestra each represented:
there were only volumes and velocities, thickenings and thinnings, the winding cries of change
that seemed to touch within you, through your body, to be part of you and then apart from you.
And even when you'd learned the grainy timbre of the single violin, the aching arpeggios of the horn,
when you tried again there were still uneases and confusions left, an ache, a sense of longing
that held you in chromatic dissonance, droning on beyond the dominant's resolve into the tonic,
as though there were a flaw of logic in the structure, or in (you knew it was more likely) you.

LOVE: BEGINNINGS

They're at that stage where so much desire streams between them, so much frank need and want,
so much absorption in the other and the self and the self-admiring entity and unity they make—
her mouth so full, breast so lifted, head thrown back *so* far in her laughter at his laughter,
he so solid, planted, oaky, firm, so resonantly factual in the headiness of being craved so,
she almost wreathed upon him as they intertwine again, touch again, cheek, lip, shoulder, brow,
every glance moving toward the sexual, every glance away soaring back in flame into the sexual—
that just to watch them is to feel again that hitching in the groin, that filling of the heart,
the old, sore heart, the battered, foundered, faithful heart, snorting again, stamping in its stall.

LOVE: HABIT

He has his lips pressed solidly against her cheek, his eyes are wide open, though, and she, too,
gazes into the distance, or at least is nowhere in the fragile composition they otherwise create.
He breaks off now, sulkily slouches back; his hand, still lifted to her face, idly cups her chin,
his fingers casually drumming rhythms on her lips, a gesture she finds not at all remarkable—
she still gazes away, looking for whatever she's been looking for, her inattention like a wall.
Now he kisses her *again*, and they both, like athletes, hold that way again, perversely persevering . . .
Oh, Paolo! Oh, Francesca! Is this all it comes to, the perturbations and the clamor, the broken breath,
the careenings on the wheel—just this: the sorrowing flame of consciousness so miserably dimmed?

—C. K. Williams

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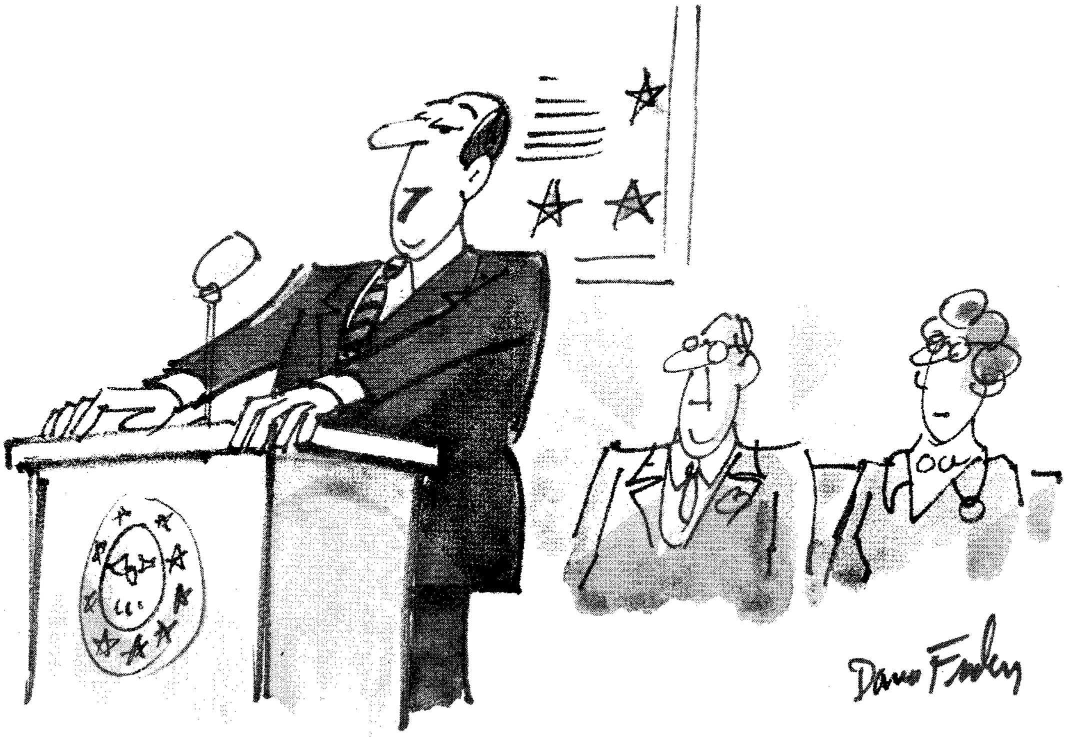


"I should now like to say something quotable."

the new baby they were going to have. She moved always as though she were supporting a pitcher of water on her head, her mind and being as still as any pool where buffalo drank.

A fashion buyer coming to darkest Gloucestershire. He filled the oil lanterns in readiness for a long stint, keeping them well away from the fringed leather trousers, which lay on the dining-room sideboard looking like international airport trophies of no intent. Bambina loved the realness of oil lanterns, which didn't affect her sequin-and-swatch crafts, for she worked by the hours of the sun. But they took their toll of his work, for he had begun to sleep late, and he longed for two-hundred-and-fifty-watt bulbs to draw by at night when the house was quiet. My eyes are older, that's the trouble, he thought. She's so much younger, that's the trouble. I'd like to be the age she needs. I'd like to be it in no time, to surprise her. I'll jump into my life, there's a skylight: open space, no glass, no splinters below, it's sky.

NICHOLAS lay down for a moment to think. Lines for his building printed themselves in his head. He had always associated tiredness with the war, but that was the fatigue of doing nothing. The repose now, the quiet: that was focus, that was balm. Five minutes of silence, five minutes of work swiftly done in the mind. He leapt up and drew before he forgot. He re-created the lost drawings. A figure in a top hat with his hand on the back of a chair where a young woman was sitting with her hands in her lap, shaping her fingers around something valuable, something difficult to hold. An idea.

"Bambina," said an American woman's voice at the door. "Your front door's open. Shall I come in?"

There was no reply. A gurgling from the children, and joy as they broke something.

"Bambina's not here," shouted Nicholas, going to the door. "I'm her husband. How do you do?"

A sensible-looking woman came in, buoyant, with a small red leather suitcase that turned out to be her handbag. She lifted her chin as she held out her hand and said, "What's your name?"

It was as though he'd lost it for a moment among the mess of sequins on the children's table, and he had an impulse to go back to his drawing board to find himself. "Nicholas Grey," he said. "I'm sorry. My wife never told me your name."

"Should the door be open? It's the country, I know, but the road?"

"You're quite right. Bambina's trusting, but the children do wander. My fault."

"I'm Mary. Mary Witney," she said.

"Bambino," shouted Bambina from outdoors.

"Mrs. Witney's here."

"How long for, Bambino?"

"For lunch, you said."

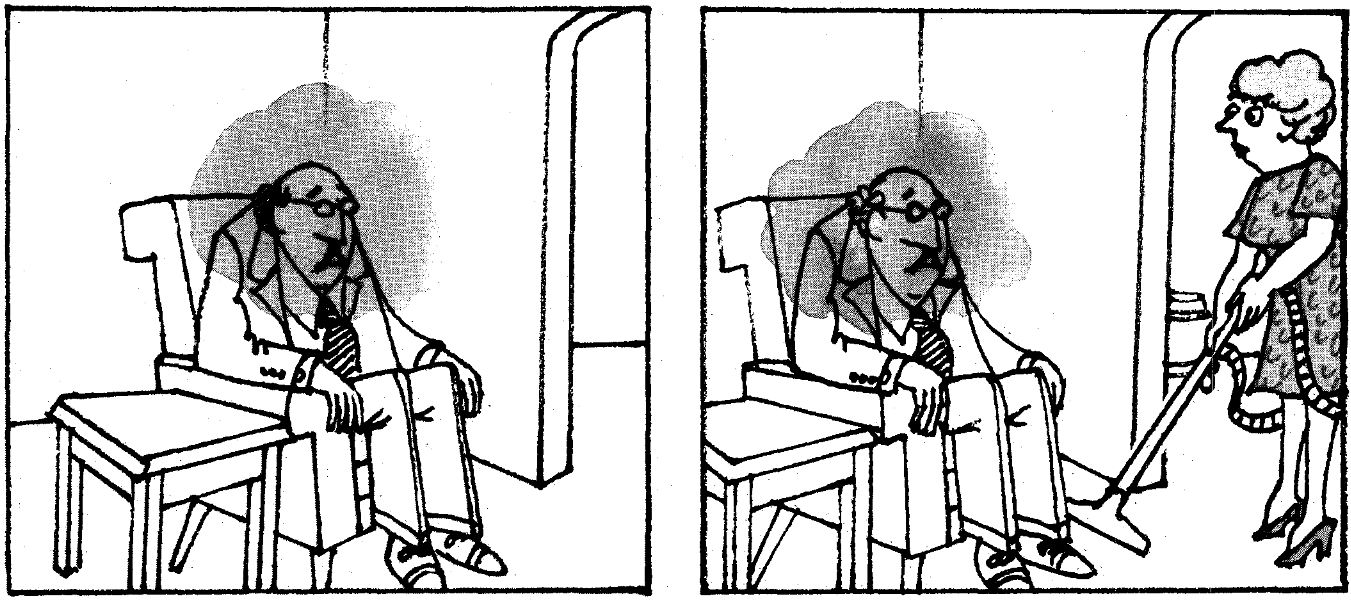
"No, Bambino. I meant how long in England, my maestro." She came in from the garden and kissed him on the lips before turning to Mary Witney, who shook hands politely. Bambina disappeared again toward the kitchen and shooed the children into the garden, speaking soft words of many languages in a voice that came and went like a world on shortwave: "Take care of yourselves. For your Madre. Don't hurt yourself. Naughty tricycle." Nicholas, sensing danger, shouted an apology to Mrs. Witney and ran into the garden. One of the babies had cut a finger and was whimpering. Now the first-aid box, then carry to the attic the tricycle the children were too young for. Bambina had been given the tricycle, a Japanese wonder, by a client in Tokyo.

Mary Witney helped him to carry the machine up to the attic. There was a smell of their orchard's apples, stored on the beams for the winter as they had been for centuries, and below them were pile on pile of cardboard boxes, most of them tossed about as though they had been left unlashed in a gale at sea. "What a breakthrough in tricycles," she said, avoiding the sight of the muddle. "It looks very complicated. Wouldn't it be made for an adult?"

"That's what I thought. And for longer legs."

She hung the machine from two fingers, more for lack of anywhere to put it than for amazement at its lightness. The attic was hard to see in because the leaning towers of boxes blocked the dormer windows. "These piles of drawings," she said, peering. "Are they yours? You're an architect."

A pleasant tense, the present. Nicholas looked at her, and she said,



"How do you find things? All this work buried."

"I used to have a secretary. Happy as Larry. For decades."

"Bambino," shouted Bambina's voice up the stairs, "your lunch is ready."

"Our lunch. I'm sorry. Her pronouns are unsteady in English. She speaks nine languages," said Nicholas as they came down the attic ladder, he holding her ankles from below.

"Yes, it's astonishing," said Mary Witney. "A very talented girl."

AT lunch, among boutique-merger dealings, Nicholas let in the children and put them in their nursery. When he came down the talk was still of sequin conglomerates, interrupted only when Bambina got up and walked around the table with a comb. She had the walk of a camel: soft, as if in sand.

Mary Witney looked up, and then the comb was at work. "Hardly knowing you—" Mrs. Witney began, and stopped trying to be polite. Another tack. "I've just had my hair done. Is it"—she pushed her hair back into its usual place—"all haywire?"

"There," said Bambina, making it haywire again and passing onward to do the same fluffing and hair-teasing to Nicholas. "Bambino loves it."

"Not at mealtimes," he said. "Mary had started to talk about Bloomingdale's, hadn't she?"

"They were interested in your wife's leather attaché cases from Spain. But not in the pastel colors. Tan or black for the luggage department, bright primary colors for the toy department."

"The sequin combs are my best line," said Bambina. Nicholas switched off and thought comfortingly of where to put the heating ducts in his building.

"Perhaps in a stationery store or a drugstore," Mary Witney said. "This is delicious. What's in it?"

"Yogurt and bulgur wheat, cooked al dente, for fibrous content. And hummus."

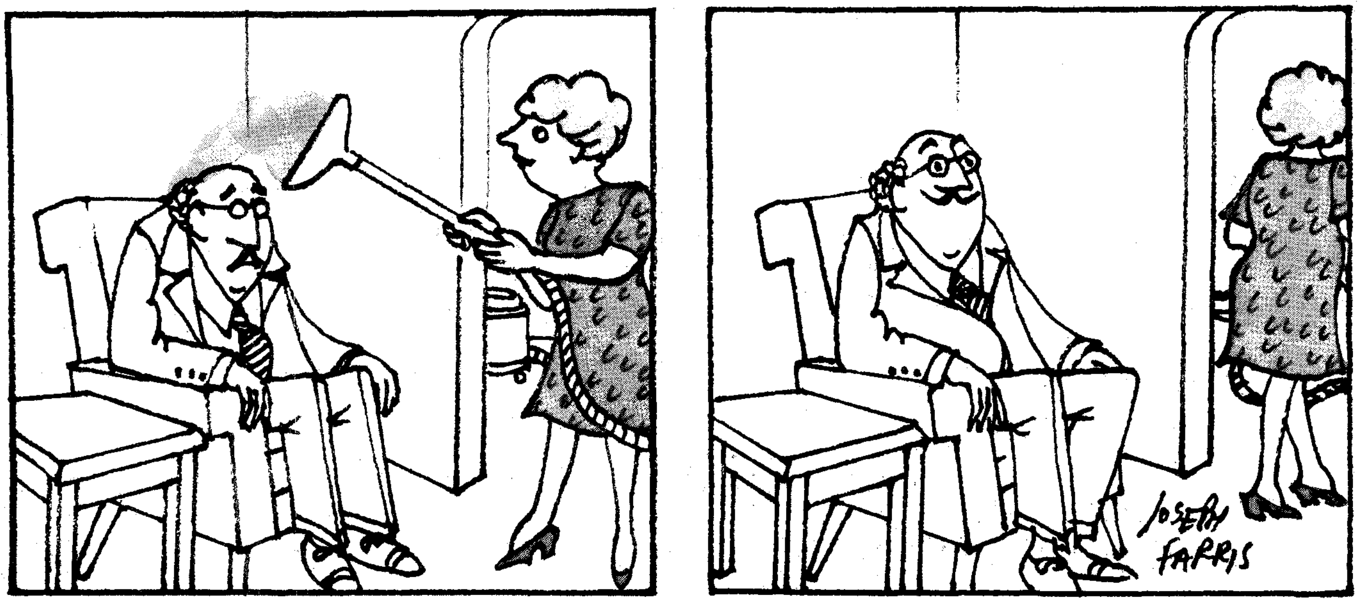
"Do you mind if I make a call?" said Mary Witney to Bambina, putting her fork to the center of her plate.

"Bambino hasn't paid the phone bill. We're cut off. It's wonderful. My maestro's aerie." She made it sound like "eerie."

An unmistakable bell of some sort went off in Bambina's sacrosanct paperwork room, down a hallway. Nicholas, nourished in resolve by Mary's presence and the possibility of flight from hummus, disappeared and opened the door onto Bambina's terrain. A telex there. Well, he knew that. For her orders. She said it meant a saving in the end on cable bills from the post office. "It gives Bambino his good sleep with Bambina," she said every dawn he heard the bell. "Otherwise we'd be awakened by the world time zones of my markets."

He picked up some of the computer paper that was growing in piles on the floor as telexes abroad spouted their messages in many languages. Merchandise orders, many of them ending with complaints and threats of withdrawing business. A dozen kittens, no human hand, seemed to have been at work on the paper. "URGENTEST" in many forms of non-English cablese. "ORDER REVOKED" in many languages. No diary on her desk, just mounds of hopelessly unsorted sequins. Kindergarten projects to take her mind off missed chances, and even those sidetracks abandoned. No order book. Scraps of paper with reminders to herself, dated, not ticked, torn up and then stacked in a second-thought folder marked "Pending." Many of the dates went back for months, and her notes on them, in many languages, were underlined and rubbed out. It crossed his mind, with growing sureness, that she couldn't even use a telex. Only the expense of it gave her any roots. The implied professionalism of it consoled her, perhaps. There was an office typewriter, secondhand, with a piece of her business stationery rolled into it and the letter forsaken after five lines because she apparently hadn't been able to manage the tabulator. He felt uneasy, an eavesdropper on his wife's dismay in reclusion. He felt he had stumbled on bundles of love letters tied up in red ribbon but unanswered because they had come to an illiterate. He stood in her room for a time without touching anything more.

NICHOLAS went out of the cottage with a milk churn and walked slowly to the village, where his cousin Mac lived. Mac was having a sandwich while he painted some garden fence posts.



"Bambina's got a telex," Nicholas said.

"You told us."

"Yes, but she's not using it. The messages are just piling up. She's not answering anything. I don't think she's used to writing."

"But all those languages."

"She uses them for talking, and I'm no one to use them on. Her handwriting's very odd. She puts rosettes over her 'i's instead of dots. It takes her hours."

Mac put down his paintbrush. "What about the fibrous shopping lists?"

"She's got a phenomenal memory."

"She should be on the floor of the London Stock Exchange."

"She can bargain her head off, but she needs someone to do it with."

"A bazaar." Mac shook his head and picked up the brush again.

"A telex would be lonely," Nicholas said. "All those bits of paper. Computer lettering. No rosettes, none of her loops. She dolls up an 'h' like a gift-wrapped squash racquet." Pause. "Cyrillic, Arabic, the *stuff* pouring in. It's mounting up on her." Mac gave him the paintbrush and Nicholas did a couple of posts at high speed. "I don't know," he said. "Perhaps Anglo-Saxons like manual work too much. Diligence simply to keep out the cold."

Mac said, "I don't really get her."

"It may well be climate. She's a torrid spirit." Pause. "I didn't say horrid."

"Dear old thing, I didn't think you had for a second. Shouldn't you get her away from that work of hers?"

"It'd be the end of her confidence. She believes she's making the only money we've got. Which is true."

"You made it before. It's all this stuff that's holding you up now. Tell her."

"It'd kill her."

"She's totally loyal."

"People are fragile."

"She'd be content if she saw you working. She's a very unhappy woman."

"Had you noticed that?"

"One would have to be pretty crass."

"It's because she doesn't know where she belongs."

"Well, *tell* her. That it's with you. And keeping the kids at bay from you both." Mac paused, saw too much concern still in his cousin's thin face, and said, seriously, "Sounds an unholy mess." Pause. "I've got twelve more posts to go, and it looks like thunder."

Nicholas did the posts in eight minutes and then looked round him at Mac's yew garden. "You've clipped the topiary. I've never seen the swan so svelte."

"I overdid it. That used to be a duck."

Nicholas spent a few more minutes looking at the darkening garden. "It's like a Mozart opera garden. Did I tell you the festival committee asked me to design 'Don Giovanni'?"

"Do it."

"I haven't got time."

"That's the block you've got to kick. For heaven's sake." Pause. "Would you both like to come to dinner tonight?" he said. "It'll be just us. Bring the children and we'll put them with ours. Talk to her and unplug the telex. Sorry. Or use an electric drill. Don't forget you're a professional." He offered yet another sandwich, but even Nicholas shook his head at drizzled-on brisket.

"Don't tell her I said anything," said Nicholas.

"It'll be like walking round Everest, but we'll have a go."

"I shouldn't have blabbed. I feel like a spy trying to swallow a fact that's got to be forgotten."

"I don't suppose we've got any fibrous food, but we'll bone up on it. The chemist's got a herbalist mother who might know. About the telex, don't wreck it. Sell it. I'll send Godfrey over. All fourteen-year-olds know about computers." Mac waited again, and then looked Nicholas very straight in the eyes. "You had a hard war."

"Whatever that means. So did you."

"Lost a lot of time."

"Sleep, mostly."

IN drafty self-possession, Nicholas walked back quickly. Putting her business to rights, he said to himself. Keeping her head above water, looking after the children, looking after me. His admiration kindled. He halted and vowed never to have such a thought again. She *didn't* look after him. He wasn't one of her children.

When he got back, Mary had left

and there was mayhem in his workroom. Wood shavings all over the floor. Bambina, pink with triumph, was sawing off a leg of his architect's table.

"Bambino, I've sold a quarter of a million's worth of goods to New York."

"Bravo and hurrah. Darling, you should go to London more. You do much better business when you see people." He paused. "Darling, I need that table."

"But *I* need the table *leg*, Bambino. For my display at the Harvest Festival this afternoon. My table has only three legs now."

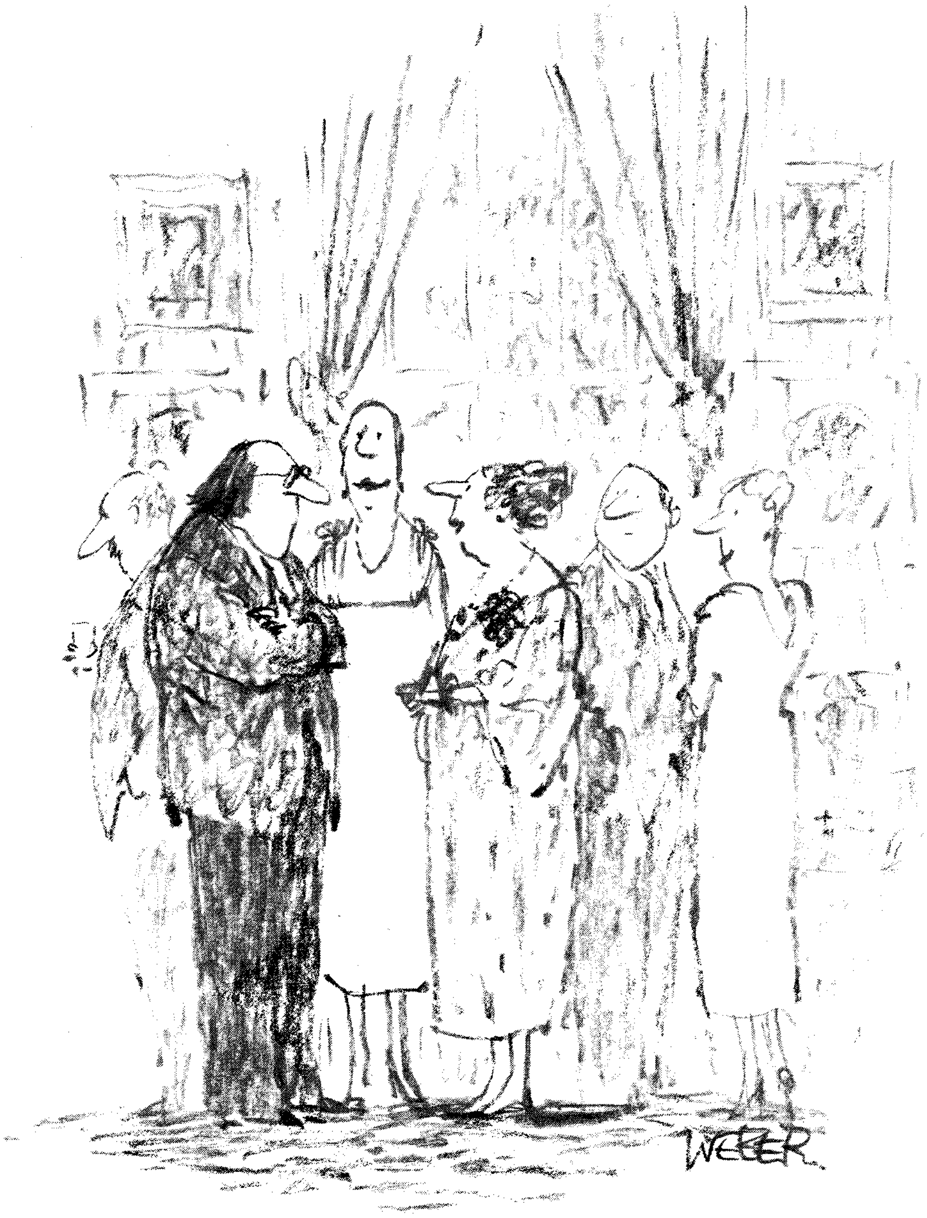
"Why?"

"I had to keep the oven going."

"It's for me to work on." The plait of hair that she wore round her head lost most of its anchoring of sequinned combs and fell over her right shoulder. "Leave it like that," he said.

"I've put your work in a pile and you can work on the sideboard or the kitchen table. Or have a much-needed rest, *povero* Bambino."

He stood over her, feeling that it was no moment to sit. "Look, let's dismantle the telex. You and I can sort out the papers into piles and type answers by airmail. It isn't too late, darling." He looked at her and was struck again by her beauty, as well as by the pining for some homeland in the endless folksongs that she played on the gramophone in musical modes he didn't know. And he added, "Why are you going to Harvest Festival, darling? You're not an Anglican by secret conversion, are you? I thought you were a Muslim agnostic, if there is such a thing."



"Your book nauseated me. Did you do that on purpose?"

She crumpled.

"Is it very High Anglicanism? Is there incense?"

She shook herself all over as if in riddance. The bracelets jangled. Her village assistant—she could always cajole an assistant—a besotted girl who had run the village's police switchboard, called the sound "the jangle of your genius." At root, the girl was sensible. A friend. She might be someone to call on if Bambina needed her.

"When did it happen? This end you've put to telling me about things?" Nicholas sat on a step to listen.

Bluster. Pretense. Tears. Stubbornness. No words forthcoming. Then too many, jumbled; then simple English, without coquetry. "I knew it would worry you. I can't do it, not none of it. I'm being a woman and I'm being a man and I'm trying to do things about money and now there's this new baby. The vicar—he's like a priest, really—*he* thought we should have another baby. That's what marriage is for, he said."

"It was because *we* wanted one." Nicholas withdrew his sympathies from the Fund for the Restoration of the Church Roof.

"And he told me to work at home because I could pay for Bambino's old wife out of what I earned without having to splurge on a nanny. 'Splurge' was what he said." A graceful chap, thought Nicholas.

He was about to say that his "old wife" wasn't exactly senile, but rethought Bambina's meaning in time. "How much did the vicar get out of you for the Restoration Fund in return for his counsel?"

"I promised him the proceeds of the telex if I ever had to sell it."

He swallowed and concentrated. "You shouldn't have told him about the money problem, dear one. That's for me to solve."

"Do you mind about the incense? There isn't that much."

"Not if it gives you roots." He had the sense that he was dealing with a mind quite starved, not only a mind that she had consigned to some frightened margin. He had always wished to give it harbor.

"Darling, I need some more drawing paper and we'll need stamps."

"You haven't got any money."

"Go to the village shop and cancel the cigarette credit. Say I've given up. The owner's been worried ever since he saw an American packet that said 'The Surgeon General has determined that cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health.' I don't think he understands who a Surgeon General is." Then he said quietly, "Look out of the window for a minute. Those are catkins."

"Cats and kittens. But they look more like caterpillars. Why do things have to have names?"

He wondered at this question from someone who spoke nine languages, and then saw more than justice in it for that very reason. "Philosophers have been talking about why for thousands of years. And about whether things exist if they're unnamed, and about whether they exist without cognizance. Damned if I know or care, or even if I see what those few great minds are getting at."

"I'll go and get your drawing paper," she said. "And you should have a sausage."

"Mac's asked us to have dinner with them all."

She looked stony. "I suppose he knows about the telex."

"He knows that you're brilliant at trading. Who else could have bartered a vow of a secondhand telex for a series of confessions with a C. of E. vicar? From the vicar's point of view, of course, he got title to a soul before birth, along with a gadget that will be worth a lot of roof beams. You both did honor to the concept of exchange-and-mart."

"What?"

"It's swapping something you don't need for something someone else has that you do need. Small boys do it with stamps." He stood up. "Darling, this is words, and we've got to work." He beamed at her, hoping she was herself again. "It's Berlitz amok and it's supposed to be an argument." But she started to cry, and the sequins on her cheekbones glistened. Several fell off. She picked them up and gathered them into her lap like a child collecting pebbles.

Nicholas, more than ever beguiled, saw her murmuring and said, "What is it?"

"What will you do without cigarettes? You won't able to stop and then we'll be in double debt."

"That's easy. Ages ago I promised my father I wouldn't smoke and he said that if the war ended all right he'd let me be an architect as a reward. He thought architecture was a dangerous and bohemian thing to do."

"Well, it is, isn't it?"

He shouted to Sam to help his mother run a bath after she'd been to the shops. Together, before dinner, the two of them put her papers into order of priority and he typed forty-two letters for her at her dictation. "My fingernails make it easier," he said. The typewriter was dusty and he cleaned the keys with a toothbrush and her nail-polish remover before going any further.

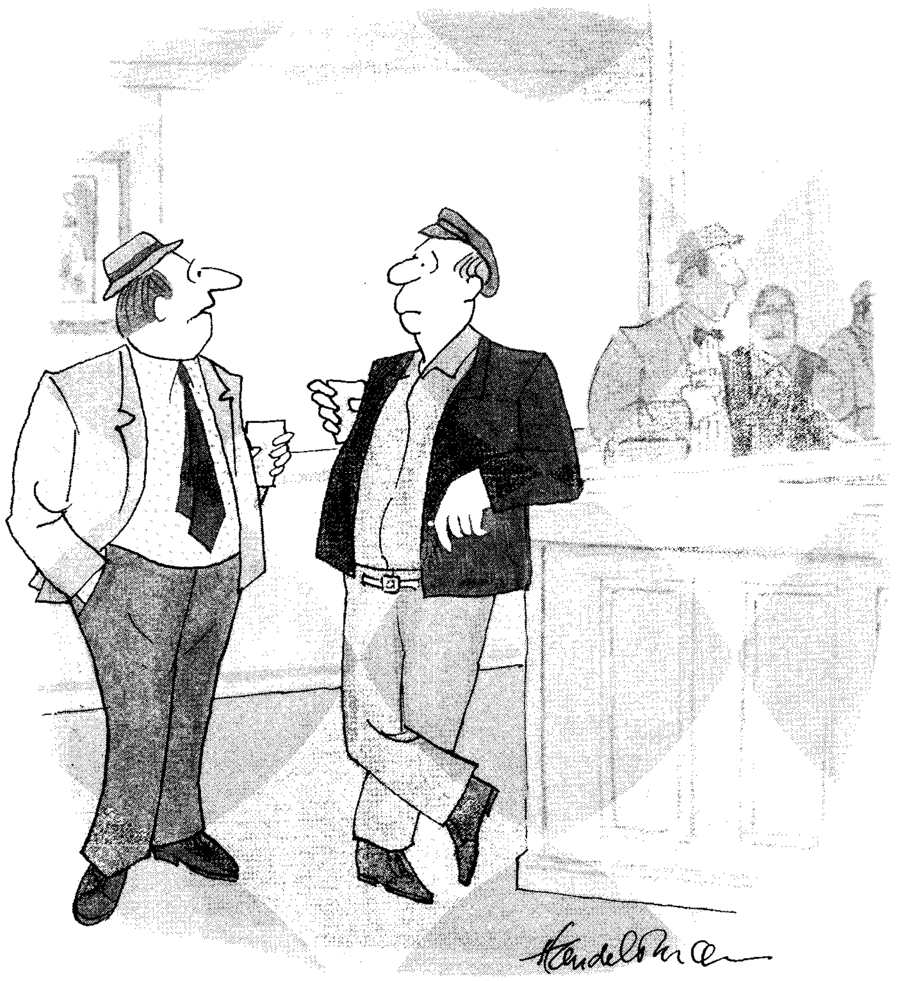
"I didn't know you could do that," she said. "Why don't you write them by hand?"

"You need a carbon. How do we file things?"

Another beginning to be made, even there.

THEY had a quiet dinner at Mac's house. The children went to sleep in the Ping-Pong room as soon as they had finished their three helpings of pudding, the three young Greys blissful at such a feast of the nonfibrous.

That night, Nicholas told Bambina he was going to work. He went to the attic and sorted his own papers. It took hours. The boxes held things he had forgotten he had ever drawn. He sat back on his haunches, his hands dangling between the knees of his thin legs like the hands of a football player at halftime. A half-life ahead, and some of it already accomplished in those boxes. It was as if time had been on hold. His sense of stalemate passed in the night. In the end he even found that long ago he had made a series of working drawings for "Don Giovanni." The garden, suddenly darkened from festivity as though the wings of a giant vulture had momentarily blotted out the sun. Then brilliance again. Topiary. The overture returning at the end. No consignment to Hellfire. On the contrary, a parent restored in another form. The life of



"I think I'm in big trouble, Herb. I took A.T. & T.'s advice and gave my childhood sweetheart a call, and she's taking the next bus from Fort Lauderdale."

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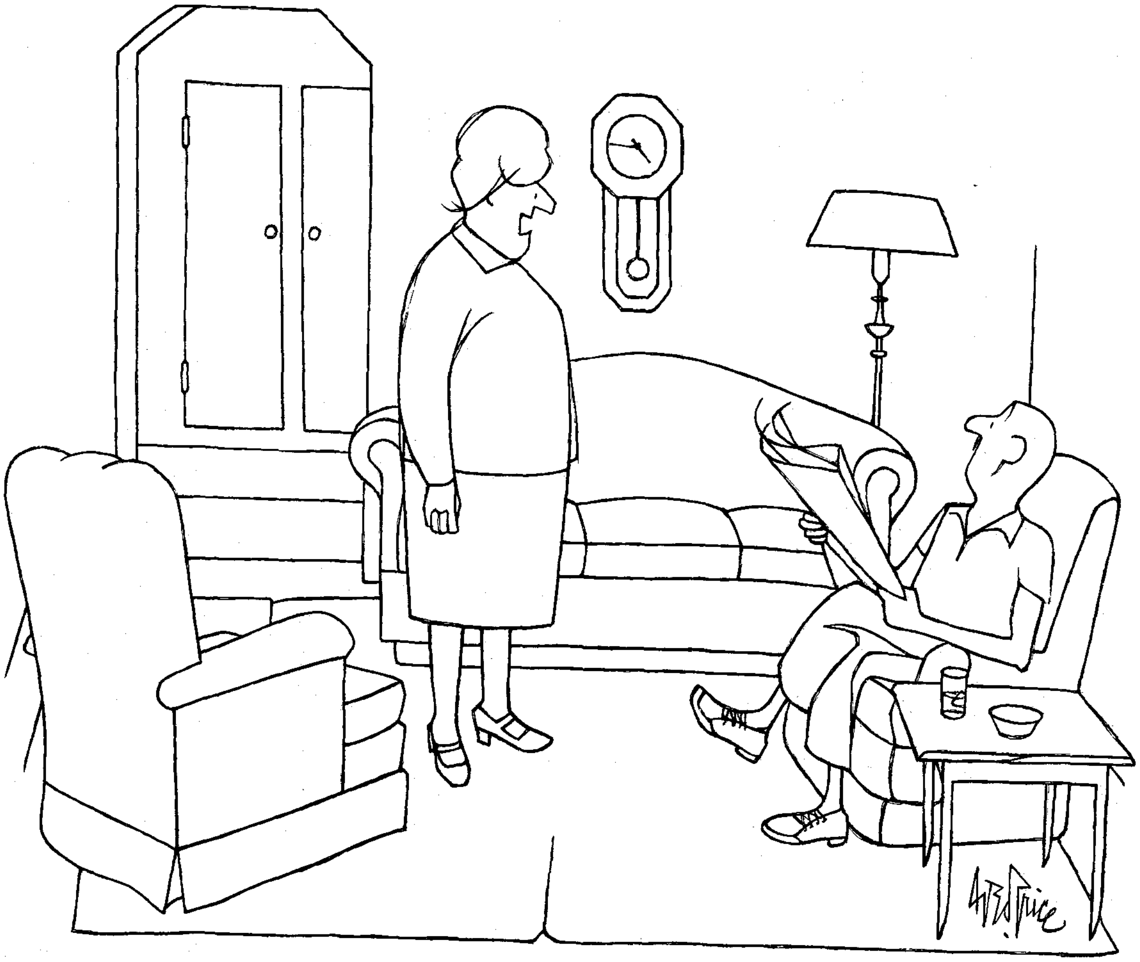

"I have something to say to you, Walter. Would you mind terribly if I made no bones about it?"

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Mozart's music: disguises, couplings, wounds that left no scar, flits in the night, secrets free of the furtive, reunions, benedictions from noble figures first taken to be farcical. He went down the ladder with that particular pile of drawings and began work at once. The dawn came up. His usual old hour for working best. Bambina slept. He broke off to cook himself some sardines on toast; thought of his father and of dinners together, with anchovy savories and then peaches from their greenhouse; made a new leg for his table from a tree limb in the garden.

In his new mood, he remembered at once how to stop the table from sloping more than he wanted. Most of his papers had lain for months on the floor. It now took him only a minute to discover again the two side screws he had always used before to fix the table at whatever angle he needed. Too much time had gone by, he had thought, but finding now that it had been used well all along without his knowing it. "Like growing in the dark," Sam had said once to him in answer to a question that Nicholas had said he'd only be able to remember overnight by not thinking about it.

Bambina came downstairs at noon, went out after kissing him, and came back in twenty minutes with a pile of sausage rolls, which she heated on top of the oven. He ate three.

"You'll need them, the butcher said when I told him you were working," she said.

"What did you do for money?"

"I gave him some sequinned hair combs."

"He's not married, is he?"

"He seemed pleased. I made him some—what do you call them?—paper frills for his lamb cutlets. He's got two crowns of lamb ordered for the Hall. The butcher said there was work to be done on the terrace there. A new terrace. The old one is rotten."

"It would only be the wooden pillars."

"Anyway, the new owners want a whole new terrace."

"Vandalism."

"New work, Bambino."

"We've got to drop 'Bambino,' you know. You're in England. We'll need some money for a while to stave off the bailiffs, so maybe I could pick up a bit with tactful restoration. Thank you, dear one. Not many butchers like him around."

"Is the opera thing still going?" she said, after hesitating.

"I spoke to the committee last night from Mac's. I've got a month."

"Drop the terrace, then. You can do it in a cinch." She used "cinch" as though it were a blink of time, entirely within his grasp. "Nicholas," she said, "you know I have a great deal of bags."

"You file them in my sweater cupboard. By color."

"There's a lot of odd bits of money in those bags. Look at them. We've got plenty." She shook three embroidered Mexican bags, and a considerable amount of English change fell out, as well as a hundred gilt sequins. She threw them over her left shoulder like so many gold coins tossed backward from an express train at a border that marked a change of currency. Nicholas had seen a French refugee on the run from Occupied France doing it long ago.

"Am I chaotic?" she said.

He laughed.

"What's funny?"

"Well, your resourcefulness. And I was also remembering an old friend of mine who was told that his wonderful comedies were chaotic. A very dull critic he met was firm on that one. He said the man's plays came like ribbon, by the yard. The playwright just said yes, he knew that—you might say he said it very sympathetically, sorry for the predicament his plays put this upbraiding chap in—but he felt that putting order into his jokes would have been breaking faith with chaos."

"Which you wouldn't do."

"In my case, I hope so, but not in ours." —PENELOPE GILLIATT

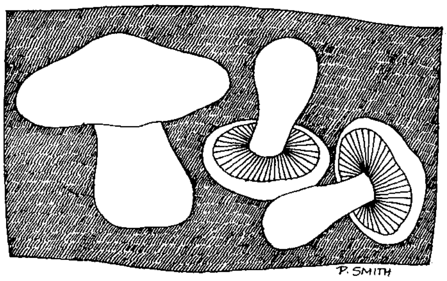
A REPORTER AT LARGE

FROM MARCOS TO AQUINO—I

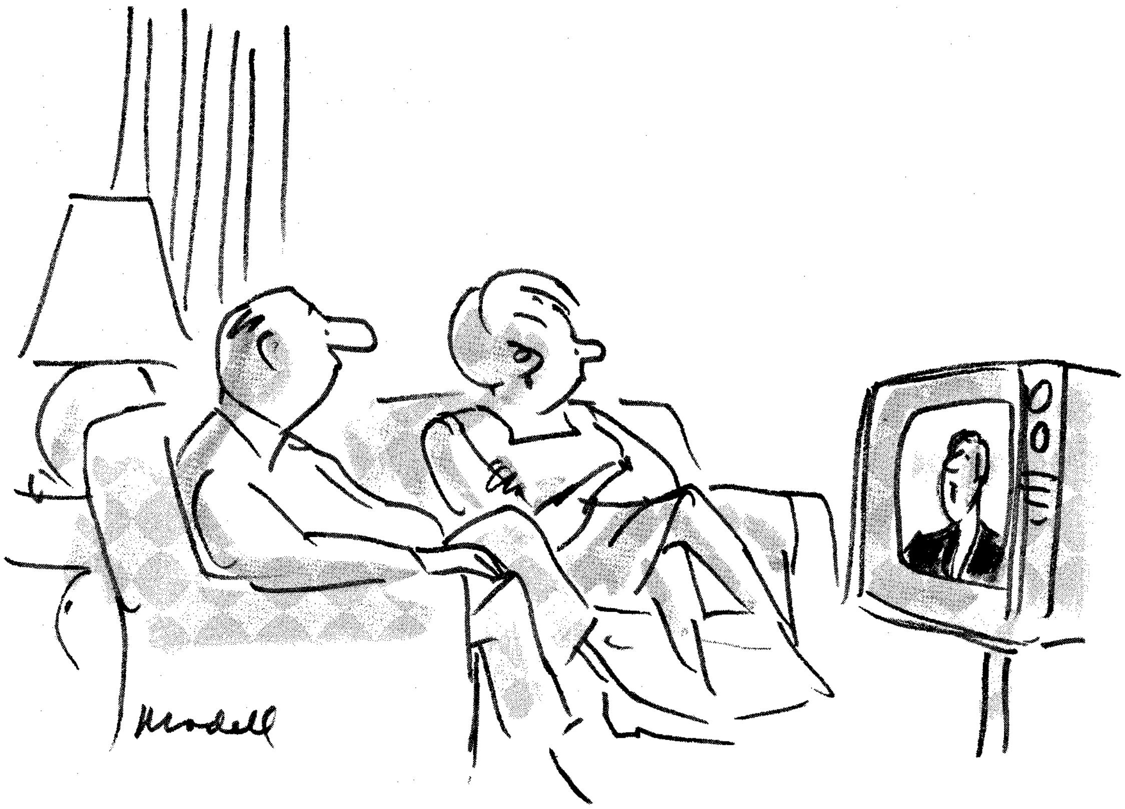
THE stunning events in the Philippines in February, culminating in the overthrow and flight of President Ferdinand Marcos and the assumption of the Presidency by Corazon Aquino, demonstrate truths and fallacies about the nature of revolutionary change which will be debated by historians for years to come. Although the extraordinary rebellion in the wake of a fraudulent election was spurred by civil disobedience and was dominated by religious fervor, and was primarily peaceful, behind it lay elements of potential violence that could easily have exploded into civil war. As it is, despite the joyous ending, violence remains a real threat, and the many difficult problems the country still faces, not the least of them a continuing Communist insurgency, have produced a volatile situation filled with ominous uncertainties. The many ambiguities partly reflect the peculiar disequilibrium that is the product of the nation's Muslim, Spanish, and American heritage and of its turbulent forty years of independence as a republic created in the aftermath of a painful Japanese occupation. Filipino life and behavior are heavily freighted with religious experience and mystical symbolism, and the effects of these influences were much in evidence during the recent crisis, when the Catholic Church, in particular, played a bold and significant role.

What has taken place over the past six tempestuous months, beginning with the disputed Presidential election on February 7th, which sparked the insurrection a fortnight later, has brought into sharper focus social and economic disparities that are probably more pronounced in the Philippines than anywhere else in Asia. How these are dealt with, especially the endemic poverty and unemployment, will constitute the crucial second phase of the revolution—a phase that has scarcely begun. Whether Mrs. Aquino can solve these deep-seated problems equitably and peaceably, gaining the confidence of the Filipino poor, who make up nearly three-quarters of the population of fifty-five million, and reorienting the nation's policies in their favor, or whether, as one longtime observer has suggested, the radical left will "ride to power on a wave of popular disillusionment and frustration," will determine the success or failure of her administration. What is already apparent is that the attainment of her objectives will, at the very least, demand a widespread redistribution of wealth, in which those losing the most would be rich and upper-middle-class Filipinos, many of whom were among Mrs. Aquino's strongest supporters during the February uprising. This fact in itself raises some serious doubts about her ability to sustain and moderate the present tenuous balance of political forces.

The rebellion has stimulated an active contest for influence and leadership, which, though refreshing after the repressive doldrums of the long Marcos era, has become intense and complex to the point of threatening not only the stability of the new regime but its very purpose. Ironically, such problems were predicted by Mrs. Aquino's late husband, Benigno Aquino, Jr., who was Marcos's principal political opponent and aspirant successor, and who, having earlier been imprisoned by Marcos for seven and a half years, was murdered at the Manila International Airport in August, 1983, upon his return from three years of exile in the United States. The principal figures in today's evolving struggle, the initial six weeks of which I observed in Manila in February and March, fall into three basic groups. The first, which is the most unwieldy and the hardest to control, consists of hundreds of local, regional, and national politicians, who are battling either to hang on to or to gain control of positions and power. Almost immediately following her assumption of power on February 25th, and despite a lack of formal rules, or even guidelines, for interim appointments to local and provincial offices, President Aquino authorized Aquilino Pimentel, Jr., her newly designated Minister for Local Governments, to remove the leaders of about fifteen hundred municipalities, the mayors of sixty-one cities, and the governors of seventy-four provinces, most of whom were Marcos appointees. Swiftly, Pimentel replaced these men and women with his own choices, who he assumed would be acceptable to Mrs. Aquino. But some of those eliminated were popular and relatively competent, and their removal created considerable discontent, which was fanned by pro-Marcos demonstrations in Manila and in the northern part of Luzon Island, Marcos's home region. President Aquino selected referees to resolve various disputes over local and provincial offices, but even so there were incidents of violence, including killings, especially in the southern island of Mindanao, where Communists and groups of Muslim separatists are particularly active. Many of the new appointments there and elsewhere in the country are still being contested by erstwhile incumbents.



On the legislative level, President Aquino next disbanded the Batasan Pambansa, or National Assembly, and proclaimed a provisional government under a nine-page interim "freedom constitution." With the disbanding of the Batasan, she assumed the right to rule temporarily by decree, which prompted criticism, even from some of her closest advisers, that she was adopting dictatorial methods. These accusations seemed unfair, since the new President had firmly pledged to limit her broad powers to one year, pending the writing and adoption of a new constitution and the election of a new Batasan; still, many observers felt that she should have retained the old one as a transitional body, even though two-thirds of its members were Marcos supporters—about half of whom, it soon became known, were actually ready to move to her side. Mrs. Aquino, however, was convinced that she had to wipe the slate clean. The confusion created by all this has been compounded by the slow pace at which the new legal and legislative process has moved: members of a commission of fifty men and women charged with writing a new constitution were appointed by President Aquino only at the end of May, when they had just ninety days to complete the work, and even then many Filipinos felt that all or part of the body should have been elected rather than appointed, as an affirmation of the new



"*Good evening. Here is this evening's news, according to television.*"

• •

government's commitment to democracy and as the best way to insure fair regional representation. But to have arranged for such elections would have taken even more time and cost more money. The new constitution, due to be drafted by the middle of September, is to be submitted to the people for approval in a national plebiscite within sixty days, after which new local elections will take place, probably early next year. The constitutional commission is also supposed to determine or recommend dates for new elections for the Batasan and for President and Vice-President. Even if this schedule is adhered to, the future remains clouded by the lack of political parties of substance. Those that exist are contentious remnants of former parties, with no significant leaders, programs, or organization. Mrs. Aquino herself has no substantial party or political organization to depend on, and this lack has not made it any easier for her to put forth her views or to consolidate her leadership.

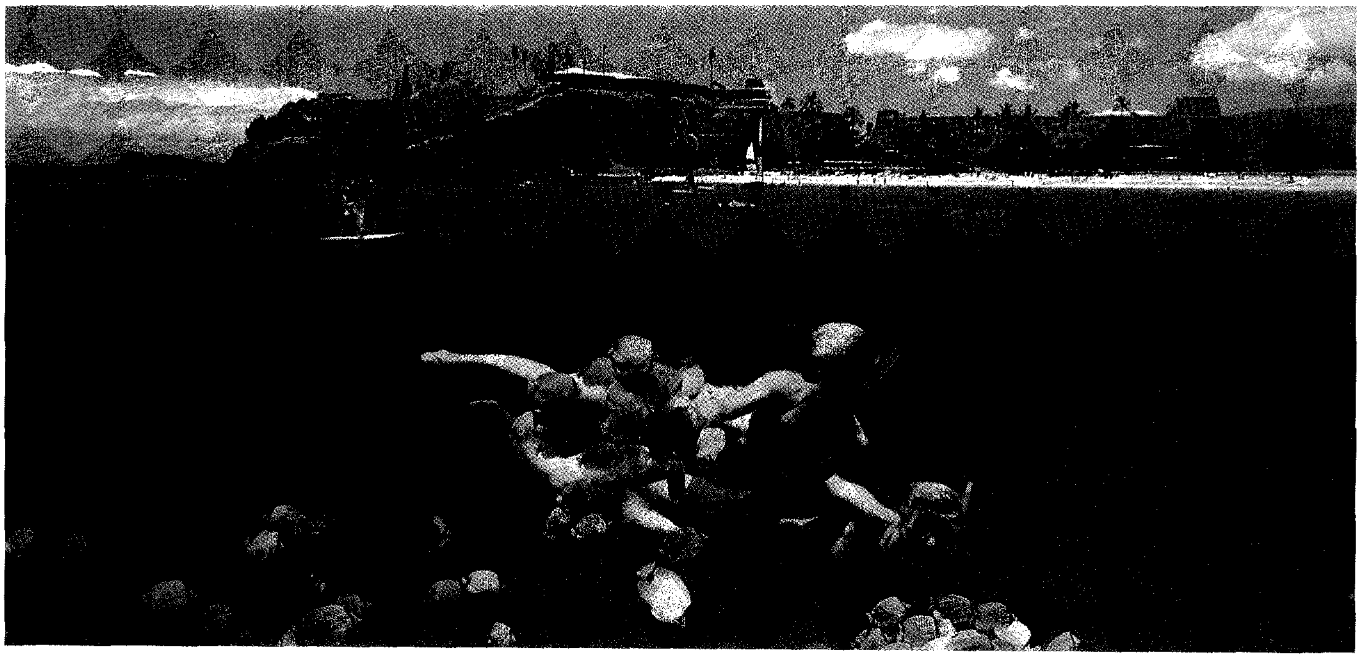
THE second group in the current jockeying is made up of military men, some of whom—most notably the Minister of Defense, Juan Ponce Enrile, who, after two decades of supporting Marcos, decided to join the revolt and back Mrs. Aquino—have their own political ambitions. Under Marcos, the military abandoned its traditional independence and formed close alliances with local and regional politicians, including many who were in effect warlords, maintaining private conscript armies. The February revolution, in which a loose association of mid-level and junior officers who had dubbed themselves the Reform Movement played a prominent part, under the last-minute leadership of Enrile and Acting Chief of Staff General Fidel Ramos, weakened the existing power structure but did not destroy the continuing interdependence of the military and the provincial politicians. It left unclear the function of the military as a reformist element in its own right, bent on improving its standards and its reputation for probity, both of which had reached a low ebb during the tenure of Marcos.

Shortly after she took office, and in accordance with a campaign pledge, Mrs. Aquino freed about five hundred mostly leftist political prisoners, including four top leaders of the Communist Party; she also offered, somewhat hastily, a ceasefire to the Communist New People's Army, which, after delaying its reply to the offer, then agreed to discuss it. The first official meeting between representatives of the two sides took place on August 5th. However, since the election and her assumption of power, the fighting has continued, and the government armed forces have felt neutralized and placed on the defensive. In fact, Mrs. Aquino's policy of attempted reconciliation has not appreciably reduced the level of military action by the Communists, and it has been regarded with increasing skepticism by Enrile and the Army, not only because it has curbed their attempts at active retaliation but also because their plans for new programs of civic improvement in the countryside are stymied by continuing Communist activity there. Such reforms had long been considered vital in order to weaken the Communists' base of support among growing numbers of peasants and townsfolk, who in recent years had turned to the insurgents out of despair and bitterness, feelings exacerbated by the cruelties of the Marcos regime and its satraps' armed units. These military and paramilitary groups—especially members of the Civilian Home Defense Force—often imprisoned or even murdered people suspected of aiding the rebels. A newly appointed Human Rights Commission is determined to punish those responsible for such atrocities, but the Army, including the Reform Movement, has complained that amnesty should be a two-way street. In response to President Aquino's amnesty of Communists, the Army maintains that soldiers who might be found guilty of having committed retaliatory crimes against insurgents or their sympathizers should be similarly entitled to leniency. Recently, Mrs. Aquino has moved toward the military's position, and has said she is willing to forgive and forget the Army's past misdeeds, because it is now "really trying its best to protect the people." On several occasions, in an effort to assert her authority in her unaccustomed role as Commander-in-Chief, she has referred to the Army as "my soldiers"—a phrase that has caused not a few winces and grimaces, partly because the Philippines remains in many respects a highly macho nation.

THE third group that has come to the fore is the most difficult to define but is probably the most important. It is an amorphous aggregation of scholars, ideologues, clerics, technocrats, and businessmen who came together solely out of dislike of Marcos. Some joined Mrs. Aquino before and during her election campaign; others did not rally to her cause until flagrant cheating by Marcos and his henchmen on Election Day stirred widespread spontaneous protest and revolt. Collectively, these men and women represent a wide range of ideology, opinion, and background, from extreme leftist, through moderate, to staunchly conservative; and while their varying views contribute to the vibrancy and zest of the new government, differences concerning the formulation of its programs have led to conflicts over means and ends, and have slowed the process down. These internal problems have also aggravated personal rivalries, as the Cabinet members and special commissioners have sought to build up their own centers of influence and to improve their access to President Aquino, who has boldly, if somewhat ingenuously, tended to encourage rather than restrain the fierce competition of ideas. All this has held back progress in key areas of reform—especially the social and economic schemes that are so desperately needed to reduce poverty and provide food and employment as quickly as possible in critical rural and urban areas. The result has been to diminish or becloud the revolutionary image of the Aquino government and to set bounds to the tremendous popularity it enjoyed at the outset.

The cleavages, both ideological and practical, within this third group, which have been the subject of extensive comment in the press and among academics and other observers, have become particularly evident in Mrs. Aquino's handling of labor matters. Her appointment of a left-wing lawyer, Augusto (Bobbit) Sanchez, as Minister of Labor drew immediate criticism from businessmen, who were even more dismayed when Sanchez, in one of his first pronouncements, advocated profit-sharing plans on a wide scale. Though this idea has been more or less shelved, at least for the time being, it did little to encourage a disillusioned and skeptical business community to invest in new ventures or to recover and reinvest the funds, estimated to be between ten and twenty billion dollars, that were transferred out of the country during the later Marcos years. Finance Minister Jaime Ongpin and others have pointed out that unless some or most of these funds are repatriated, and Filipino businessmen begin to show more confidence in their own country's future, it will be difficult to gain the support of foreign investors and unblock the flow of both private and government loans from abroad, which are badly needed to get the nation back on its feet. Given the recent surge of social and economic activism, it is no surprise that the business community has reacted slowly and warily to the revolution. Little that has happened so far has tended to reduce its apprehensions; in fact, they have been increased by the substantial level of continued Communist military activity and by a record number of strikes over the past five months, by workers mostly representing left-wing unions.

On Labor Day, May 1st, at a huge rally in Rizal Park, adjacent to the



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harbor in downtown Manila, President Aquino upset the business community further by announcing a sweeping series of new labor laws which, among other things, will permit strikes to be proclaimed by a simple majority vote of unionists rather than by a two-thirds vote, as in the past. She also promised to invalidate Marcos's many restrictive and oppressive labor laws and regulations, which were universally unpopular. While thus granting labor more freedom, she asked unions to show restraint and responsibility, using the right to strike, for example, "only as a last resort and only after exhausting all other means to resolve your disputes with management." And she went on, "Purify your ranks of racketeers, kingpins, and mini-dictators. You are not only the backbone of industry but the vanguard of democracy as well." All this was well received at the rally, which was attended by a huge crowd, including the founder and former chairman of the Communist Party of the Philippines, José Maria Sison, and the former head of the New People's Army, Bernabe Buscayno—both of whom were set free in Mrs. Aquino's amnesty—and many left-wing groups, who displayed hammer-and-sickle banners and flags and sang the "Internationale."

The business community, in addition to resenting the tone of the rally, remained dubious about labor's willingness to practice the restraint that Mrs. Aquino had requested, and was disappointed by what they saw as her failure to stress the importance of industrial peace, especially after some of the extreme statements made by Sanchez. It objected to her ringing declaration "Make me prouder, my workers, of this second revolution to make our country free . . . of the tyranny of poverty and underdevelopment. Make the world wonder again at how a country reduced to beggary by reckless debts and a people reduced to penury lifted themselves and their country from humiliation to the greatest pride." As Francisco Tatad, a respected columnist for the local journal *Business Day*, wrote, the speech seemed designed not to help crippled businesses recover and revive employment but "to win labor's applause" and support Sanchez' radical views. "Now, business is scared," Tatad said. This, he explained, was not only because of what was said but because the rally was so obviously dominated by elements primarily identified with the Communists rather than with labor as such.

If many Filipinos wondered at President Aquino's extravagant performance at the Labor Day rally, which clearly seemed to indicate one direction in which the revolution was moving, others had become perplexed about the government's muted responses to increasingly noisy demonstrations by Marcos loyalists. On the same day as the big union and leftist rally, and only a block or so away, a crowd of several thousand die-hard Marcos partisans, demonstrating in front of the American Embassy, got into a fight with pro-Aquino groups—the first incident of the kind to occur—and the police were forced to use tear gas and clubs to break it up. Having previously been asked by Mrs. Aquino to show maximum tolerance toward the Marcos supporters—who numbered perhaps ten thousand in all in the immediate area, and had been receiving money from Marcos from abroad and had been openly encouraged by him—the police now started to crack down, and Mrs.

Here's to
more,
more,
more
gin taste.
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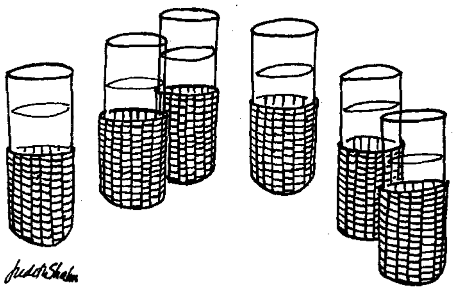
Aquino herself began expressing less patience: she fired one senior police chief who had obeyed her earlier order to indulge the demonstrators.

Then, on July 6th, the remaining Marcos backers made their strongest bid to regain power—or, at least, to embarrass the Aquino regime—when four hundred armed soldiers seized the luxurious Manila Hotel, adjacent to Rizal Park, and listened to former Senator Arturo Tolentino, who had campaigned for Vice-President as Marcos's running-mate in February, declare himself Acting President. Tolentino then named Enrile both Prime Minister and Defense Minister, but Enrile quickly declared his allegiance to Mrs. Aquino and, with General Ramos, ordered troops and armored personnel carriers to the scene. After a nightlong standoff, half of the loyalist rebels, led by several former Army officers, surrendered, and by the following day the minor rebellion was over. (Marcos, who insisted he had not known about the action in advance, monitored events closely by telephone from his refuge in Hawaii once it began, and made it clear he would support the group if it proved victorious.) Mrs. Aquino was travelling in the south of the country when the would-be coup started, and returned to Manila the next morning as scheduled. The Marcos loyalists had gone too far, she said; and as for Tolentino, who is seventy-five years old, she declared, "It's best to ignore him. He's nobody to contend with. I respect him only because of his age." One day later, she offered the new rebels clemency if they would pledge loyalty to the "freedom constitution," a step that Enrile had recommended. On August 8th, Tolentino agreed to recognize the "existence" of the Aquino government and pledged not to attempt to overthrow it by violence; but he refused to swear allegiance to the temporary constitution promulgated by President Aquino, and he still insisted that Marcos and he had been legally elected. It was not immediately clear whether formal charges of rebellion against him and forty others would be dropped. While Mrs. Aquino gained stature for her calm handling of the incident, most observers felt that Enrile emerged in an even stronger position as a power broker among the remnant Marcos elements, the new military forces, and the civilian politicians, including some of his fellow Cabinet members who continue to mistrust his motives.

It seems unlikely that the Marcos followers will remain subdued very long; and even though the movement does not constitute a serious threat, Mrs. Aquino has been disturbed by President Reagan's having telephoned Marcos while passing through Hawaii in April en route to a conference in Bali, and by Washington's continuing efforts to persuade the Philippines to revalidate Marcos's passport, so he can try to find a country other than the United States in which to live. The Philippine government wants to pursue its efforts to recover assets Marcos has retained control of or brought here, and so would like to keep him on American soil and within range of our judicial system, whereas the Reagan Administration would like him to move on if another country will accept him. (Panama, Spain, Mexico, and Singapore have so far turned him down.) Recently, however, because of his active encouragement of the loyalist demonstrators and his use of his home in Hawaii as a platform from which to denounce Mrs. Aquino ("Poor girl, she may have bitten off more than she can chew," he said patronizingly during one of several interviews), officials in Manila have seemed more willing to acquiesce in his leaving for a third country—preferably one far from the Philippines. Early in July, Marcos said he had received offers of asylum from the Ivory Coast and Gabon if he would help one or the other of them rebuild its economy, but there were no indications that he wanted to move.

THE number of dissonant voices being heard in the Philippines today was well exemplified by a variety of contradictory statements made just before and after the period marking President Aquino's first hundred days in office. In response to her Labor Day address, for example, the anti-Communist Trade Union Congress of the Philippines complained bitterly of the "duplicity of Communist-front unions who profess to contribute to the popular support for the Aquino government but undermine its efforts along the path of peace and progress." The stability of the government was being threatened, the T.U.C.P. said, by its naïve coddling of the Communists, whom the T.U.C.P. accused of "pursuing the theory of endless class conflict" and of trying to sow disunity in all sectors of society.



At about the same time, José Maria Sison, the former Communist leader, said in a lecture he delivered at the Asian Center of the University of the Philippines that the "violent contradictions" among the ruling classes would lead to their disintegration and destruction. Without specifically mentioning the Communist Party, Sison said that "revolutionary forces" were taking advantage of this situation to build a broad new united front of "patriotic and progressive forces . . . in order to isolate and destroy the enemy." The Aquino government was still "neocolonial," Sison continued, while the revolutionary forces and their supporters—including the million-strong National Democratic Front, the largest Communist-dominated organization in the country—were already "creating a people's democratic government" in the rural areas. The movement's ultimate objective, he said, was "to complete the dismantling of the structures of the fascist dictatorship" and to establish a "people's democratic state" led by the working class.

In sharp contrast to the views of Sison, whose relations with rival Communist leaders in the N.D.F. are still far from clear following his imprisonment of some nine years (he is launching a new left-wing political party of his own), are the opinions expressed by Father John Carroll, director of Ateneo de Manila University's illustrious Institute on the Church and Social Forces and a member of the local so-called Jesuit Mafia, which has been advising Mrs. Aquino during her campaign for the Presidency and since. The revolution's second phase, Father Carroll wrote in a recent essay published by the university, chiefly involves "structural changes" that will determine whether or not Corazon Aquino will succeed. "If President Aquino can win and maintain the confidence of the poor through a visible and credible orientation of government policies in their favor, then the road ahead will be difficult but fairly open," he wrote. But to bring about these changes, he went on, she will need the support of those upper- and middle-class elements of the society which propelled her into the Presidency, and he expressed doubt about the willingness of such groups to back policies detrimental to their own economic status. If she fails to effect "a credible shift of priorities," Father Carroll warned, the radical left, "making use of the strong grass-roots organization that it has built over the years, and inspired by the hard-line ideology that seems to have guided its top leadership," will take over. Father Carroll's prescription for avoiding this is for non-Communist disadvantaged groups to bring pressure from below to promote their claims for equality and participation in government. The socially aware members of the middle and upper classes, with the backing of the Church, the mass media, peasant and labor associations, and community coöperatives, could then collectively provide a stronger political base for President Aquino—a base that would be independent of the Communists, the old-line politicians, and the military. In rural parishes, the Church, through what it calls Basic Christian Communities, or B.C.C.s, has been active for several years in promoting such political activism at the grass-roots level. Father Carroll and his associates regard these local groups as Mrs. Aquino's best hope in her effort to win over the poor and create the functioning anti-Communist democratic movement that could also serve as the foundation of a new political party of her own, which she badly needs. Sound though these suggestions are, the task of welding together such local groups, isolated in thousands of communities across the archipelago's seven thousand islands, is monumental. To accomplish it at a time of deep economic and social stress, and amid various forms and phases of military conflict, is an overwhelming challenge.

During the two decades that Marcos ran the country, legally at first and then illegally, he so blurred and corrupted traditional definitions of democracy in tightening his authoritarian grip that it will take years to restore any sort of workable system of representative government. No one, least of all Mrs. Aquino, underestimates the magnitude of the task of steering the Philippines back to a clear democratic course and to economic recovery after so long a period of misrule. Nevertheless, as long as the fervor sparked by the remarkable four days of the February rebellion fails to generate a clearly defined purpose, and as long as the new government lacks a clear-cut agenda, the danger of new violent episodes, whose outcome may be less benign and less manageable, can only increase. There are both historical and contemporary reasons for the delays and confusions that have occurred: for one thing, the revolutionary regime came into being with virtually no time to prepare itself for an orderly takeover, and, for another, it inherited a bankrupt treasury, scraped bare by Marcos's pillaging of anywhere from five to ten billion dollars, much of it in funds of government-owned corporations.

At the outset of those four dramatic days, under the banner of what was called People Power, a spontaneous mass movement expressing both anger against Marcos and the bitterness of the have-nots against the haves quickly gathered force and was joined by crowds of the middle-class and the wealthy. Not surprisingly, it was the more educated, well-to-do members of these crowds who guided the course of the revolt and soon came to dominate the new government, which was held together tenuously at first only by the courage, conviction, and popularity of Mrs. Aquino, herself a representative of the prosperous, well-educated élite. If People Power did not altogether wane, it almost at once assumed more of a spectator role—a situation sadly epitomized, I thought, by the groups of ordinary Filipinos who on the morning of February 25th pressed their noses against the broad windows of the exclusive Club Filipino, the longtime stronghold of the élite, to watch Mrs. Aquino's hastily improvised inauguration there, an hour or so before Marcos's last-gasp "official" inaugural ceremony, at Malacañang Palace. The return to prominence of this élitist element—most of whom had been in eclipse since 1972, when Marcos, a parvenu who plundered his way to wealth while in office, declared martial law—together with the necessity of their now sharing power with the newly emergent liberal, and even radical, elements, has resulted in the

"Did I kiss you hello yet?"

The Quest for the America's Cup

On September 26, 1983, what had been true for one-hundred-thirty-two years was no longer so. The America's Cup–the ultimate symbol in yacht racing and no small symbol of American ascendancy–was snatched away from the nation that had held it from the beginning.

Michael Levitt is the coauthor of "Upset: Australia Wins the America's Cup" (with Barbara Lloyd), and "A Tissue of Lies: Nixon vs. Hiss" (with Dr. Morton Levitt). He is the managing editor of Nautical Quarterly.

As the sun set over Rhode Island Sound and the chill of autumn returned to the air, John Bertrand drove his white-hulled Twelve-Metre, *Australia II,* between an orange buoy and the race committee boat, *Black Knight,* to win the seventh and final race of the series. The cannon that roared from the deck of the *Black Knight* signalled the end of a yacht race and the end of an era. It was an extraordinary moment in history. There was tremendous joy for what the Australians had accomplished, but overwhelming sadness, too.

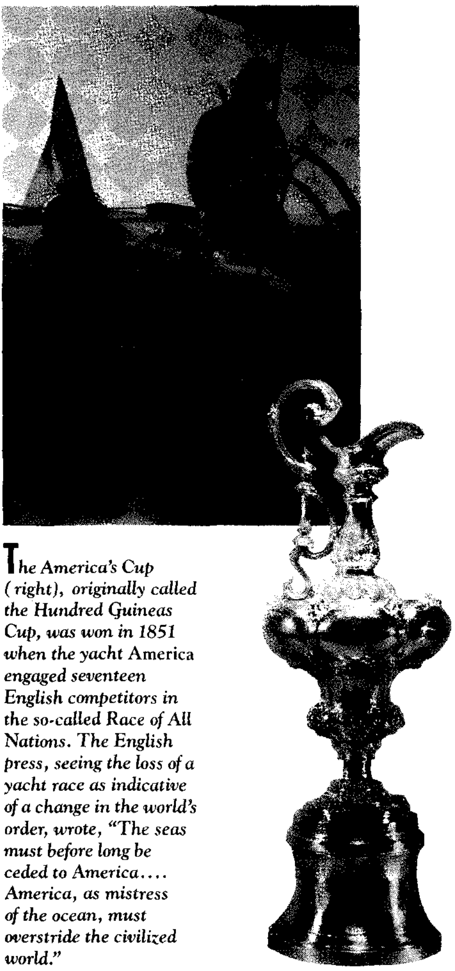
For most of its life, the much-coveted trophy had been hidden from the eyes of the world. The Cup was the property of the New York Yacht Club through twenty-four challenges, retained as tangible proof that America—or, to be more precise, the New York Yacht Club—was second to none. The America's Cup competition was, as members liked to say, "the longest winning streak in sports," but the competition's predictability kept it a rather parochial affair. Only the realization, in 1983, that the trophy might actually be lost to the Australian boat with the secret keel caused the world to discover the America's Cup.

Dennis Conner, whose Twelve-Metre, *Liberty,* lost the 1983 series to the Australians, said recently that the loss of the Cup "turned out to be the greatest thing that ever happened to the sport." Shaking loose the Cup has in turn loosed an incredible amount of creative energy in this country, and in Australia, Britain, France, Italy, Canada, and New Zealand.

In October, boats from six nations will assemble in windy Perth, Western Australia, to name a challenger to face the Australian defender. There will be four months of trials. The final America's Cup races will start January 31, 1987.

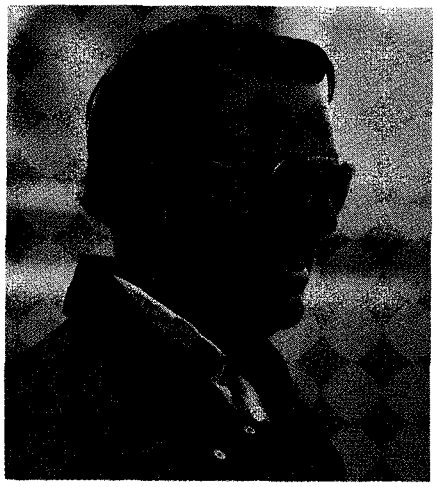
Here in the United States, six syndicates are prepared to vie for the challenging role and the chance to get the Cup back up from down under. The syndicates represent yacht clubs in San Diego, Chicago, San Francisco, Newport Beach, New Haven, and New York—in association with other clubs around the country. Five syndicates—the Sail America Foundation, Heart of America Challenge, Golden Gate Challenge, Eagle Challenge, and Courageous Challenge—have joined together, under the collective name The Americans, in a unified campaign to "secure public involvement and support."

A few of the prominent individuals contributing their skills to the United States syndicates are noted in the following pages. They are determined to show the world that American sailors and American technology are still second to none.



Courtesy of Margherita Bottini

The America's Cup (right), originally called the Hundred Guineas Cup, was won in 1851 when the yacht America *engaged seventeen English competitors in the so-called Race of All Nations. The English press, seeing the loss of a yacht race as indicative of a change in the world's order, wrote, "The seas must before long be ceded to America.... America, as mistress of the ocean, must overstride the civilized world."*



Courtesy of J.H. Peterson

Dennis Conner
Sail America Foundation

Since 1983, Dennis Conner has been known to the world as the man who lost the America's Cup. It seems a harsh historical judgment, for Conner was—and may still be—the world's best America's Cup sailor. His life has been a monument to winning.

At age thirty-one, Conner—noted for his sunny California smile, his unmistakable earnestness, and his killer instinct at the starting line—won the Congressional Cup and a world championship in the Star class. Soon after, in the America's Cup of 1974, Conner joined sailmaker Ted Hood as starting helmsman on *Courageous*, easily beating *Southern Cross*, the first of the Alan Bond-financed Australian challengers.

"It is important to leave no stone unturned. Not doing everything you can gives you an excuse to lose."

In 1976, Conner won an Olympic bronze medal in the Tempest class. Two years later, he told the world the secrets of his success in his autobiography; its title, "No Excuse to Lose," has been the leitmotiv of Conner's towering career. In 1980, Conner returned to the America's Cup arena; he sailed *Freedom*, which lost only three races that summer, during the defender trials. His earnestness was replaced with a determination—some said "grim determination"—to win. He accomplished that, beating *Australia*, 4–1.

Conner's imprint on Cup competition is immense, despite his loss in 1983. Prior to 1980, crews campaigned their boats only for the summer preceding the series, and they were as likely to bench-press a beer as a barbell. Conner brought to the America's Cup weight-training, sports psychology, large budgets, flotillas of boats, and unending practice. In preparation for 1980, he sailed 180 days on both coasts and tested 120 crew members. For 1983, he built three new Twelve-Metres and maintained two full crews for two years. Then, when he found himself with a sorely out-designed entry, he dragged that slow red boat *Liberty* around the race course on the strength of his talent and character. In those lonely days in the autumn of 1983, he saw himself as the representative of "three-hundred-million Americans." At that eleventh hour, the statement did not seem so grandiose.

If the loss of the America's Cup was "the greatest thing that ever happened to the sport," was it the best thing that ever happened to Dennis Conner? "Yeah, I probably would have retired. Three times was enough. It just gave me a whole new challenge."

Conner does not find it easy to talk about 1983; the man who wants "no excuse to lose" finds it hard to make excuses. When pressed, he sees himself as blind-sided by the challenger's technology. "If someone had said a keel facing forward with wings on the bottom was going to win the America's Cup, I would have laughed," he said. He doesn't plan to be surprised this time: Conner's Sail America syndicate has utilized a triumvirate of yacht designers and engaged some of the best thinkers in the aerospace industry. The syndicate has built four boats, and Conner has spent two years in the Hawaiian trade winds testing them, readying himself.

These days, Dennis Conner, forty-four, looks lean and determined. He has lost about twenty-five pounds since the summer of 1983. Over a diet soda at the San Diego Yacht Club, he summed up his philosophy of life and sport. "It is important to leave no stone unturned. Not doing everything you can gives you an excuse to lose. People say, 'O.K., if I'd tried as hard as Dennis, I could've beaten him.' I hear that all the time, but it doesn't happen very often."

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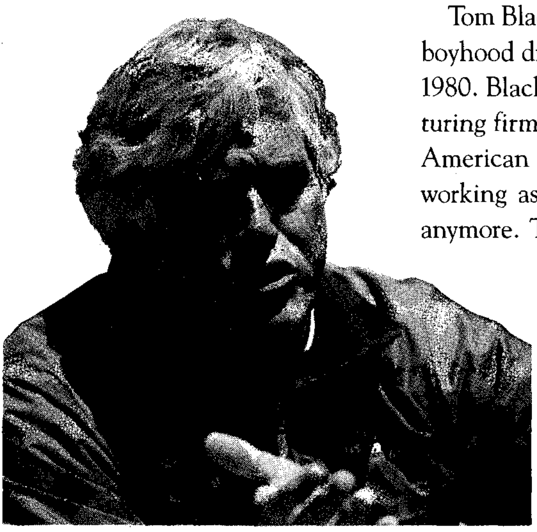
Tom Blackaller
Golden Gate Challenge

There is a star quality to Tom Blackaller, the 46-year-old prime mover of San Francisco's Golden Gate Challenge. He looks like what he is, an America's Cup skipper. His white hair is windblown—his talk, colorful and constant. If San Diego's Dennis Conner is ice, Blackaller is the Great San Francisco Fire. And when Tom Blackaller is hot, there are few who race sailboats better.

Tom Blackaller was born in Seattle in 1940. He was raised in San Francisco. His boyhood dream was to win the Star Worlds, which he accomplished in 1974 and 1980. Blackaller studied at Berkeley and became vice president of a small manufacturing firm. In the early seventies, Blackaller said "enough" to his version of the American Dream, quit his job, and went sailboat racing, supporting himself by working as a sailmaker. "Business wasn't the most important thing in my life anymore. The most important thing was winning sailboat races," he said.


Margherita Bottini

This is Blackaller's third run at the America's Cup, after two unsuccessful tries. Blackaller has had trouble fitting his larger-and-louder-than-life personality into the squarer, more proper New York Yacht Club role. Then, too, he has had to face Dennis Conner. Conner is Blackaller's *bête noire:* disliking Conner seems to give him strength, an added purpose in life. The two men come at sailing from utterly different directions: Conner is the organizational man; Blackaller counts on his brilliance and talent, his sound and fury, to see him through. This time, however, Blackaller is more subdued. Asked what he thought about Conner, Blackaller said, "I don't think about Dennis."

The Golden Gate Challenge has built two Twelve-Metres, one evolutionary and the other revolutionary. Technical gossip says the second San Francisco boat has a small (canard) rudder forward of the keel and a second small one aft, in the traditional location. The boat has no trimtab. If so, this steering configuration is a first for an America's Cup Twelve-Metre. On June 24th, the day the Golden Gate Challenge launched this "revolutionary" boat, Blackaller refused to talk about design: "I have no comment on technical matters." Blackaller with no comment? Blackaller not rising to the bait of Dennis Conner? This time, he says, he'll let the boat do the talking.

Dave Vietor
Courageous Challenge

While among the first off the mark on the long journey to Perth, the Courageous syndicate has been pushing a rock uphill ever since. Twenty-four syndicates challenged for the America's Cup in the spring of '84. Half that number (six of them Americans) are viable today—some only barely. Much of the credit for the fact that the Courageous syndicate has continued its Sisyphean journey is due to the tenacity of Dave Vietor, the boat's newly appointed skipper.

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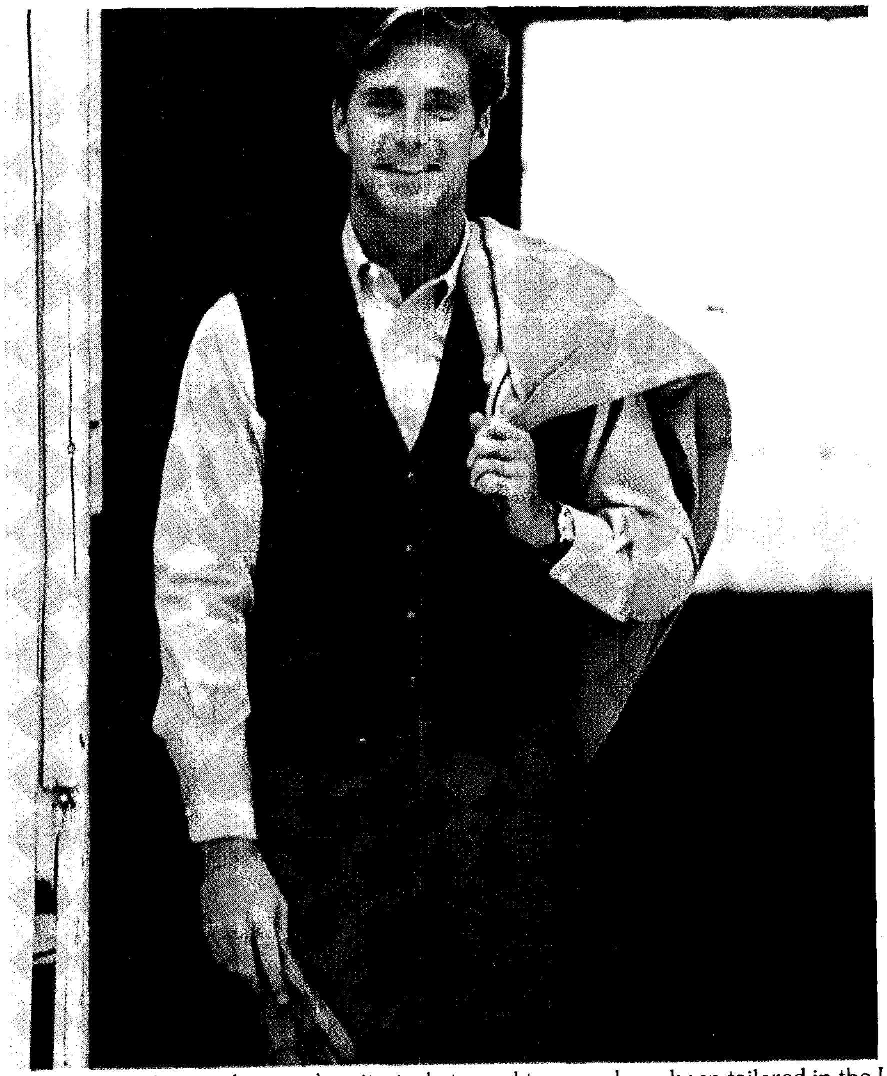

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"We should have a lot of fun out there, and we just might surprise some people."

Long shots have always been a compelling part of sports and a popular part of the America's Cup scene. In 1958, for example, the twenty-year-old *Vim* nearly beat the new *Columbia* in the Defender Trials; in 1974, the decade-old *Intrepid* nearly beat the new *Courageous*; and in 1983, the decade-old *Courageous* gave *Liberty* a glorious summer's worth of competitive racing. Said Vietor, "I like challenges—going against the mainstream—and *Courageous* has certainly been a challenge, a long shot."

Courtesy of Paul Mello

Shortages of time and money have prevented the syndicate's chief fundraiser, Leonard Greene, from testing a variety of his own brilliant vortex-winged keel designs on *Courageous* and, likewise, from building a new boat for the series. The boat's original skipper and several crew members left when the syndicate opted to use the old boat, and Vietor was given command.

A gentleman and a scholar, and in many ways a throwback to what the America's Cup once was, he has been a popular choice. He studied German at Yale and earned a Ph.D. in German and Slavic languages from Stanford. Vietor began sailing when he was ten, at his grandmother's summer home on Martha's Vineyard. He first became involved with the America's Cup as part of the *Clipper* effort in 1980. In 1983, he was the training helmsman of the Defender/Courageous syndicate, before John Kolius took command.

Vietor is committed to finishing what he has started. "I feel loyalty to the people involved. I think it is too easy these days for the modern-day professional to jump ship. To me, this is still a sport, even if it is highly commercialized. Maybe we're a long shot, but there are things that can be done to the boat that can make us win. We should have a lot of fun out there, and we just might surprise some people."

"There should be more excitement in the America's Cup. People should say, 'Hey, that's my boat!'"

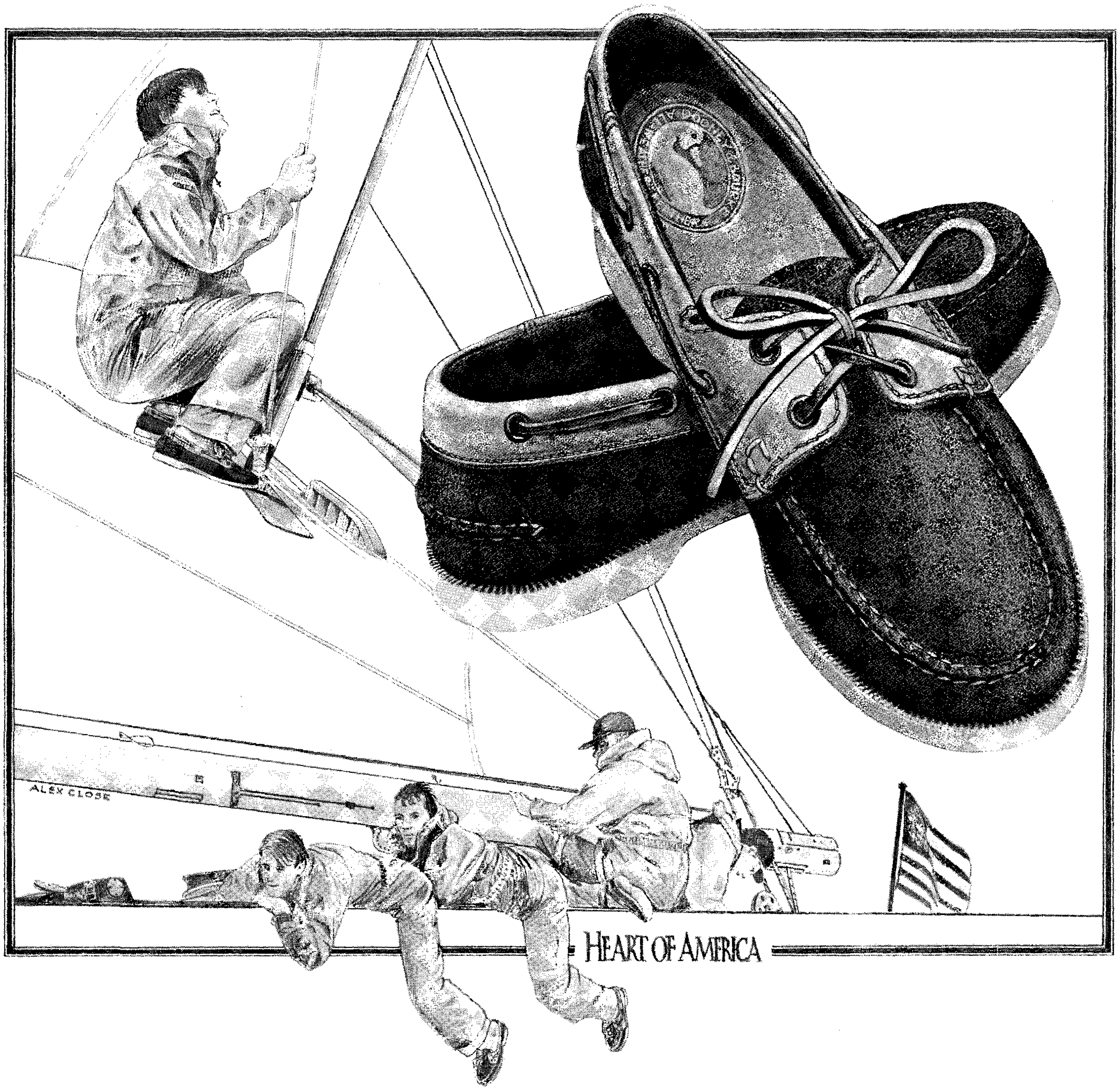
JOHAN VALENTIJN
EAGLE CHALLENGE

The victory of *Australia II*, an unabashed product of computer modeling, has unleashed a scientific renaissance in yacht design. Johan Valentijn, now the architect for the Eagle syndicate of Newport Beach, California, has, like his yacht-design colleagues, benefited greatly from this creative explosion.

A large part of the Australian genius for 1983 was the adaptation of Dutch aerospace computer codes to evaluate nuances of boat shape, particularly keels. Valentijn has taken the advanced computer modeling one step further, by substituting computer graphics for numbers. Commented the 38-year-old Dutchman, in his soft and accented English: "I'm not a great believer in lots of numbers. I think a picture is worth thousands of numbers." With the technical assistance of Arvel Gentry, an aerospace scientist at Boeing, Valentijn used a Boeing computer code to delineate graphically areas of lift, drag, and stress around a keel. The result is a beautiful, multicolored representation of laminar flow and stress that could stand alone as art if it didn't prove to be good science.

Valentijn was born and raised in the Netherlands, where his father operates a boatyard. "When I was a child, I'd make boat models and test them there. I was exposed to boats on a twenty-four-hour basis."

Valentijn studied naval architecture and marine engineering. Then he came to New York to work at the yacht-design firm of Sparkman & Stephens. He struck out on his own as a yacht architect in 1975. Since then, his best-known boats have



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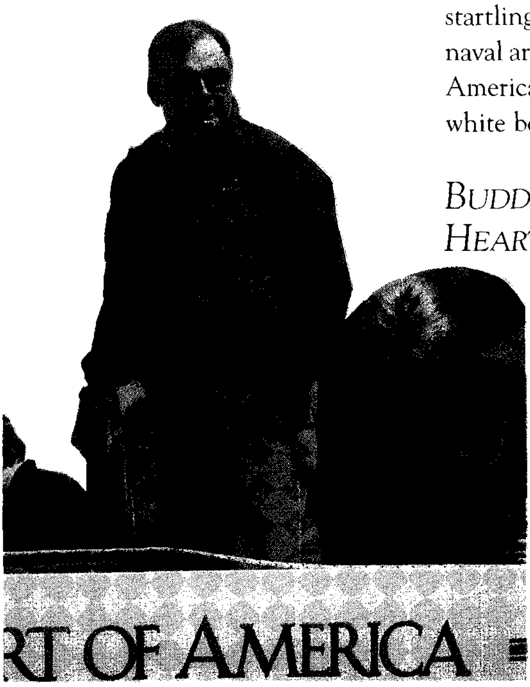
been America's Cup Twelve-Metres, among them *Australia* (with Ben Lexcen), *France III*, *Magic*, and *Liberty*, which lost the America's Cup to *Australia II* in 1983. His offering for 1987 is *Eagle*, which will be sailed by Rod Davis for the Newport Harbor Yacht Club.

For some, the America's Cup is a serious business. Valentijn, however, seems never to forget that these are toys he designs—albeit expensive ones—and that winning and having fun need not be mutually exclusive. Valentijn has given his new Twelve-Metre eagle graphics that are so startling and on such a grand scale that they are visible from miles away. Said the naval architect, artist, and toy designer, "There should be more excitement in the America's Cup. People should say, 'Hey! that's my boat!' Not, 'What number is that white boat?' I think you should give people something for their money."

BUDDY MELGES
HEART OF AMERICA CHALLENGE



Courtesy of J.H. Peterson

Getting to Perth, Western Australia, has been an arduous journey for Harry "Buddy" Melges, Jr., and his Chicago Yacht Club's Heart of America syndicate. "We've kept a quarter-inch ahead of the sheriff," says Melges. Such straight talk about the difficulties of raising funds is rare for those who play the America's Cup game, but Melges, fifty-six, is not one for artifice.

Simply stated, Chicago's problems have involved legitimacy and money. In order to be eligible to compete for the Cup, the Chicago syndicate had to prove to the New York State Supreme Court, holder of the America's Cup Deed of Gift, that Lake Michigan is an "arm of the sea." The question proved costly to the syndicate's early fund-raising efforts, until a favorable ruling was secured in September, 1984.

"I think I've been gifted with a sense of feel. I'm conscious of the wind, conscious of my surroundings."

"The fact that we're still in existence gives us credibility," says Melges. The worst of times seems behind him; in June, the syndicate launched a winged-keel Twelve-Metre, *Heart of America*. Now they have the equipment to go yacht racing, something Melges does better than most.

For Melges, born in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, in 1930, sailing came easily. "I think I've been gifted with a sense of feel. I'm conscious of the wind, conscious of my surroundings. I'm conscious of people and their feelings. I watch people operate and can tell a lot about what they're thinking by how they move."

Today, Melges stands at the head of the sport with nary an enemy. His clear-eyed view of the world, his unpretentious manner, and his rock-solid streak of confidence have brought the boatbuilder from Zenda, Wisconsin, far indeed. Two Olympic triumphs, a larger-than-life personality, and an unabashed love for the Middle West have earned him the nickname "the Wizard of Zenda." "There are about fifty-seven or eighty-seven people living there; I don't know which. A couple of large families have moved to town, but I haven't been there much lately to keep track of the population explosion."

Lately, Melges has been raising funds in places like Cleveland, Waukegan, Kenosha, and Racine. Why is he doing it? For the heart of America. "This is a great opportunity to bring the most important sailing event to the Great Lakes. I love living in the Midwest. Hell, I can get up in the morning and go duck hunting and be in the office by eight. We have so many things there that people don't even realize. My lifestyle in the Midwest is something I cherish."

Tom McLaughlin
America II Challenge

More than just the address of the America's Cup changed in 1983. The brawl that summer about the legality of *Australia II*'s winged keel and the dramatic seven races in September between *Australia II* and *Liberty* made the America's Cup *the* sporting event of the year. The New York Yacht Club learned a painful lesson: Many thought that the club's inability to articulate its position to the public cost it the Cup. That lesson seems duly noted. Tom McLaughlin, head of the sailing committee for the New York Yacht Club's America II syndicate, represents the new breed of America's Cup sailor: He is a doer and a communicator.

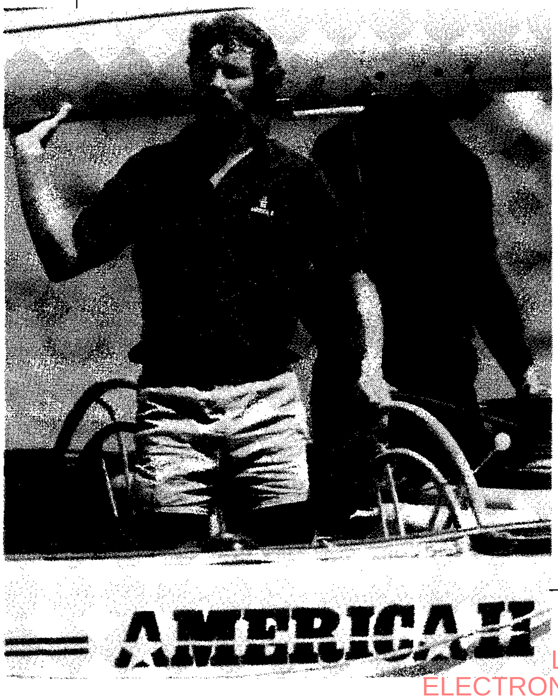
McLaughlin started sailing at twelve, a late start compared with most sailors who perform at this level. His father, an industrial arts teacher, decided the family needed a sport, so he built a boat, a 13′6″ Blue Jay in his shop. "He packed the whole family of five into this little boat," recalled McLaughlin. "We realized that maybe this wasn't enough boat for the family. We also realized my father didn't know much about sailing." His father returned to the shop and built three eight-foot Sabots for his children. "Suddenly, it was Mom and Pop in the Blue Jay, and the three kids in their Sabots. For me, it became something very special." While sailing became the focus of his life, he never heard about the America's Cup until he was much older.

For America II, McLaughlin's primary duty is to act as a liaison between the sailors and management. In Perth, McLaughlin expects to sail on *America II*, trimming the huge mainsail in the heavy winds of Western Australia. At thirty-nine, he is *America II*'s old man of the sea; he outranks skipper John Kolius in that respect by four years. To make sure their bodies are up to the rigors of sailing in Western Australian waters, McLaughlin and the *America II* crew are in training twelve hours a day, beginning at 5:45 A.M., with running, weightlifting, swimming, and dozens of tacks and jibes. "Prior to this, I only owned boat shoes," said McLaughlin. "Now I've worn out three pairs of running shoes."

It is likely that McLaughlin will handle some of the press chores when the competition begins. He spoke about communication: "In the old days, when a few members of the New York Yacht Club paid for these things, the public did not have a right to know about it. But that's changed. Now America's Cup campaigns cost so much that corporations and the public have gotten involved. Some people don't enjoy public relations, but I know that for me personally—picturing myself as a young Sabot sailor—I'd really appreciate knowing about this stuff...."

Unlike John Kolius and his tactician, John Bertrand, McLaughlin owns no Olympic medals. "When John invited me to join the program, I felt flattered. I'm not on anyone's list of top ten. I think I was selected because I'm a team player. I appreciate the value of sharing information, and I'm good at boiling down complicated things to reasonable solutions."

"I'm not on anyone's list of top ten. I think I was selected because I'm a team player."



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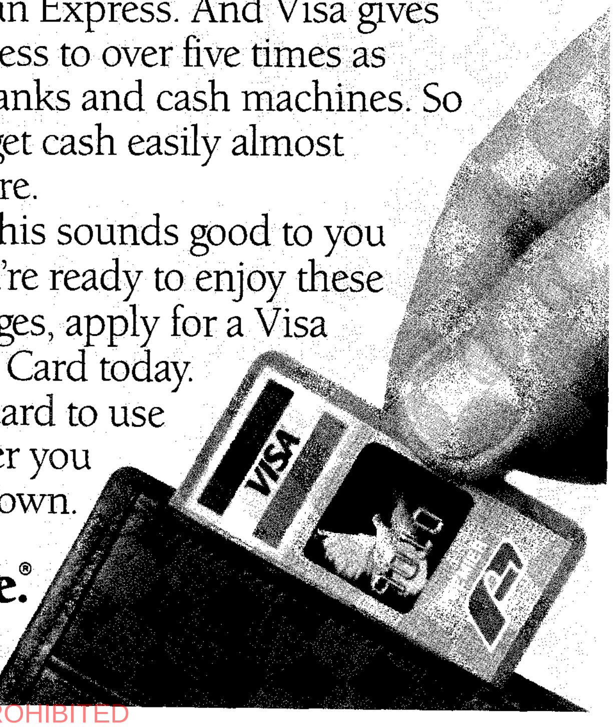

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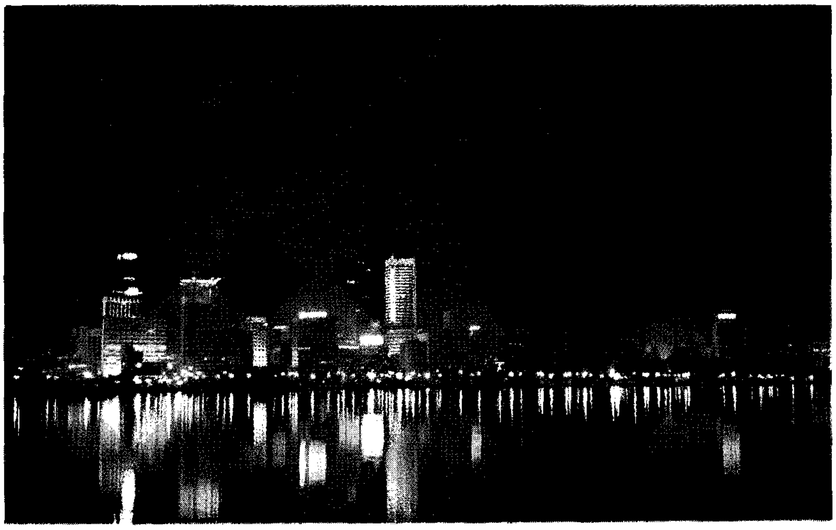
"The last wild frontier of the western world."

Walter Cronkite gazed across the wide expanse of the Swan River towards the Perth skyline and observed: "Perth's the best-kept secret in the world.... It's just beautiful." Cronkite's assessment of Australia's most isolated capital city was pronounced from the upstairs terrace of the Royal Perth Yacht Club, current residence of the America's Cup.

Since that grey day in September of 1983, when Australia II wrested the ornate "Auld Mug" from the New York Yacht Club, Perth has become less of a secret.

Many potential America's Cup participants and spectators are already discovering the wide variety of activities and adventures available in the area. Western Australia offers Cup visitors unique diversions for the stretches of time between the trials and up to the actual races.



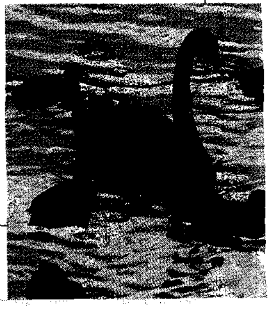
The rapidly growing city of Perth, Western Australia (above), reflected in the waters of the Swan River.

Lay-day activity can range from hot-air ballooning in the wine-rich Avon Valley to climbing Australia's biggest monolith, Mount Augustus. Or if a faint heart and slim wallet do not allow these diversions, you can feed a quokka on Rottnest Island or cuddle a koala in Cohunu Park, an hour's drive from Perth.

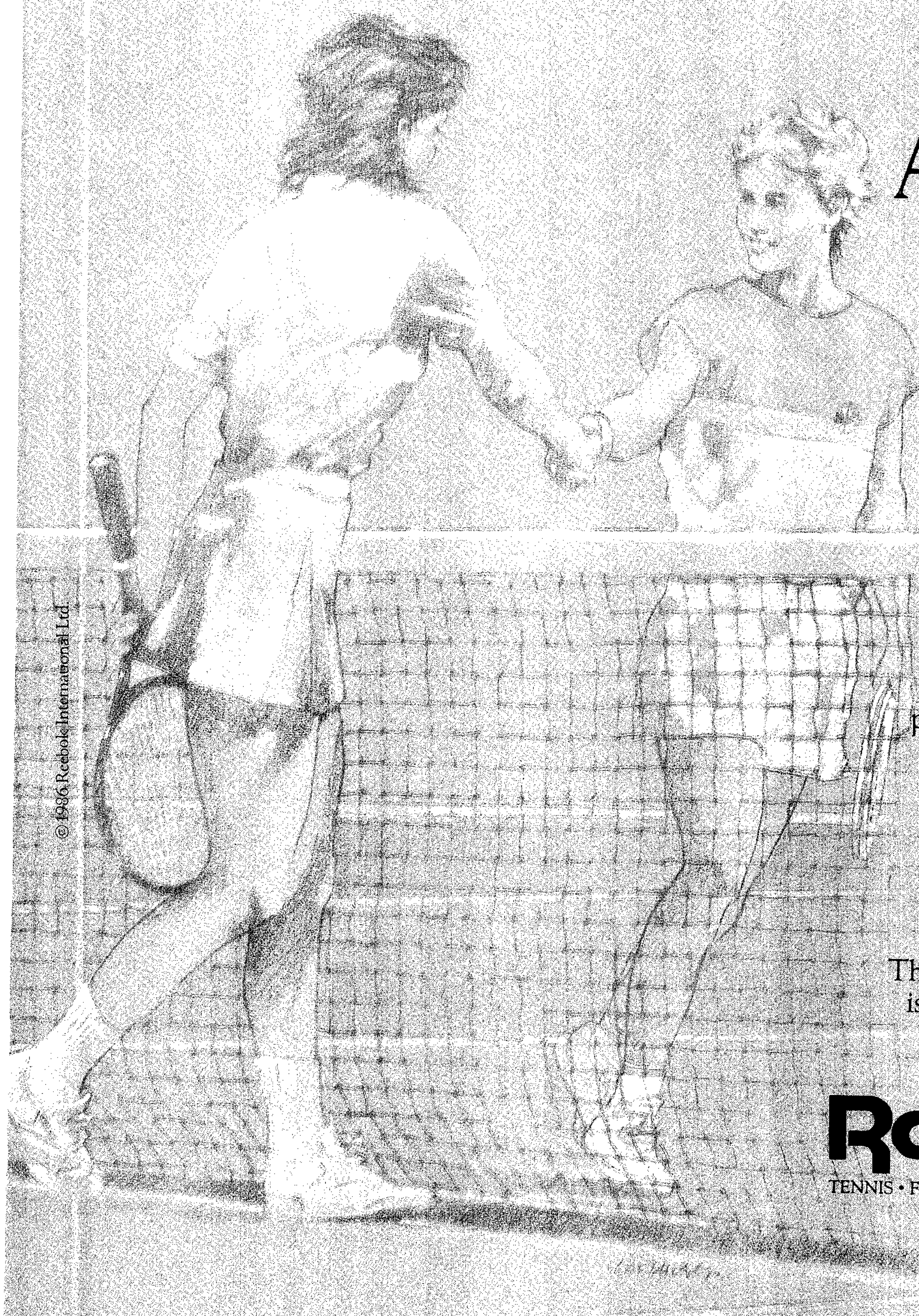
Described as "the last wild frontier of the western world," Western Australia offers every kind of topography and climate, tall forests, mountains of iron, ghost towns, gold and diamond fields, wildflowers, vast gorges, deep, clear pools, and some of the best beaches in the world.

Perth's wide, picturesque Swan River—named for the black swans that early explorers saw in the thousands along its banks—is, thanks to conservationists, getting cleaner; and locals swim, sail, catch crabs and prawns, and fish in its salty stretches, or in its tributary, the Canning.

Because of Perth's sunny Mediterranean climate, water sports will attract thousands of visitors, with swimming, sail boarding, boating, or water-skiing on the Swan River or in the gin-clear Indian Ocean. Of Perth's nineteen beaches, one of the most popular is North Cottesloe, a favorite of Prince Charles. (Britain's next king was splashed over newspapers 'round the world when a nubile, bikini-clad beauty kissed him in the surf a few years ago. And he was unceremoniously dumped by a rogue wave on another visit.) Right next to North Cottesloe is Swanbourne beach, one of the biggest nudist beaches in Australia, luring three-thousand sun worshippers on a hot day.



Perth's remarkable black swans (lower right), for which the city's river was named.



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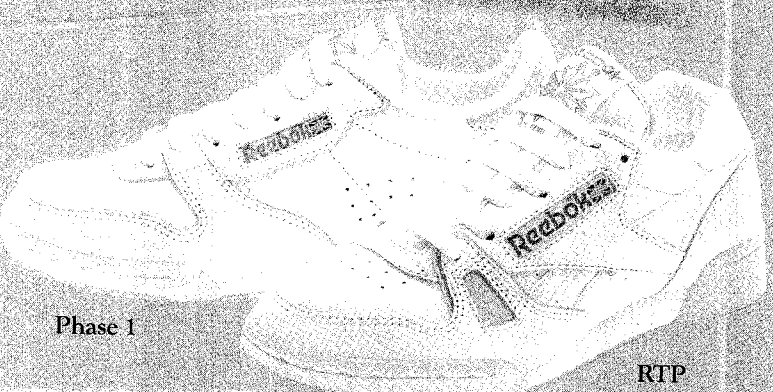

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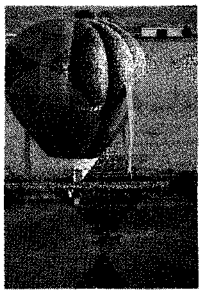
Scenic vineyards and award-winning wines.



One can drive to the picturesque Avon Valley and go ballooning, or stroll through Western Australia's oldest inland town, York, which was founded in 1831, just two years after the colony was born. Listed as a Historic Town, York has many faithfully restored old buildings, the finest motor museum in Australia, and many arts and crafts studios.

There are several daytime and twilight cruises from Perth, nestled on the Swan River's northern bank, and from Fremantle, eighteen meandering kilometres away at its mouth. Some of the cruises travel upriver to the Swan Valley, where some of the finest wine in Australia is made. These cruises feature wine-tasting among the vineyards and a smorgasbord or barbecue lunch.

Driving south to Margaret River, one finds more of Australia's scenic vineyards and award-winning wines. The Margaret River-Cowaramup district has some of the country's finest surf beaches, as well.

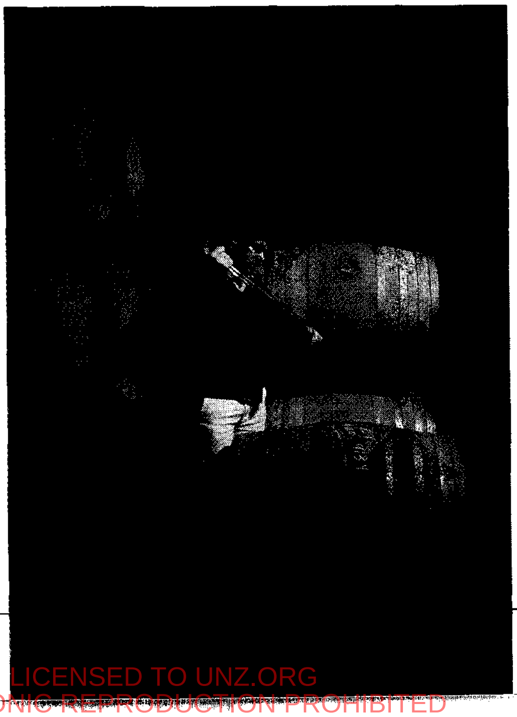
Americans who yearn for a look at a real frontier town would find a visit to the gold town of Kalgoorlie rewarding.

Kalgoorlie, which has experienced boom-and-bust conditions in its colourful history, is six hours east of Perth via the great Eastern Highway, which is also the road to the eastern states of Australia.

But if you want to see it on a lay-day, you can fly to the inland city in ninety minutes and take a Goldrush tour, to see a mine, a pioneer museum, and the famous school of "two-up"—a game played with two Australian or English pennies in a giant ring carved out of the bush, about twelve kilometres from the town. Nearby is Coolgardie, now almost a ghost town. If you are into fossicking with metal detectors, a visit to the area could turn a brief trip into a bonanza.

Ballooning (above right) over the rugged landscapes of Western Australia.

Vaults of the picturesque Western Australia vineyards, where visitors can drop in to taste award-winning wines (below).



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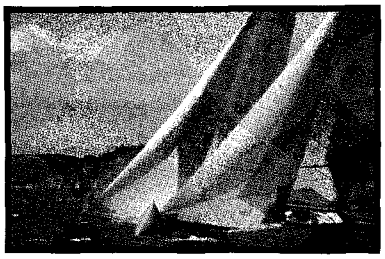

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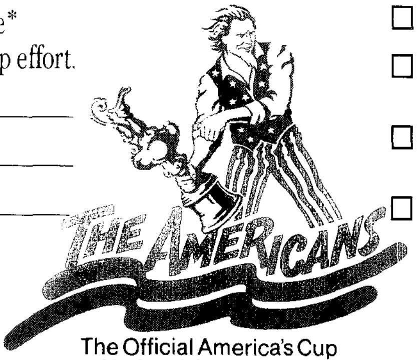

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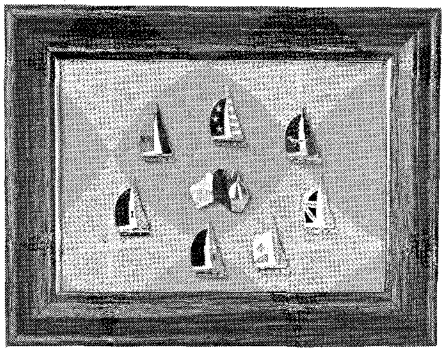

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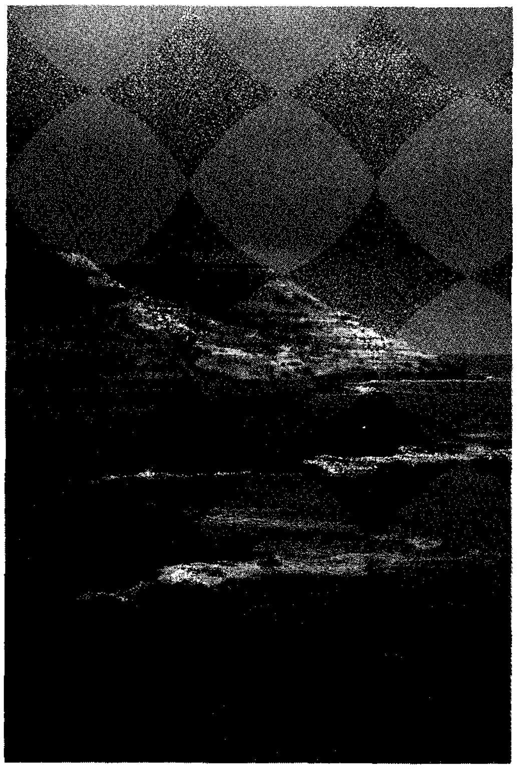

The dramatic red cliffs of Kalbarri (above), site of the state's most breathtaking coastal scenery.

Awe-inspiring geological landmarks

Kalbarri, 589 kilometres north of Perth, boasts some of the state's most breathtaking coastal scenery. Named after a local aborigine tribe, Kalbarri has dramatic red cliffs that rise about a hundred metres from the sea. In 1712, the Dutch East India Company galleon Zuytdorp crashed into these cliffs and was lost with all hands, leaving a treasure-trove of silver in her holds.

In the vicinity of the Kalbarri settlement are other awe-inspiring geological landmarks, including the Murchison River gorges, Red Bluff, and Wittecarra Gully.

For Cup visitors with three or four (or more) days to spare—there are several days between the Cup challengers' semi-finals and finals and the Cup final matches—Broome, Western Australia's colourful pearling port, is a must-see. In the rip-roaring days before World War I, Broome was the pearling capital of the world, with more than four-hundred luggers manned by Japanese, Koepangers, Malays, and Filipinos working the turquoise Indian Ocean waters for pearlshell and its lustrous inhabitant.

In this remote but now popular town, over twenty-two-hundred kilometres north of Perth, you will see remnants of Broome's exotic past everywhere—Chinatown, once home to three thousand Asiatics, Somerset Maugham-type bungalows built by the wealthy master pearlers, a Japanese cemetery, and the colourful Roebuck Bay and Continental Hotels.

Broome's Cable Beach is one of the most beautiful stretches of sand in the state, and at low tide the limpid water recedes as much as five-hundred metres. Dinosaur footprints can be seen in rock formations at nearby Gantheaume Point.

A British peer, Lord Alistair McAlpine, has fallen in love with Broome, and he is spending millions of dollars restoring its older buildings to their past glory.

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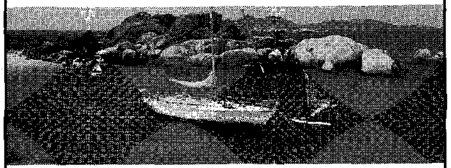

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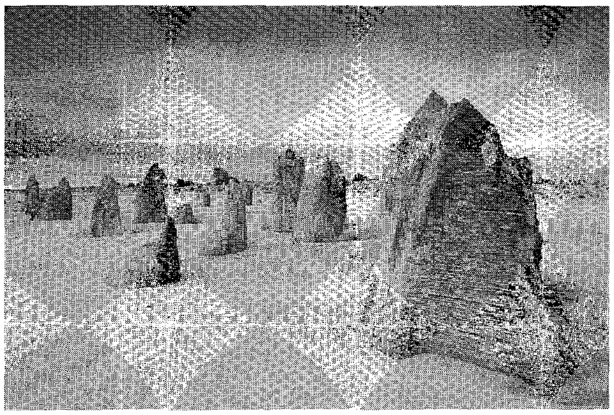
There is no escaping the feeling that the Pinnacles Desert belongs to another time, another place...

Broome is a main port for the rugged Kimberley region, west of Kununurra, where one can see the biggest man-made lake in the Southern Hemisphere, Lake Argyle.

The region has majestic red hills inhabited by kangaroos and wallabies, vast expanses of lake teeming with fish and exotic bird life, and beautiful rivers that wind through spectacular gorges.

For visitors who want to taste the true outback of Western Australia, a man named Sam Lovell, an aboriginal bushman steeped in tribal lore and the dying art of bush survival, will take you on a six-day safari. You will eat and sleep outdoors in magnificent gorges, at abandoned cattle stations, or on pretty river banks—all in safety and comfort. But don't forget your sleeping bag.

Ideal for a one-day visit is the Pinnacles Desert, a unique forest of thousands of limestone spires and pillars situated in the Nambung National Park, 250 kilometres north of Perth. There is no escaping the feeling that the Pinnacles Desert belongs to another time, another world . . . which is, in fact, true. It reminds first-timers of a vast burial ground with gaunt headstones, weathered and worn by the winds of time; or the ruins of a once-great civilisation, the pillars reminiscent of the marble colonnades of ancient Greece.



A futuristic forest of limestone spires and pillars, the Pinnacles Desert (above) is one of Australia's great natural wonders.

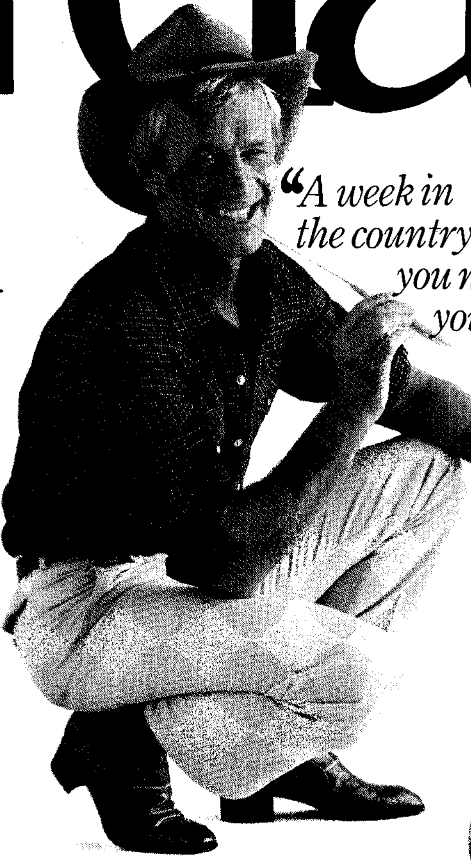
The first stage of its formation started more than a million years ago during the earth's glacial period. The carbonate-rich sand was lithified to form limestone, with an overlying soil of leached-quartz sand.

Further leaching dissolved much of the softer limestone, leaving scattered, irregular pinnacle formations below the surface. The area was then covered by thick forests of tall tuart trees and scrub.

Bushfires, probably lit by aborigines flushing out game, denuded the area, and it became a mobile desert of drifting sand.

Swept by southerly winds over the centuries, the sands moved on to reveal the limestone spires standing out in a rust-colored desert.

"G'day."



"A week in the country will relax muscles you never knew you had."

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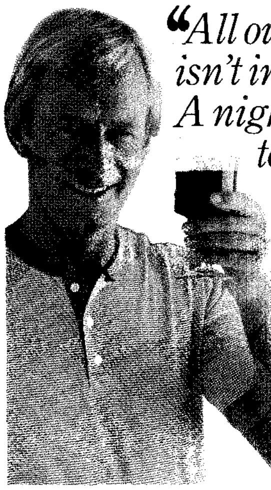

"All our wildlife isn't in the bush. A night on the town will show you what I mean."

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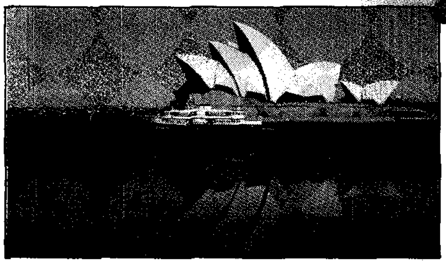
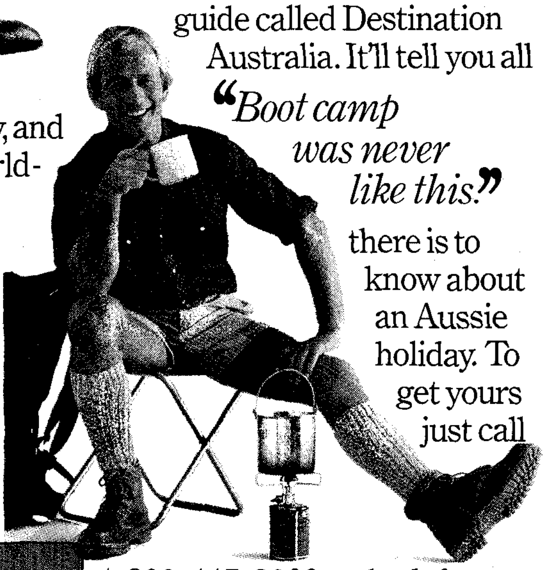
The second thing is that Australia isn't just another country, it's a continent. Which means you can play slap-and-tickle with a friendly fish on the Great Barrier Reef one day, and enjoy a soulful song at world-famous Sydney Opera House the next.

Or build yourself a thirst with a spot of bargain hunting in one of our friendly cities. Then wash it away in a country vineyard with one of our world-class wines.



And while you're seeing the sights, you'll be speaking a language that bears a striking resemblance to your own. It sounds a lot like the Queen's English would if Her Majesty spent more time teasing koalas, chasing legends around the Outback, and messing about in boats.



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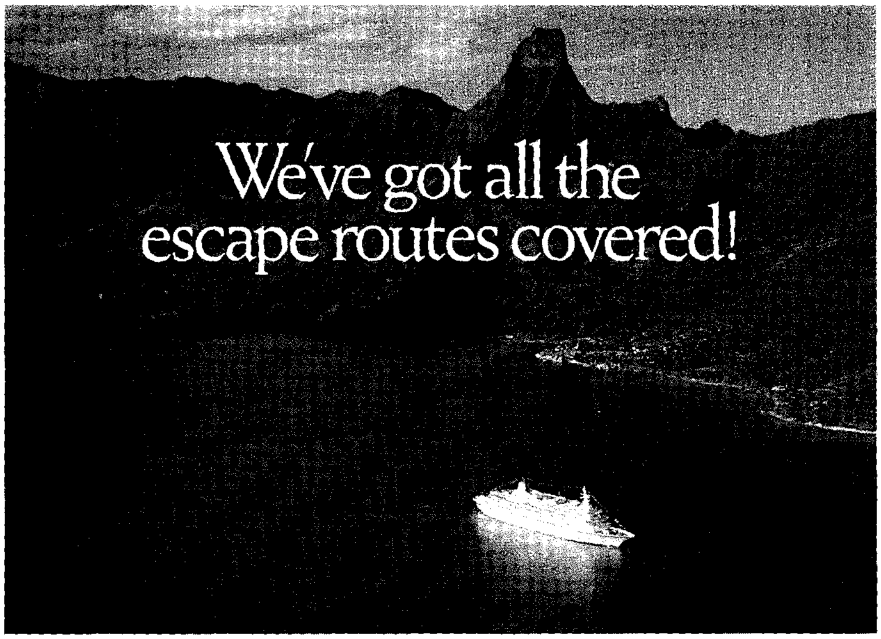

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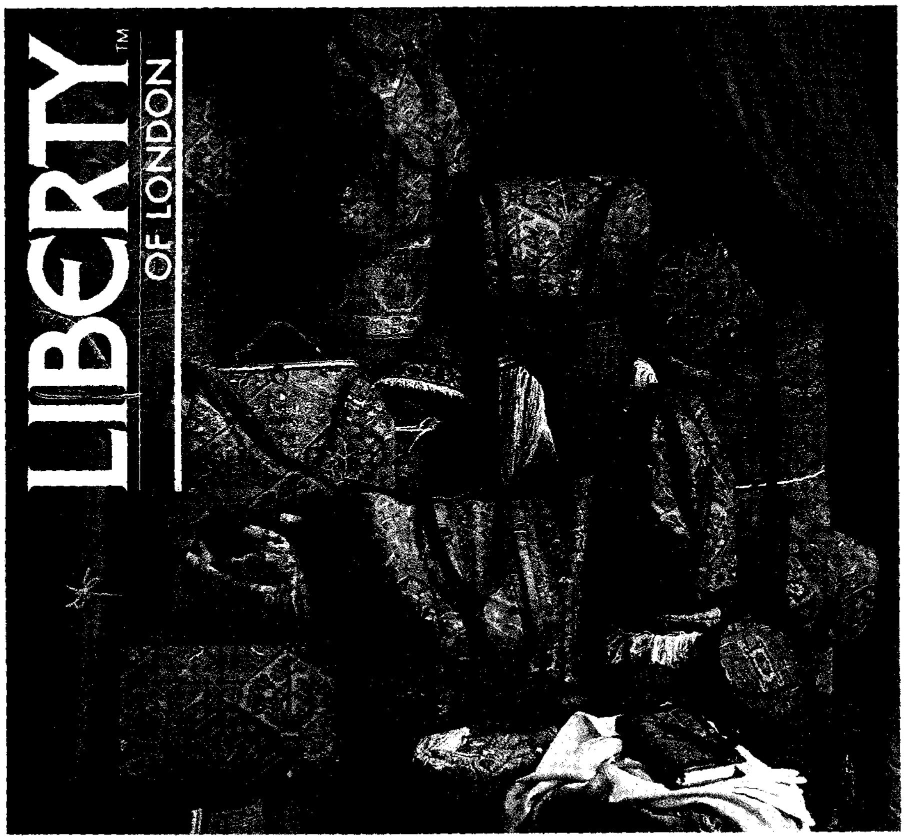

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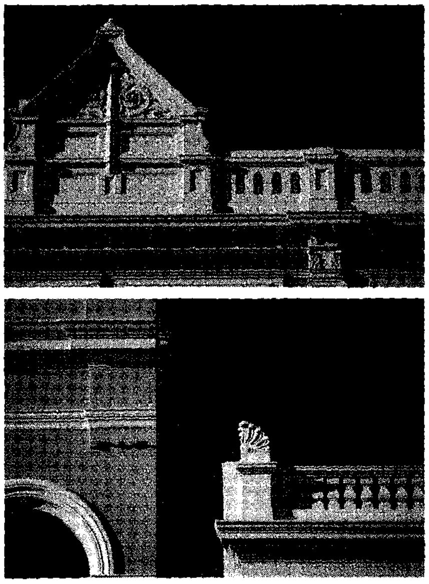


Restored Victorian-style architecture in Fremantle (above), where much of the activity surrounding the Cup races will take place.

For lay-days that cannot be extended beyond a day, there are literally dozens of options:

- Take a ferry to Rottnest Island, past the America's Cup course. Perth's only island playground, Rottnest is the habitat of the quaint marsupials called quokkas.
- Take a stroll around Fremantle, exploring its historic buildings and marvelling at the restoration work carried out on its Victorian-style architecture—built around the time the rakish schooner, America, was winning the Hundred Guineas Cup.
- Visit some of Fremantle's atmospheric taverns and inns—including the Sail & Anchor, the Newport Arms, and the Auld Mug—to sample some of Australia's brews.
- Learn about the heritage and tradition of Western Australia, with a one-day tour to a few of the National Trust buildings. Buckland House, for

buildings.
ns and inns.

instance, has a priceless collection of paintings, furniture, and other objets d'art, and it is located just over an hour's drive from Perth, outside Northam in the Avon Valley.

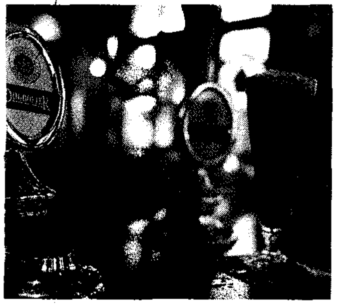
- Take in the mansions of Millionaire's Row (Perth is famous for its self-made millionaires); Rolly Tasker's Twelve-Metre model collection; and a tour of the metropolitan beaches—all included in one tour operator's "Boxing Kangaroo Special."

Despite their defensive stance in the America's Cup races, Western Australians have a worldwide reputation for their outgoing friendliness towards visitors. The Western Australian Tourism Commission has launched a "Wave" campaign, which encourages locals to give a welcoming wave to visitors.

This is not to be confused with the "West Australian Wave," the name given to the often-seen (in summer) motion of brushing flies from your face. Perth is working hard on its fly problem; meanwhile, the city is also hard at work preparing for the world.

Australia copy by Hugh Schmitt, prize-winning journalist for West Australian Newspapers, Ltd.

Original photography in Australia by Pat Scanlon. Mr. Scanlon was the guest of the Esplanade Plaza Hotel, Fremantle. Reservations: 011-61-09-4304000.



Fremantle's Sail & Anchor Inn features its own brew, Dogbolter Ale (left)—so strong that, as the story goes, "the dog sniffed it and bolted."

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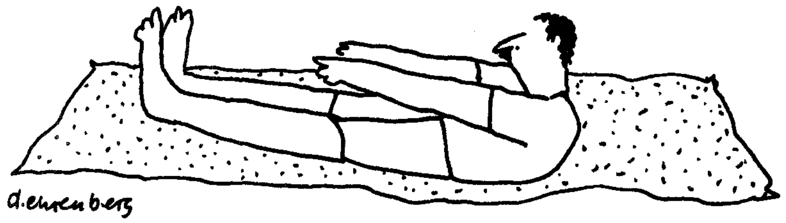
creation of what increasingly appears to be an unworkable partnership. In any event, this peculiar coalition, in which the liberal-radicals play a junior —if useful and provocative—role in confronting the politicians and technocrats, and in which the Church is a moderating centrist influence whose counsel Mrs. Aquino often privately seeks, should be viewed in the light of the unique and often frustrated revolutionary history of the Philippines. In fact, what happened last February, what is happening now, and what is likely to happen soon and in the more distant future cannot be understood without some knowledge of the events of the past four hundred years—and especially the last hundred.

A NUMBER of Philippine scholars have pointed out that the country has never experienced a true revolution—that although the seeds of liberal democracy were planted by a rebellion against Spain in 1896, the ensuing conflict was, at best, an "unfinished revolution," because the American conquest that quickly followed it precluded the building of nationalist institutions. Prior to that, there had been very little in the nation's history to prepare the way for a modern nation-state, let alone a democratic one. Up to the Spanish conquest of the islands, in the mid-sixteenth century, the various native groups, except for a sizable group of Muslims who had taken over in the southern islands a couple of centuries earlier, were organized into small communities called barangays, which consisted essentially of families or kinship groups. As the historian and political scientist Onofre D. Corpuz has pointed out in his definitive volume "The Philippines," published in 1965, the Spanish conquest resulted in the creation of towns and provinces as administrative entities, and of government units dominated by the Catholic Church. In its efforts to Christianize the island people, the Church inculcated what has been described as "folk Catholicism." Among other things, the people were shifted away from the *kaingin*, or "slash and dibble," semi-nomadic method of agriculture and toward a fixed system that led eventually to plantations, or haciendas, and to surplus agricultural production and commercial trade, in which immigrating Chinese came to share the bounty with the wealthy Spaniards. As is noted in a recent paper by Professor Felipe B. Miranda, of the University of the Philippines, a local aristocracy, called the *principalia*, gradually came to collaborate with civil and ecclesiastical authorities within the Spanish colonial framework and, by the nineteenth century, formed the basis of the dominant Filipino class of *ilustrados*. The *ilustrados*, many of them mestizos, were "the better-educated . . . economically well-off, socially prestigious Filipinos who, in the last quarter of Spanish rule, would play leading roles in the revolution against Spain." Education abroad turned *ilustrados* into purveyors of liberal and nationalist ideas, many of which they acquired in the "exhilarating air of freedom" they experienced in Europe. Corpuz writes that the *ilustrados* also discovered that, as Filipinos, "they were not inferior to other peoples, certainly not the Spaniards, who accepted them as friends and equals." And he continues, "The inevitable happened. The aura of authority and the halo of grace that had bound the Filipino leaders to . . . the colonial order evaporated in their minds, and they felt a strong sense of the injustice of the *polos y servicios* [Filipino-rendered forced labor purportedly for public purposes], the numerous burdens imposed on the Filipinos, and the denial to them at home of the rights that the republican philosophies of Europe proclaimed as every man's due."

It therefore followed that the *ilustrados*, under the initial leadership of the commoner Andres Bonifacio, but inspired by such outstanding *ilustrado* thinkers as the impassioned nationalist author José Rizal, led the 1896 revolution against Spain. Unfortunately for the Filipinos, who had reached a temporary truce with the ineffectual Spanish forces, and might ultimately have defeated and ousted them, those forces were replaced by the military might of the United States, to whom Spain ceded the islands after the Spanish-American War, in 1898. (Modern Filipino nationalism can be said to have been born in February of 1872—a decade and a half before the American conquest—in a mutiny by Filipino workers and soldiers at Cavite, which was largely inspired by three Filipino priests, who were subsequently executed by Spanish authorities. The mutiny was quickly put down, but this abortive incident, historians claim, prepared the way for the 1896 revolt.) After the islands changed hands, the remaining Filipino revolutionaries, under General Emilio Aguinaldo, waged a bitter but doomed fight for independence, and were brutally subjugated by the American forces—a dismal chapter that most Americans would like to forget. Thereafter, under William Howard Taft, the first civilian governor-general of the Philippines, the Americans "coöpted" *ilustrado* nationalism, as Corpuz puts it—substituting "moderated imperialism" and persuading most of the *ilustrados* to collaborate with them. Once the Philippine nationalists were subdued, the American colonial officials permitted the *ilustrados* to pursue their own economic and political interests. The *ilustrados* proceeded to form political parties, which were essentially extended families built on patronage, and take over most top positions in the civil service and the bureaucracy, and until the outbreak of the Second World War they basically ran the Philippine Commonwealth under the benevolent supervision of the United States. By establishing liberal democratic institutions, as Miranda points out, through the 1935 Commonwealth constitution, and encouraging wider enfranchisement, active elections, and more free-wheeling political parties (and continually pledging ultimate independence), "American colonialism was reconciled by Filipino leaders with Filipino nationalism," and a "sense of betrayal of the nationalist ideals of the 1896 revolution was effectively minimized."

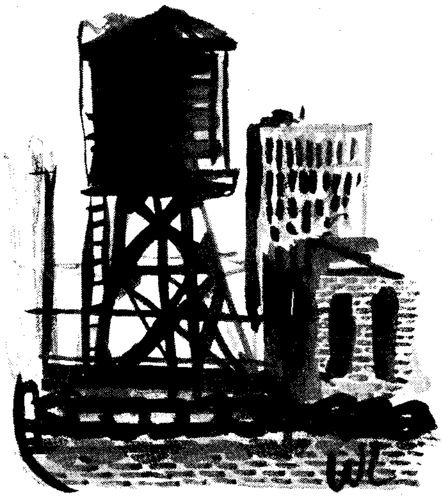
There are those who take issue with some of Miranda's conclusions, and he himself raises questions about who subsequently betrayed whom and what. He points out that anticolonial treatments of Philippine history, including Marxist analyses, regard the national state as being "an artifact of international imperialism" functioning through "a political regime that [depended] for its maintenance on the continued oppression and exploitation of the majority of Filipinos," and adds, "*Ilustrado* collaboration with both Spanish and American authori-



ties, undertaken for personal and class gains, for political and economic advantages, is presented as a recurring phenomenon in Philippine history." It is certainly true that, despite the benevolence and the broader democratic pretensions of American rule, under the Commonwealth the *ilustrados* as a class enjoyed advantages and privileges denied most Filipinos. After independence was granted the Philippines, in 1946, Americans and the new Filipino élite, who were the natural successors of the *ilustrados*, and included their rich sons and daughters, continued to benefit from those same privileges, as they still do. Indeed, economic and social well-being in the post-1946 Philippines has been largely a shared enterprise in which the Americans, their oligarchic Filipino friends, and the Chinese counterparts of both have become the increasingly affluent beneficiaries at the expense of the Filipino poor; even the rapidly emerging new middle class, many of whose members have been educated in the United States, has only recently been able to make inroads into that closed society. This privileged group has its stronghold in Manila's walled-in enclaves, such as Makati and Forbes Park, where wealthy Filipinos and foreigners live in plush homes, and into which the vast majority of Filipinos never intrude.

Politically, as Miranda admits, "the effective participation of most Filipinos who do not belong to the political and economic élite has been largely limited to formal participation in élite-dominated, intra-élite-competed-in elections," and such people have had little or no chance to select candidates or determine issues. It is no wonder, therefore, as Miranda also says, that the non-élite Filipinos have adopted extralegal and illegal means to protect themselves, and that these have led to high levels of social unrest and to subversive activities on a widening scale. Reducing both is the immediate challenge confronting Mrs. Aquino's new government, and the imperatives it must deal with are primarily economic and social. But the ultimate challenge lies in creating new political institutions, chiefly from among nontraditional groups, including some that are religiously oriented and some that are influenced by urban middle-class intellectuals and so-called cause-oriented organizations; this will constitute the next phase of the revolution and will determine its broader, long-term impact.

When Marcos declared martial law, in 1972, many, perhaps most, Filipinos, including the oligarchs and the lesser members of the business community, agreed that it was justified, to stem the rising lawlessness and crime, abetted by several hundred thousand "loose guns" in the country, and to curb the new and rapidly growing Communist insurgency. In contrast to the Communist threat of the late forties and early fifties, mounted by guerrillas calling themselves Hukbalahaps, which was confined to the island of Luzon and was Moscow-oriented, this new movement soon spread to other islands, most notably Mindanao and Samar, and ideologically was more broadly Maoist; its appeal was chiefly to the landless or otherwise deprived peasants in the countryside. At the outset of martial law, Marcos announced a bold program to create a New Society, under the imprimatur of what he grandiloquently called "constitutional authoritarianism," to ameliorate the economic and social conditions of the poor. It included a belated carrying out of earlier land-reform schemes, which embraced corn and rice holdings (but not the richer sugar and coconut lands of the top oligarchs); rural electrification; and the construction of new highways and feeder roads to facilitate the marketing and distribution of goods. But Marcos soon seemed to forget these popular, though limited, promises. Instead, by manipulating the political system and forcing a specially elected constitutional convention to adopt his own charter, he prepared the way for a series of referenda and amendments that, in effect, guaranteed that he could remain President for life. And by abolishing the old Congress and depriving the judiciary of its independence, banning strikes, suborning the once free press, and creating a new breed of pliant business oligarchs—most of them his relatives and friends—he made it clear that his New Society, embellished by democratic verbiage, was a dictatorship pure and simple, dedicated primarily to his own political glorification and financial aggrandizement, as well as to that of his wife and his family. His critics were effectively silenced, and hundreds of them were jailed, among them Senator Aquino, who, though fifteen years younger than Marcos, had already become his most articulate foe and would probably have been elected President if the election scheduled for 1973 had taken place and been fairly conducted. Martial law and the new constitution, however, preëmpted it.



THE tragedy of Marcos is a moral tragedy that transcends his many personal failings. It has to be defined and evaluated in the broad Philippine context; and, in that wider compass, the weaknesses and strengths of the half century of American "tutelage," with its peculiar blend of imperialism, capitalist greed, and democratic public-health and education programs that brought benefits to millions of Filipinos, also have to be weighed. The fact that during the Second World War this blend of brazen and benign colonialism was followed by more than three cruel years of Japanese occupation, during which as many Filipinos collaborated with the occupiers as opposed them, while others simply remained neutral and lay low, did little to clarify the Filipinos' sense of themselves or of their nation. Although called by the colonialists "our little brown brothers," just whose "little brown brothers" they were, if anyone's, had become a very real question. The history of political-party development in the Philippines had not helped much to prepare the new republic for independence when it was granted—some say perhaps too rapidly, in view of the harsh realities of the postwar world. Throughout the American occupation, Filipino politicians had lacked both ideology and programs, and were motivated mainly by personal ambition. The atmosphere of rampant opportunism after the Second World War also failed to add substance to the political process. In fact, as violence spread, politics acquired a Wild West tone. The predilection of contentious politicians for switching from one party to another was a common phenomenon, and the result was to increase personal animosities and diminish the relevance of issues. This approach to politics dated back to the rivalry between Aguinaldo and Bonifacio, the principal revolutionary leaders at the turn of the century, and politics had continued to be a highly competitive personal affair during the first two decades of American rule. It was in that period, too, that another major figure emerged—Manuel Quezon, who gained power by proclaiming the principle of collective leadership and accusing his chief opponent, the *ilustrado* Sergio Osmeña, of seeking "one-man rule." Once in office, Quezon ignored collective leadership and himself ruled autocratically right up to the Japanese conquest, when he fled to Australia with General Douglas MacArthur. After Quezon's death, in August, 1944, and the country's liberation, which began with the invasion of Leyte Island in October of the same year, Osmeña succeeded him for a short term, being defeated in 1946 by Manuel Roxas, who became the first President of the new republic.

The passion for elective politics, a prime Filipino inheritance from the Americans, was indulged with a vengeance thereafter. The two major parties, the Liberals and the Nacionalistas, which dominated the scene from 1946 until 1972, were more like competing private clubs than like political organizations, and their principal purpose, as Roberto Concepcion, a Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, once put it, was "to control political power for the sake of its perquisites." Jumping from one party to another—or "turncoating," as it was called—was widely denounced but continued to be a common practice. In 1964, Marcos switched from the Liberals to the Nacionalistas. After accusing his opponent, President Diosdado Macapagal, of one-man rule—a phrase that has often recurred in Filipino politics—he was elected to the Presidency the following year, and, like Quezon before him, soon headed down the autocratic path.

It was thus no accident that Marcos perpetrated a "counterfeit revolution," to use the apt phrase that serves as the title of a book written in 1980 by Reuben Canoy, a nationalist politician from Mindanao. The postwar social and economic chaos, which reached its height in the sixties, combined with the threat of the new Communist insurgency and of a Muslim secessionist movement in Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago to make the Philippines ripe for a manipulative genius like

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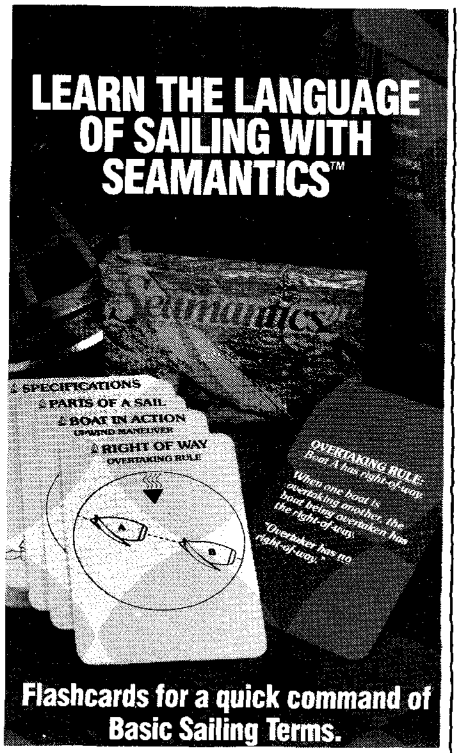
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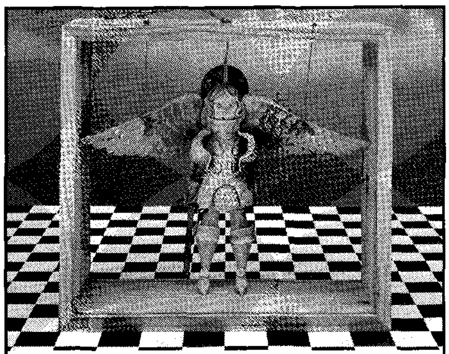

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Marcos. In fact, the situation might seem to have been made to order for him personally, not least because he was a lone wolf from the clannish and proud Ilocano area of northern Luzon who had clawed his way up the ladder as much by crook as by hook—a feat that included a brilliant self-defense when, as a law student, he was arrested on a charge of murdering his father's principal political enemy. Many observers, including myself, believe, on the basis of conversations with Ninoy Aquino, that as President he, too, might have declared martial law, but that it would not have lasted so long or been so destructive. For my part, having known him well—first when he was a fellow-journalist, and then, over the years, as a young political aide to President Ramon Magsaysay, as the governor of his native Tarlac Province, as a senator prior to his arrest and imprisonment by Marcos, and during his subsequent exile—I suspect that his ambitions, strong as they were, would have been tempered by a more genuine democratic concern for the popular welfare than Marcos ever displayed, and that his yearning for wealth and other spoils of office would not have been as great. Certainly the gratification of those desires could not have been as flagrantly demonstrated by Corazon Aquino as they were by Imelda Marcos, whose addiction to both power and money was unique even in so matriarchal a society as the Philippines, and whose squandermania became legendary. In the supreme irony that has now brought Corazon Aquino to the Presidency, the still unfinished Philippine revolution may be facing its strongest, and perhaps its final, democratic test.

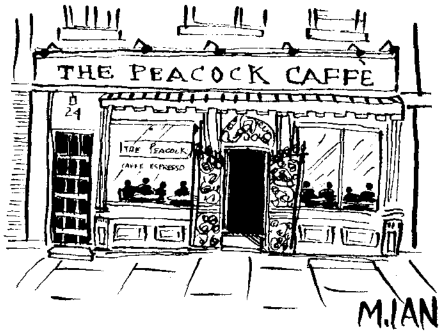
Marcos did his greatest damage as an imperial President by emasculating the democratic mechanisms of the state, including the Batasan, the courts, the Commission on Elections (COMELEC), the Commission on Audit, and other bodies. He thereby destroyed not only the substance of the democratic process but particularly the principle and practice of legal and public accountability, which, despite the weaknesses of the Philippine system of government over the years, had survived until his time, and, along with a free, if sometimes shrill and vociferous, press, had served as a watchdog of the commonweal. Professor Miranda, in his perceptive paper, points out that Machiavelli, while he is famous for stressing the importance of authority and state security, also "warned political architects and social engineers: 'Those who do not build on the people build on a foundation of sand.'" And Miranda continues, "The problem, then, is not strong government, so much as a credible, credibly performing and delivering government. In the specific case of the Philippines, over the past four centuries but more particularly in the last decade, the enduring political crisis has been that authorities would rather build new societies and new republics on foundations of sand."

If one accepts this depressing and somewhat cynical conclusion—and on the basis of my forty years' observation of the Philippines I see no reason to deny it—the downfall of Marcos followed by his replacement under very unusual circumstances by Corazon Aquino acquires added revolutionary meaning, and implies more hope than any of the five previous post-independence turnovers of government did. The one possible exception may have been the ascendancy to the Presidency in 1953 of Ramon Magsaysay, following his triumphant tenure as Defense Secretary, during which he effectively suppressed the Hukbalahap rebellion; but, unfortunately, Magsaysay, despite his vast popularity and his common man's touch, proved less effective during his short term as President, which was cut off by his death in a plane accident in 1957.

Judgments about "foundations of sand" in Philippine political life must be further tempered by appraising those who have become President in relation not only to the institutions they inherited and reshaped but also to the Filipino demos, which is more complicated. Not only is the Philippines an island nation with a variegated cultural, racial, and religious history but it has been buffeted more than most countries by outside forces beyond its control. For example, nature has repeatedly brought fearful typhoons, tropical storms, and earthquakes to the archipelago, which have had an effect on how people think and act. Perhaps it is no wonder, then, that the Filipinos have acquired or developed a certain passivity and fatalism in their character, or that beneath these lies a considerable capacity for explosive violence. The religious faith and mysticism of the Filipinos and their belief in close family ties are other important attributes of their character, and still another is their love of fiestas and gambling. If they often seem to live on the edge of despair, they have seemingly endless stores of patience and resilience, and they have learned how to fashion and use their own escape valves. Politics and cockfighting are two such escapes, and the Filipinos engage in them with a similar passion, especially at the barangay level. In politics, they demonstrate pliancy in their contradictory habit of shifting allegiances yet at the same time respecting certain obligations and loyalties—the principle of *utang na loob*, a lifelong sense of personal honor and debt. The foundations of sand, therefore, are extensive, and it took someone as smart and amoral as Marcos, with such a low regard for the public mind and such a keen ability to manipulate it, to build on so insecure a base.

Ultimately, as happens with most dictators, Marcos's authoritarian structure began to reveal fissures. There were a number of overlapping reasons for this, which manifested themselves increasingly between the mid-seventies and the mid-eighties. The most important factor was the continuing decline of the economy. While there were extenuating circumstances, including the two major oil crises, and the collapse of the world prices of the Philippines' two major agricultural exports, sugar and coconut oil, and of Philippine minerals, especially copper, the other nations of Southeast Asia faced similar problems, and through wiser planning and diversification still managed, at least until recently, to achieve sustained annual growth rates of between five and seven per cent. Over the same period, the rate of economic growth in the Philippines slowly sank from comparable figures to zero and on to minus figures, reaching, for 1984 and 1985, a combined rate of almost minus ten per cent. Runaway inflation without any institutional checks on government spending led to heavy public and private foreign borrowing for wasteful projects, such as hotel construction; most of this was arranged by "cronies" of Marcos (including Mrs. Marcos, who once described herself as her husband's "only real crony") or through "political banks" controlled by them. These cronies and their fiscal agents also ran the major monopolies—among them coconuts, sugar, and other commodities—and their banks handled large deposits of agricultural-export levies which should have gone directly to the farmers or into the national treasury but instead went into personal pockets or private accounts. As scores of firms collapsed or went bankrupt, they were taken over by the government, which continued to run them, at huge, undisclosed losses. Fiscally as well as politically, the nation was resting on foundations of sand. By 1983, the foreign debt was approaching twenty-five billion dollars, and only the intervention of the International Monetary Fund and of committees of foreign commercial-bank creditors restricted further loans and forced a complicated restructuring of the national debt payments—a project that is still under way.

Chiefly as a result of the national economic and fiscal crisis and of government mismanagement and corruption, the condition of the people and the quality of life deteriorated to the lowest levels since the end of the war. By the mid-eighties, seventy per cent of the population was estimated to be living at or near the poverty line. As real wages in both agriculture and industry declined, and the large gap between the rich and the poor continued to widen, it was estimated that twenty per cent of the national labor force was unemployed and as much as forty per cent was underemployed. In many towns and cities, but most notably in Manila, slums inhabited by tens of thousands of permanent or drifting squatters proliferated. During several trips to the Philippines between 1975 and 1986, I regularly visited Tondo, Manila's largest squatter area, near the waterfront. Each time, I was struck not only by its physical growth and the increase in the size of the huge hills of steaming, stinking garbage alongside—which scavengers poked through night and day—but also by the institutionalization of poverty in the complex of narrow alleyways packed with ramshackle huts of rusty tin sheeting, wooden slabs, and cardboard boxes. Block committees furnished whatever services they could, such as water piped in from outside, and, with the help of volunteer church groups, offered food and additional aid to alleviate the misery and squalor. Many of the block organizers were members of a rapidly expanding radical urban movement linked with the rural insurgency under the umbrella of the National Democratic Front.



The Communist insurgency and the increased activity of the left were the most obvious manifestations of trouble brewing for the Marcos regime. From the declaration of martial law until about 1981, most public-opinion surveys undertaken by respected groups indicated approval, though on a diminishing scale, of what the regime was doing in behalf of the national welfare; there was less support for what was being done to improve personal welfare. But thereafter public confidence and trust in the institutions and instrumentalities of government began to wane: disillusion increased, along with a general pessimism and cynicism, as anxiety grew about the economic future, the continuing spread of violence, and the government's inability to cope with the situation.

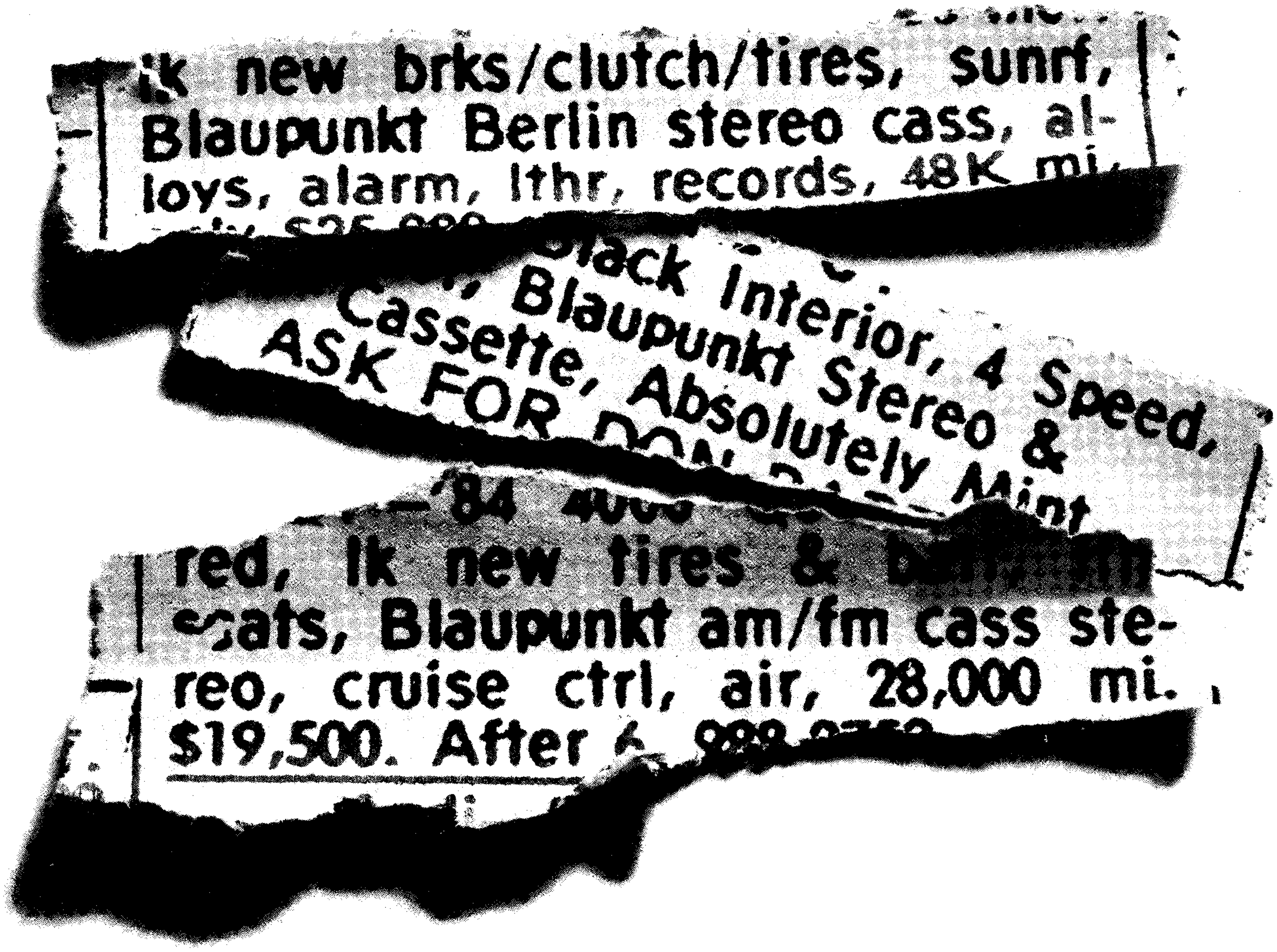
All this was brought to a dramatic climax by the assassination of Ninoy Aquino, which beyond a doubt was the most momentous event in the Philippines since the end of the war. The manner and method of the crime, the blatant and bungling way it was executed, shocked the sensibilities of even those who had thought themselves inured to cold-blooded murder. Millions of Filipinos responded with anger and remorse, as if the country itself had been violated and put to shame. Aquino overnight became both a hero and a symbol. "I Love Ninoy" T-shirts and signs appeared everywhere, and they were more than slogans of martyrdom or tokens of affection; they were cries for action, for political rejuvenation. Increasingly violent demonstrations took place, causing some deaths, and the fear of urban insurgency mounted. If the Communists and their leftist sympathizers, now organized into new front groups and including the long-dormant labor movement, took full advantage of the situation, their activities did not obscure the common dismay and discontent that spread from Manila throughout the country. The flight of capital, already considerable, was stepped up, and the economy came to a virtual standstill. The Catholic Church spoke out more vigorously than before against the Marcos dictatorship and its trappings, including the conspicuous flaunting of wealth. A spirit of gloom and foreboding swept across the land. Soothsayers and fortune-tellers, who have always played prominent roles in the Philippines, as in most Asian countries, did a land-office business.

For the first time in his public life, Marcos showed the effects of the pressures he was facing. His health was probably a factor, and may also have been a factor in the assassination of Aquino, though the specific role that Marcos played in that may never be known. For the past four or five years, he had been suffering a severe physical decline as a result of systemic lupus erythematosus, a chronic and debilitating disease that affects the kidneys and necessitated his receiving regular dialysis treatments. (After he and his family fled Malacañang last February, five dialysis machines, together with emergency oxygen equipment and a hospital bed, were among the clinical paraphernalia found in his bedroom and elsewhere in the palace.) Although Marcos denied repeatedly that he had kidney trouble (his problems derived from wartime "shrapnel wounds," he insisted), evidence, including that of his own physicians and close associates, Enrile among them, has indicated that he underwent an operation for a kidney transplant a week or so before Benigno Aquino's ill-fated return to Manila.

Marcos and his wife, along with several government officials, of whom Enrile was one, had warned Aquino that he might be killed by unnamed "enemies" if he returned to the Philippines, but he insisted on coming back anyway, motivated by a quixotic urge to try to persuade Marcos to step down gracefully. The prevailing and convincing testimony produced by a Marcos-appointed commission that investigated the case for eleven months, beginning in November, 1983, was that Aquino was shot in the back of the head by government soldiers who had boarded his aircraft upon its arrival in Manila and were escorting him down the stairs. He was dead when he fell onto the tarmac. According to Marcos, he had been shot and killed by a hoodlum hired by the Communists, who was wearing an airport mechanic's blue uniform—a story that the vast majority of Filipinos disbelieved. The murder plot was thought to have been one of three plans originally considered by Marcos henchmen, the alternatives being Aquino's rearrest or his immediate dispatch back out of the country by air. It remains unclear who gave the final order to kill him, but the consensus is that it would have had to come from the very top, and that General Fabian Ver, the chief of staff of the armed forces, and Marcos's closest associate, who, as a result of the investigation, was the principal defendant at the trial of twenty-five officers and soldiers and one civilian charged with conspiring to commit the assassination, would have been loath to give such an order without Marcos's prior knowledge. Given Marcos's operation and the fact that he was still seriously ill, and possibly comatose, at the time of the killing, the key word is "prior": when was the decision taken, under what circumstances, and who was present? The charges against Ver and seven other officers were eventually reduced, and all of the defendants were acquitted—as a result of pressure brought by Marcos on the special tribunal and the prosecutors who tried the case, according to a new verdict reached by a three-man commission of retired justices on July 31st. The commission was appointed by the newly established Supreme Court, chosen by Mrs. Aquino. It declared a mistrial in the case, accusing Marcos of having "scripted" and "stage-managed" the acquittal of the defendants; the testimony obtained in its hearings, the commission added, showed clearly that Marcos was personally responsible for "suppression of vital evidence," for "harassment" and "coaching" of witnesses and defense lawyers, and for "even the very decision rendered in the case." The way is now open for another trial, at which new evidence and witnesses are likely to be produced, and Marcos's direct implication in the crime should be clarified.

WHATEVER the final verdict on Marcos as President of the Philippines, no one has ever denied that he is a brilliant lawyer and a consummate politician. He is also an extremely complicated man, who can be, among other things, both ruthless and rueful, treacherous and, in his own way, loyal. Over the several decades that I have known him, during which we have had a dozen long interviews, I have always had difficulty analyzing his strange comprehension of and tangential regard for the truth. One controlling factor seemed to be his mood—whether he felt like responding to questions openly and honestly or was simply fencing, avoiding answers, indulging in bland generalities that were tantamount to propaganda, if not lies. There were times when I was certain that he knew he was lying—and was enjoying it—and that he didn't really care whether I believed him or not. On these occasions, his contempt for people, including the foreign and domestic press, for which he often pretended respect, was clear. At other times, I felt that he was almost pleading to be believed, even if he knew that something was false, because he desperately wanted it to be true and desperately wanted to be respected and admired. At such times, I felt a degree of pity for him because he seemed to realize, if only subconsciously, that he *could* have been the great President that he had always wanted to be, and that many Filipinos expected him to be, if only events and his own mistakes, his deep personal faults and weaknesses, had not conspired against him. His love of power was fed by martial law, and his passion for political manipulation by the periodic referenda and plebiscites he engineered to win approval while pretending to be democratic, until such self-intoxication became almost an addiction. When, as in the 1984 election, he made what appeared to be a more genuine effort to move back toward democratic forms—the opposition won a third of the seats in the Batasan, and, it was generally agreed, would have won a majority if the vote had been entirely fair—he probably realized too late that it really *was* too late: that there was no longer a point where sham and reality could be convincingly joined, and that he would always have to cheat to maintain his own party's majority.

The failure of that "victory" in 1984 helped hasten his undoing, because it proved to the opposition that through hard work and vigilance—particularly on the part of the National Citizens Movement for Free Elections (NAM-



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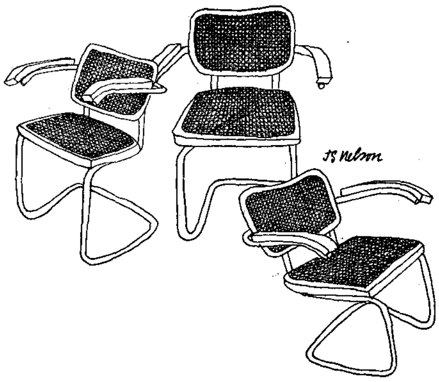
FREL), whose thousands of volunteers helped supervise the vote—it could demonstrate that Marcos was no longer invincible. He had chosen to make himself more vulnerable, whether out of guilt or a resurgent desire to recapture an image of himself he had all but forgotten. If he regretted his decision afterward, he went on pretending that it was all part of his step-by-step attempt to restore democracy. But he seemed far more uncertain and indecisive, more subject to sudden impulses, than he had been before, and his idea of calling a snap Presidential election in February, which most of his advisers tried to discourage, but which he announced on an American television program last November, represented more than a response to United States pressure, though that may have been a factor. This election was part of some game he was playing, as much with himself as with the Filipino public, to prove that he was not as hopeless or relentless a dictator as he had been painted, and that he deserved to be treated more kindly by history. His sense of history never deserted him; he was forever reading history books, and in his spare time, before he became ill, and even afterward, was forever writing and rewriting the history of the Philippines as he saw it in several books of his own—though not always truthfully, as when he grossly exaggerated his wartime heroism and the honors and medals allegedly bestowed on him. It may be that truth was not in his nature, or that it deserted him at an early stage of his life, so that he spent the rest of his years, like Scott Fitzgerald's Jay Gatsby, of whom he reminded me in other ways, in vain pursuit of some romantic illusion. In the last two or three years, the heavy medication he was on, which included cortisone, altered his physical appearance, and affected his emotional makeup as well. Prior to that, he had seemed more like another literary figure, Dorian Gray. Now his odd behavior, such as lapses of memory and conversational drift, and then sudden recovery and surges of his earlier lively self, enhanced the impression of unreality.

The main purpose of the snap election, as Marcos saw it, was to renew his mandate for another six years and to reëstablish a legitimate succession by electing a Vice-President (the job had been abolished under the 1973 constitution, which created a parliamentary system with a Prime Minister serving under a President). If his deteriorating physical condition gave him intimations of mortality, they were belied by his risky choice of the aging Arturo Tolentino as his running mate. Tolentino, an esteemed constitutional lawyer as well as a former senator, had only recently been dismissed as Foreign Minister after criticizing the regime on a number of counts, including its doubtful constitutional validity, and had subsequently described Marcos as "the root of all evils." Then Marcos made the grave mistake of underestimating the opposition in general and Corazon Aquino in particular, both before and after she reluctantly became a candidate for President. Following months of bitter wrangling, during which the opposition factions all but disintegrated, Mrs. Aquino had agreed to run under the banner of the United Nationalist Democratic Organization (UNIDO), the largest opposition party, which was headed by Salvador Laurel, another former senator and the son of the wartime President under the Japanese, José P. Laurel, who, soon after the end of the war, was pardoned and in 1949 ran, unsuccessfully, for President. Even before Marcos called the election, Salvador Laurel had already announced himself as a Presidential candidate and had won his party's backing, but he agreed to step aside in favor of Mrs. Aquino, and run for Vice-President instead, after being advised by a number of people, including Jaime Cardinal Sin, the country's chief prelate, that he couldn't possibly defeat Marcos, and only Mrs. Aquino might. Laurel figured that, as Vice-President, he would be her logical successor if she won, for she had indicated that she would only serve one term, during which she hoped to avenge her husband's murder, reunite the country, and restore democracy. She had agreed to the political marriage of convenience with Laurel primarily because she had no party or campaign organization, and Laurel had both. From the start, however, the relationship between them was not an easy one, and their disputatious supporters made it worse. In fact, UNIDO did very little in Mrs. Aquino's behalf. Moreover, there were constant rumors, up until the last moment, that Marcos would dump Tolentino and choose Laurel as *his* Vice-President—a move that, under the Philippine election codes, would have been legal. Had this happened, it would have been a supreme example of the traditional *utang na loob*—the debt-loyalty principle. In 1939, Laurel's father, as a justice on the Supreme Court, had written the opinion for acquittal at Marcos's murder trial. Marcos and the Laurels—Salvador's older brother, José, Jr., had been speaker of the pre-martial-law House of Representatives—had never clashed publicly, though they had disagreed politically, more often than not.

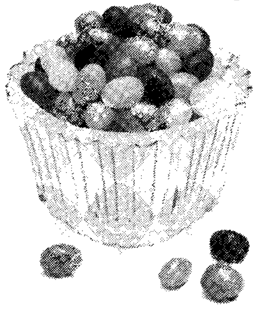


Despite the handicaps she faced, Mrs. Aquino proved to be an extraordinarily felicitous candidate. Unpretentious and forthright, adopting an increasingly no-nonsense and challenging approach, she ignored Marcos's taunts about her being a naïve "housewife," and took her campaign directly to the people, travelling, in her familiar yellow dresses (yellow having been her husband's favorite color), throughout the provinces and drawing huge crowds wherever she went. (Marcos, because of his illness, campaigned mostly from Malacañang, and on the few occasions when he did travel—attracting crowds that on the average were only a third as large as Mrs. Aquino's—he was accompanied by numerous bodyguards and by a car with medical equipment, though he did his best to act his former macho self.) In her three major speeches, on political, economic, and social conditions—carefully drafted with the help of a talented group of advisers, notably Father Joaquin Bernas, a Jesuit priest and the head of Ateneo de Manila University—Corazon Aquino tackled the hard issues head on, and gave chapter-and-verse analyses of how the nation had deteriorated under the long years of misrule by Marcos and his cronies. Her greatest asset, however, was her ability to gain the support of the large crowds that came out to see and hear her, by giving them the feeling that, partly because she was Ninoy Aquino's widow and, more important, because of her own zealous belief in the righteousness of her cause, she was riding the crest of victory long before it became apparent that she indeed had a good chance to win. As the infectious quality of her campaign took hold, she became more bold and daring. In Mindanao, for example, where she delivered her social-action speech, she attacked Marcos for "physical cowardice," charging him with having been afraid to visit this southernmost island for ten years "to see for himself the horrible effects of his greed, his brutality, and his ignorance." She accused him, further, of "trying to cover up his cowardice with a salad of military decorations, none of which he ever earned on the field of honor," and added, "I challenge Mr. Marcos to stand up like a woman and answer my charges of cowardice with truth—if he dares." The climax of her campaign was a rally in Manila on February 4th, in Rizal and Luneta Parks, where a crowd of more than a million overflowed into the streets for blocks around. "I've never seen anything like it," a friend of mine who has witnessed most election campaigns here in the past forty years said. "Farmers, workers, and ordinary folk travelled for miles and spent the few pesos they had left to buy banners and ribbons. At the government rally a day later, Marcos's people distributed such things for nothing, but many of those present rubbed their fingers together to show that they were paid to attend, and there was little enthusiasm. I felt then that Cory would win if the election was fair, but all the emotions expressed at her rallies by office workers, taxi-drivers, and common men and women on the street also scared me. I was afraid of what might happen if she lost."

The broad popular support that Corazon Aquino engendered through her quiet sincerity and her impassioned dedication to defeating Marcos developed, at some point during her campaign, into a genuine populist movement. Among the factors that contributed to the ground swell, beyond her name, of course, was the fact that, contrary to what Marcos implied by calling her a "housewife," she had been indoctrinated by the close conjugal political relationship she and her husband had shared for nearly thirty years—not only while he was still a rising star but during the seven and a half years he spent in Fort Bonifacio prison, in Manila, when she visited him every weekend and, by special permission of Marcos, was allowed to stay with him one night a week in his jailhouse quarters. "You learn a lot from that sort of experience," she remarked not long ago. On several occasions during those years, when I was in Manila she came to see me at my hotel after these weekend visits and brought me long typewritten letters from her husband, which were the most complete and amazingly up-to-date indictments of Marcos and his regime I had seen. Aquino felt that the foreign rather than the shackled domestic press was his best hope for getting his views published, risky though that was; at one point, reportedly for maintaining his outside contacts, he was taken out of Manila and kept in solitary confinement in a remote place in the hills for two months on a starvation diet—a situation that may have had a part in bringing on the two heart attacks that eventually caused him to request, and prompted Marcos to permit, his trip to the United States, for a bypass operation. The heart attacks, and the fact that throughout his long imprisonment he thought and read a great deal and shared what amounted to a new religious awareness with his wife, helped shape his more mature political philosophy, and he developed it further during his period of exile and study in America. This philosophy led to his decision to return to Manila in August, 1983, knowing that he might be killed. After the murder, and her own long period of painful reflection, Corazon Aquino was determined to vindicate his name and achieve his dream of ridding the Philippines of Marcos. It was this moral commitment that made her susceptible to the entreaties of her friends and associates to run for President.

Cory Aquino had always been a deeply religious person—she had been schooled by nuns in the Philippines and in the United States—and her candidacy coincided in an odd way with the "new conversion" to political activism of the Catholic Church in the Philippines. Filipino priests had played a significant role in the "unfinished revolution" of 1896, and the Filipinization of the parishes was the spark that touched off the declaration of an independent Philippine republic shortly before the American takeover. Although a minority of the clergy retained their nationalist fervor, most priests, like the *ilustrado* élite, were soon coöpted by the new colonialists and became part of the Americanized society under the Commonwealth, and American bishops and priests dominat-

Guess what the Undersecretary who was stuck on sweets found in his room at the Tuscany?



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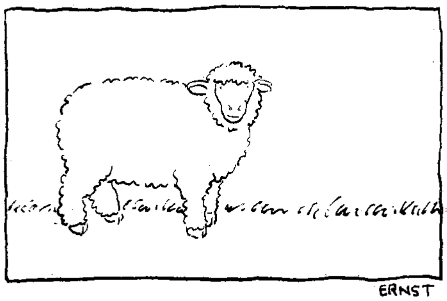
ed the church hierarchy for the first half of the century. In 1896, there were six hundred and seventy-five Filipino priests, but as late as 1939, when the country's population was fourteen million, there were only eight hundred and twenty-five Filipino priests and a hundred and fifty-four native-born seminarians. Then, gradually, a new process of Filipinization took hold, and in the nineteen-sixties and seventies the numbers of native-born priests and especially of nuns grew rapidly, even as the number of Catholic schools began to decrease as many of the teaching sisters quit and went to work on their own among the poor. As the most powerful institution in the country other than the government, the Church, over the past decade or so, has become notably less élitist in its orientation, and more a church of the people. Since eighty-five per cent of the country's population is Catholic today, the influence of some five thousand priests and seventy-five hundred women in religious orders, plus several thousand lay church workers, operating in about twenty-one hundred parish churches and hundreds of additional barrio chapels, has clearly been far greater than those numbers might suggest.

During the early years of martial law, from 1972 until 1976, the Church officially adopted a neutral position, although about twenty of a total of a hundred and ten bishops in the Catholic Bishops' Conference of the Philippines, and perhaps fifty priests, spoke out strongly from the outset against Marcos's authoritarian rule. Then, beginning in 1977, the C.B.C.P., in semi-annual meetings, and groups of regional bishops who met more often took stronger positions, particularly as it grew apparent that martial-law policies not only favored the powerful and the wealthy over the poor but were nurturing the Communist insurgents, and that this growth in Communist strength led, in turn, to measures by the Army and paramilitary groups which resulted in gross violations of human rights, including arbitrary detentions and arrests, torture, and growing numbers of murders and assassinations—oddly described by the military as "salvagings." These acts were carefully listed and denounced by the Task Force Detainees, a body of churchfolk led mostly by nuns, who travelled throughout the country to obtain evidence of such violations, which they reported to the Association of Religious Superiors. At the same time, such Church-affiliated groups as the Basic Christian Communities—in some two hundred and fifty small parishes, mostly in Mindanao—reflected the concern of local parish priests and their flocks over the deteriorating social and economic scene. Some of the B.C.C.s and other local religious organizations, including those supported by foreign missions, demonstrated open sympathy with the New People's Army, especially in areas where the Communists offered protection from government abuse and exploitation; and a few priests actually joined the Communists in the hills. As a whole, however, the Church, in line with Vatican policy, drew a distinction between spiritual and political commitments to social action. Such choices became increasingly difficult to make as the levels of the insurgency and the resulting countermeasures kept rising. The B.C.C.s and similar groups, Father Carroll pointed out, "on the one hand came to be open to infiltration and manipulation by the left, and on the other suspect to those who felt threatened by the potential power of the organized poor." And he continued, " 'Anyone who organizes the people *must* be on the other side,' was the conclusion of one military officer." In 1982 and 1983, as a result of its distrust of the Church's role in the rising unrest, the government conducted a series of raids on church offices and clamped down on church publications critical of the regime. A number of priests, nuns, and lay church workers were arrested on suspicion of pro-Communist activities, and the campaign of repression reached a tragic climax when seven lay workers in the province of Negros Occidental, in the central Visayan Islands, were brutally murdered, and their bodies thrown into shallow graves on the plantation of the local mayor. The mayor was subsequently killed by unknown gunmen, whereupon three priests, including two foreign missionaries, and six laymen were arrested and charged with his murder. Eventually, after a trial, the charges were dismissed, but the two missionaries were expelled from the country.



By the early nineteen-eighties, encouraged by the spreading impact of the Vatican II encyclical, and dismayed by the ever-growing incidence of violence and repression, the bishops were emboldened to speak out in defense of human rights and to confront the social problems of the people's poverty and of corruption in public life. These issues were increasingly acknowledged to have both political and moral implications, and the bishops felt that the Church had a responsibility to address them. Early in August, 1983, they strongly denounced the government's policy of detaining indefinitely, without bail, anyone who was suspected of subversion. Two weeks later, when Benigno Aquino's murder shocked the nation, hundreds of thousands waited for hours to see his bloodstained body on a church bier, and more than a million then marched in the funeral procession and heard a moving eulogy by Cardinal Sin. As Aquino quickly became a national martyr, new yellow T-shirts began to appear, with the legend, in Tagalog or in English, "No greater love has any man than to lay down his life for his country." Father Carroll later wrote that not only was the Church "projected onto center stage" but it alone "possessed credibility and moral authority at a moment when that of the government was at a low ebb," and that "in a moment of national crisis, it could not *not* be involved." Only Radio Veritas, operated by the Archdiocese of Manila, broadcast the news of the assassination and covered the funeral: both events were ignored by government stations and the newspapers. Cardinal Sin, by refusing to serve on the official commission to investigate the murder, withheld his moral support from the regime, but he also refused to support the movement demanding Marcos's resignation. The key word became "reconciliation," but it meant different things to different people. To the Cardinal and the bishops it meant a greater awareness of "truth, sincerity, freedom, and justice," which, as Father Carroll said, was closer to a plea to "repent" than was Marcos's appeal to "forget," but fell short of the radical opposition's demand that Marcos renounce the Presidency. More and more, however, the outspoken minority of progressive bishops began to dominate the meetings of the C.B.C.P., which had previously been about equally divided between conservatives and moderates. At the same time, the thirteen-year-old Bishops'-Businessmen's Conference, which was composed of some three dozen bishops, nearly twice as many businessmen, and more than a hundred influential lay religious, professional, government, military, and media leaders, took a more active stand on public issues. It was particularly helpful in restrengthening NAMFREL, which, more than any other organization, was responsible for keeping the May, 1984, Batasan elections relatively free and fair. Even so, the public, and the Church as well, was bitterly divided in those elections over the issue of participation or boycott. The Aquino family, along with scores of other prominent families, was itself split. Afterward, things temporarily quieted down, but as social and economic tensions again mounted and demonstrations became more frequent, the political situation, complicated by Marcos's declining health and by growing United States criticism of his regime, reached a more critical state. Marcos's surprise announcement in November that he would hold an unscheduled Presidential election on February 7th did little to allay the feeling that some sort of dénouement was approaching.

THE role that the Church played in the February election was unprecedented. Cardinal Sin, who had long been criticized for being too cautious and indecisive in speaking out against Marcos, now vindicated himself in the eyes of the liberal clergy and his public detractors by moving from a position of "critical collaboration" with the regime to one just short of open support for Mrs. Aquino. In mid-January, he issued a pastoral letter entitled "A Call to Conscience," in which he spoke of "a very sinister plot . . . to frustrate the honest and orderly expression of the people's genuine will," and of money flowing freely "into the hands of teachers, *barangay* officials, and the common people to induce them to support particular candidates in a manner unworthy of free persons." He told Marcos and his party that "there will be no divine forgiveness" for "cheating," advised the people that "money offered to you in no way obliges you to vote for a particular candidate," and adjured them "Always vote according to your conscience." Late in January, the bishops issued a "joint pastoral exhortation" warning that violations were about to take place on "a level never experienced before." It called on the members of NAMFREL, on all teachers and government officials supervising the election, and on all individuals not to succumb to "this conspiracy of evil" or to "paralyzing cynicism," and to prevent "massive frauds" from provoking a crisis that would ruin the country's hopes for social and economic recovery.

On the eve of the election, Cardinal Sin held a news conference at which he referred to "terrible stories" he had heard about procedural abuses already being perpetrated by "those in power." The election was "the most crucial in the nation's history," he said, and he went on, "I am tempted to ask at this point: is this a Presidential election or is it a contest between good and the forces of evil, a fight between the children of light and the children of darkness?"

Even by Philippine standards, the amount of shameless cheating and violation of electoral rules and regulations to which Marcos resorted both before and during the counting of ballots was outrageous—by far the worst I have seen in years of watching Filipino elections. The fact that despite this brazen effort Mrs. Aquino ultimately prevailed was all the more remarkable, and provided the most stirring scenes I have witnessed in the Philippines since the liberation of Manila, which I covered as a war correspondent in February, 1945. There was, indeed, a good deal of similarity between the two events, in the popular displays of exuberance and exhilaration over being delivered from repression and tyranny, and if the forms that these took were not wholly comparable—the years under Marcos were not as bad for most Filipinos as those under the Japanese—they were enough alike to remind people old enough to remember the earlier experience that there is no substitute for freedom. Among those who remembered was a friend of mine, a Jesuit priest named James Reuter, who has lived in the Philippines for half a century and was interned at Los Baños, southeast of Manila, during the war. He said of the election, "It really has been like liberation all over again. I never saw people so alert, so determined not to allow the cheating to work. Cory is the liberator in the minds of the Filipinos. They have shown that Marcos can make people kill for him but not die for him. When the smoke settles, it will be a new country."

Father Reuter's prophetic remarks

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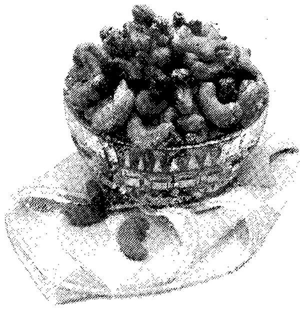

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were particularly apt, because he played a heroic role throughout the election and afterward; in fact, as the editor of a semi-underground newspaper during the martial-law period, he had long been in the vanguard of those church leaders who fought in behalf of the poor and of human rights. In addition to his active church work, Reuter heads the Philippine Federation of Catholic Broadcasters, an independent communications network, with headquarters at Xavier House, in Manila, that covers the nation and includes seventeen radio stations, one television channel, and five colleges, all linked by a single sideband, twenty-two base transmitters, five repeaters placed on mountaintops, and eighty-seven mobile units. During the election, he received additional mobile units and computers, and established his own expanded network. It coöperated with but operated independently of NAMFREL and Radio Veritas, and made its own hour-by-hour tabulations, which were probably the most accurate available. Referring to these three monitoring agencies, he said, "We were in constant contact with each other night and day for more than a week, and we were also in regular touch with the American Embassy, which was deeply interested in our reports. The agonizing thing was that all our own reports, and all of NAMFREL's, showed that Cory was consistently ahead, but all of the reports coming from COMELEC and from the government radio stations showed that Marcos was leading. We knew that there was widespread, open, shameless fraud. The workers in my office could not vote, because poll workers could not find their names on the lists. Someone else voted for them, wherever the names were listed—we knew this. Our problem was fatigue. After the second day, I was stepping over bodies in my office—my workers, sleeping on the floor. But I did not want to stop, because if we went to bed the fraud would be perpetrated in the dark, with no witnesses. It was our voice of protest, all over the country, that kept people alive."

I spent Election Day and the day after travelling by car around Manila, mostly through the various precincts of Makati, the wealthy and influential business and residential district, where some of the most blatant cheating occurred. An estimated hundred thousand voters were disenfranchised in Makati alone, by being told that their names were not on the official lists, or by having fake ballots substituted for theirs if they did vote, or by being kept waiting for hours, until they gave up or the polls closed, or by being frightened away by hoodlums, many of them carrying illegal side arms. Intimidation, harassment, and bribing of voters went on at most of the precincts I visited. At two polling places, I saw guns fired into the air to frighten voters away, and the throwing of rocks and stones was commonplace. At one precinct schoolhouse, where the votes were being counted by a score of teachers who had barricaded themselves inside a classroom, a group of hoodlums swept in and seized two open ballot boxes and one that was padlocked. Despite weeks of careful preparation for the scientific tabulation of votes, the two main supervising groups—the government's COMELEC and the independent NAMFREL, which had half a million volunteers, mostly young people and housewives—were at odds from the start over questions of interpreting the complicated codes and regulations. Disputes went on for several days, and reached a climax on the evening of February 9th, when thirty official tabulators from COMELEC walked out, charging that their computerized figures were being manipulated in favor of Marcos, and sought refuge in a nearby church.

One of the supervisors I spoke with was Isabel Caro Wilson, the NAMFREL chairperson in Makati. She told me, "Within the first two hours on February 7th, I started getting phone calls about massive violations. It was enough to indicate that it was going to be impossible to control. Barangay captains with guns were moving in and out of the precincts and terrorizing our volunteers. People in Makati were in a state of siege. Flying squads of voters were being transported by government jeeps from one precinct to another. Government agents were openly handing out bribes of fifty and a hundred pesos. I had three thousand volunteers in my six hundred and forty precincts, mostly young people, and this was their first experience in democracy. From the beginning, they were betrayed, and then they grew angry. By midmorning, I decided that the only solution was to pull them all out. About eighty per cent complied with the order, but they were mad and went home reluctantly. I just didn't have the heart to expose them to more fraud and violence. I felt that it was a fait accompli—that Cory had been cheated out of her victory, and that we should all stand up and say so." One of Mrs. Wilson's workers, a young Chinese businesswoman named Evelyn Lim, told me, "We knew we would be cheated, but we didn't think Marcos would be so callous, so totally uncaring, crude, and blatant. I didn't want to leave. I had a job to do, after all the sleepless nights and hard work of preparation. I've never been madder in my life."

Although the cheating and manipulation were national in scope, the fact that the violations were so flagrant in Manila was significant. Traditionally an opposition stronghold, the Manila metropolitan area was expected to vote heavily for Mrs. Aquino. Under the circumstances, what was not expected was the effort expended by Marcos and his organization, including hired hoodlums, to disrupt the voting procedure and the results so strenuously there. Beyond the fact that by the time the election took place Mrs. Aquino was riding a wave of popular support and Marcos was on the defensive, the crude attempts of his supporters to turn the tide under the close scrutiny of more than five hundred foreign correspondents, including scores representing the world's major television networks, and two groups of official foreign observers—the majority of them concentrated in the city—undoubtedly played a part in arousing the anger of the people and encouraging them to reject Marcos's claims of victory and take to the streets in Mrs. Aquino's behalf. Thus Manila became the furnace of the rebellion that followed. Had the fires not been so thoroughly and so visibly stoked there, the chances are that a revolt of some sort would have broken out in the provinces—probably in several places at once, including Mindanao—and would have provoked a chain reaction, but it might not have been so spontaneous, so overwhelming, and so quickly successful.

—Robert Shaplen

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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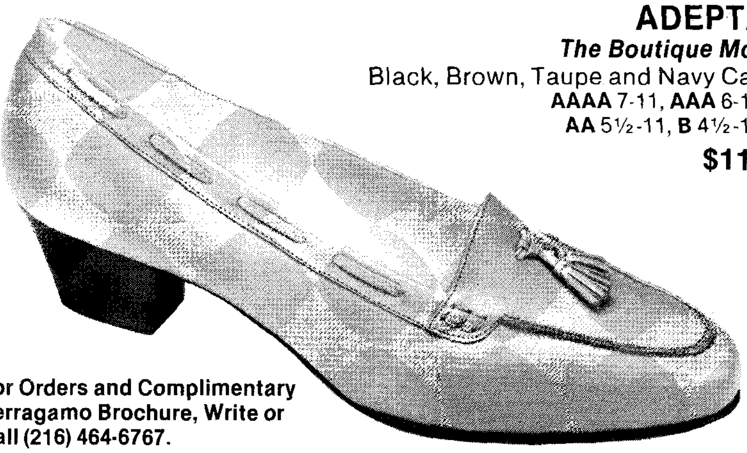

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JAZZ

From Joplin to Goodman, and Slightly Beyond

JULY 22ND: The 92nd Street Y's second annual mini-festival Jazz in July began tonight in Kaufmann Concert Hall. The advance material has been somewhat overwrought. A concert built around three clarinettists is called "Licorice Shticks," and an evening of jazz-influenced classical music is "Blazing Fiddles: Symphonic Flirtations with Jazz." The concert tonight involved ragtime and the pianist Max Morath, who was the master of ceremonies. Morath is a kind of ragtime historian who likes to make jokes about the music, and whenever he was onstage there was a feeling that someone would run out and hold up a laugh card. Why snicker at this delicate and lyrical and highly original American music? But the music survived the gags, thanks to the pianist-bandleader-composer Dick Hyman, who is the artistic director of the festival and also played tonight, and to the great tubist Harvey Phillips, who conducted the first-rate eighteen-piece 92nd Street Ragtime Concert Band. (Its members, tuned to the general jocularity, had on bow ties and red silk vests.) Included in the band were the trumpeter Joe Wilder, the trombonists Wayne André and George Masso, the clarinettist Phil Bodner, the banjoist and guitarist Howard Alden, and the drummer Ron Traxler. The best numbers were James Scott's "Grace and Beauty," Joseph Lamb's "Ragtime Nightingale," Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag," and Adaline Shepherd's "Pickles and Peppers," which brought much merriment from Morath over the fact that it was used as a campaign tune by William Jennings Bryan when he lost the Presidential election to William Howard Taft. The evening wandered chronologically. Hyman and the band played graceful orchestrations of Jelly Roll Morton's "Grandpa's Spells" and "The Pearls," which revealed how close Morton's music was to ragtime, and Hyman played a solo version of Morton's numbing "Finger Buster," a display piece Morton used to cow competitors with. Phillips also did the "Trombone Blues," a "walkaround" played by circus bands when acts were being changed. He closed the evening with a ringing "Stars and Stripes Forever," after which the musicians waved tiny American flags and looked sheepish. Earlier, the singer Carrie Smith, who likes to re-create Bessie Smith, did half a dozen red-hot-mama numbers, including "After You've Gone," "Ja-Da," and "Beale Street Blues."

The Y festival, it should be pointed out, is self-limiting. Dick Hyman told Jon Pareles in today's *Times*, "Until bebop . . . jazz still played by the rules of songs. It was improvisations on themes people knew, and people could pick up on them, even if they had never thought songs could be done this way. In the newer music, you don't quite know what's going on until you learn the new language—it's a different repertory, a different length of solos and a different goal in performance. . . . Not to be too blunt, but the music takes itself too seriously now. . . . What this festival is not about is music that is somber, perplexing, hostile or boring. It's a festival of hot jazz." In short, a paean to old practices, old principles, old joys.

JULY 23RD: Dick Hyman put together a model jazz concert tonight. Here is how the first half went: The house band for the evening—Joe Wilder, the tenor saxophonists Buddy Tate and Al Cohn, the trombonist Al Grey, the pianists Derek Smith and Hyman, the bassist Milt Hinton, and the drummer Butch Miles—played a warm medium-tempo "Perdido." Wilder and Cohn disappeared, and Grey and Tate did a fast "Tangerine." Carrie Smith, backed by Hyman, Hinton, Miles, Wilder, and Cohn, sang "You've Changed" and an Alberta Hunter blues. Hinton played a boisterous unaccompanied solo on "Jericho." Tate offered an impassioned "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" (everything Tate plays is impassioned and everything sounds like the blues; he billows), and Hyman and Smith did charging unaccompanied duets on "Gravy Waltz," a gospel-like number by the bassist Ray Brown, and on Jerome Kern's "All the Things You Are." Grey appeared with the rhythm section for a very slow, lonesome "Summertime," in which he pretended that he was Tricky Sam Nanton. This half of the concert was closed by Tate and Cohn, who jostled their way through a fast Count Basie number and were joined in the last chorus by Wilder and Grey.

The rest of the evening had even more variety. The tap dancers Honi Coles, Bubber Gaines, and Charles (Cookie) Cook eased their way collectively and individually through half a dozen numbers. There was little of the surprise and thunder of a Groundhog or a Baby Laurence, but everything the dancers did was neat and calibrated and witty—it was Bill Robinson in his Shirley Temple days. Then there was a resounding event: Joe Wilder, on flugelhorn, played two a-cappella choruses of "Willow Weep for Me." It was a flawless demonstration of how to make a melody, through close embellishment, so concentrated that it doubles in intensity. Cohn and Derek Smith each had a solo excursion, and Carrie Smith returned for the last three numbers of the concert, in company with the whole band, both pianists presiding.

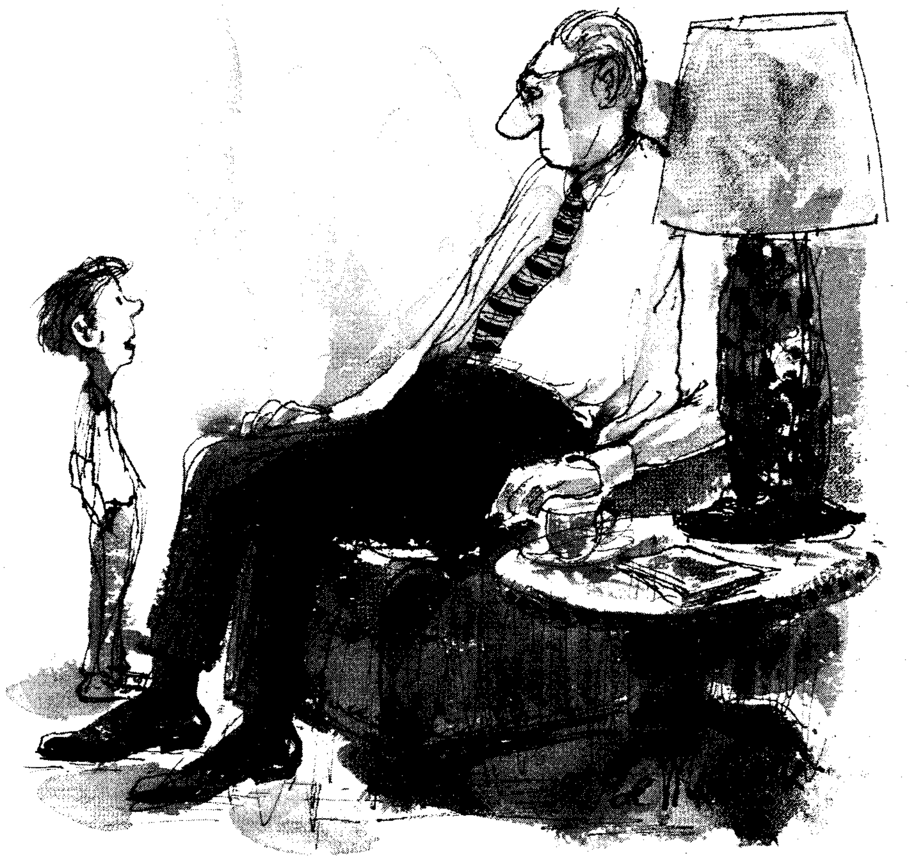
JULY 24TH: Vince Giordano and his various bands have been expertly reproducing the jazz of the twenties and thirties for over ten years, and tonight they gave another brilliant exhibition of how to do jazz repertory. In the course of fifteen numbers, the band re-created Bix Beiderbecke as he was with the Wolverines, with Jean Goldkette, with Frankie Trumbauer, with Paul Whiteman, and with his own groups. The band included two trumpets, trombone, three reeds, piano, banjo, guitar, drums, violin, a singer, and the leader on string bass, tuba, bass saxophone, and a Bing Crosby vocal, and it swung without being quaint (a common fault among the pioneer repertory groups of ten or fifteen years ago) or too free (young repertory musicians are apt to unconsciously use rhythmic devices unknown in the twenties and thirties). The ensembles, with their intricate saxophone writing and staccato brass, were never syrupy or stilted, and neither were the solos. Bill Challis's complex, multilayered arrangements ("Clarinet Marmalade," "Lonely Melody," "'Taint So Honey, 'Taint So") were lit from within, and Fud Livingston's 1927 arrangement of his "Humpty Dumpty" was a revelation—its fresh, winding harmonies and voicings presaged the Ellington of the thirties. Beiderbecke's solos were played by the remarkable Randy Sandke, a trumpeter who has digested the styles of the twenties, thirties, and forties. (He played several beautiful, streamlined Harry James solos on the Benny Goodman program shown on public television late last winter.) Beiderbecke has been widely imitated, and among his most persuasive admirers have been Jimmy McPartland, Red Nichols, the early Bobby Hackett, and a largely unknown cornettist named Pete Wheeler, who was killed, at nineteen, in the Second World War. At first, Sandke's tone was not quite belling enough, and he played too far behind the beat. But halfway through he began punching out his notes and making his tone linger. Dick Hyman played Beiderbecke's celebrated piano composition "In a Mist" with the seeming casualness that Beiderbecke himself, a come-as-you-are pianist, might have displayed.

During the second part of the evening, Hyman and the violinist Stan Kurtis redid three of the small-band numbers that Joe Venuti recorded in the late twenties and early thirties—"The Wild Dog," "Four String Joe," "Satan's Holiday." Kurtis caught Venuti's sound and came close to his insuperable swing, and all that was missing was the guitar and the bass saxophone that Venuti used on some of his original recordings. The ten final numbers of the concert were given over to a Jelly Roll Morton band, made up of Warren Vaché, Jr., on cornet; Phil Bodner; Jack Gale on trombone; Hyman; Major Holley on bass and tuba; Marty Grosz on banjo; and Ron Traxler. They played two of the famous 1926 Red Hot Pepper numbers, and the rest were taken from the often underrated dates Morton did after he moved from Chicago to New York in 1928. Vaché did well with Ward Pinkett's acidic trumpet, and Gale was masterly in recapturing the trombonist Geechy Fields. Bodner, doing Omer Simeon and Albert Nicholas, was uncanny—he poured and mooned and was tonally perfect.

JULY 29TH: Jocularity reigned again tonight. We were offered a program of stride piano playing, and the pianists on hand—Dick Wellstood, Dick Hyman, Mike Lipskin, Ralph Sutton, Judy Carmichael, and Jay McShann—played not only as soloists and in duets but in a round robin and six strong at three pianos. (McShann did not really belong. He is a Kansas City blues pianist, and his duets with Sutton were a jarring mixture of Eastern stride and Western blues.) Wellstood and Hyman fashioned two blithe and crowded duets, the second of which, Jerome Kern's "Who," was full of echoes of the jubilant version done in 1939 on Bluebird by Frankie Newton, Pete Brown, and James P. Johnson. Mike Lipskin, who studied with Willie the Lion Smith, did four stolid solo numbers (with Butch Miles playing overfancy wire brushes on a snare drum set upstage front), and got the ho-ho tone of the evening going by making jokes and singing two off-key Fats Waller-type vocals that sounded more like parodies than like the tributes they were meant to be. The round robin, with Lipskin, Wellstood, and Hyman, followed. Wellstood played a fine solo rendition of "Lulu's Back in Town," and Hyman matched him with a solo "Jeepers Creepers." The Classic Jazz Quartet (Dick Sudhalter on cornet, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Marty Grosz on guitar, and Wellstood), which examines the small-band music of the twenties and thirties in a sparkling, exuberant, driving fashion and is almost never heard in New York, came on for just three numbers. These included "Happy Feet," Fats Waller's "How Can You Face Me," and the Boswell Sisters' "It's the Girl," done without a vocal. (Grosz, an excellent Waller vocalist, sang on the second number.) Sutton and McShann did "Lady, Be Good," and Sutton, who moves readily between ironbound stride numbers and Debussy ballads, performed by himself, and McShann sang and played a solo blues. Judy Carmichael, a young stride pianist from California, did four numbers and demonstrated a strong left hand and a mechanical, striving right hand. All the pianists appeared in the jam-session finale, and so did the Classic Jazz Quartet.

Two notes: Almost no amplification has been used during the festival (Kaufmann Hall may be the best small auditorium in New York City), and it is marvellous to hear music without distortion of any kind. We have been treated to what is well on its way toward vanishing—unadulterated human music.

Milt Hinton has taken close to thirty thousand photographs of his colleagues during his fifty-year career, and forty-five of his pictures are on display in the gallery adjacent to Kaufmann Hall. (Two hundred will be published, as part of an autobiographical book, by Temple University Press next year.) Hinton took his pictures at rehearsals, in recording studios, onstage and backstage, on the



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bus, and on the street—probably out of a need to try and slow down the fluid, evanescent life around him. In one picture, the clarinettist Scoville Browne and the bassists Jimmy Blanton and Al Lucas stand in front of the Hotel Braddock in Harlem in 1940, with the twenty-two-year-old Blanton, who was already on his brilliant way (he died two years later), in snappy chest-high, chalk-striped trousers and a straw hat. In another, Dizzy Gillespie and Charles Mingus are laughing uproariously at a beer stand at the 1971 Newport Jazz Festival. In another, taken in 1967, Gene Krupa is at his drums, the handsome, flamboyant youth still visible in the middle-aged man. Again, Willie the Lion Smith and Eubie Blake sit silently side by side, the Lion in his derby and cigar and Blake with his oarlike hands in his lap. And, finally, Tyree Glenn and Chu Berry, Hinton's old mates in the Cab Calloway band of the early forties, stand in their overcoats beneath a sign reading "Hamburgers. Hot Dogs. Lunches. For Colored Only."

JULY 30TH: "Licorice Shticks" was begun by Kenny Davern, accompanied by Milt Hinton, Howard Alden, Dick Hyman, and Butch Miles. Davern came up in the early sixties, during the last days of the Condon gang, and he has worked frequently with Dick Wellstood and Bob Wilber. Emotion governs his style. It conceals a somewhat limited technique and drives him to excesses—a shrieking upper register, and odd notes that may be designed to sound daring but simply sound odd. He did a medium-tempo "Linger Awhile," a very slow, almost creepy "Summertime," and a medium "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams," and was joined by the Belgian harmonica player and composer Toots Thielemans for a slow blues, which was distinguished by Alden's solo—particularly his ringing third chorus. Davern closed with a jigging "Jazz Me Blues." Peanuts Hucko, a veteran of the big bands, the Condon gang, the studios, and the Louis Armstrong All Stars, is possibly the best of Benny Goodman's imitators, and he did three gleaming Goodman numbers, the last (with Thielemans) an excited, pressing version of Goodman's old flag-waver "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise." The festival poked its nose carefully into modern times in the person of the clarinettist Eddie Daniels, a Juilliard graduate who worked in the sixties and seventies with the Thad Jones–Mel Lewis band and is stylistically in the mode of Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane. He played three partly written, rather monotonous numbers that moved between jazz and classical music ("Alone Together," Gershwin's Second Prelude, and a C. P. E. Bach solfeggietto), and a very fast "I Want to Be Happy," on which he and Milt Hinton slid through a duet. In the evening's last number, the three clarinettists plus Thielemans did a rummaging, rampaging "Sheik of Araby." Daniels, who has the facility and flash of Buddy De Franco, but who also has great fire and invention, had wings.

JULY 31ST: It is strange that jazz and classical music got in each other's hair for so long—the one sneering at the old bore and the other at the messy upstart. Improvisation was part of European formal music well into the nineteenth century, and virtuosity has long been one of its guidons. And jazz musicians were quick to absorb European harmonic methods and forms. European composers were beguiled by jazz rhythms, and jazz musicians readily admired the cool pastels of Debussy and Ravel. Whether classical composers were much influenced by jazz when it first became widespread has never been clear, and it wasn't any clearer after tonight's attractive concert, the last of the festival. A twenty-nine-piece orchestra, under the direction of Maurice Peress, played seven formal compositions (one was an excerpt) supposedly influenced by jazz. Five were written in the twenties, when jazz began to take hold, one in the thirties, and one just ten years ago. The most impressive of the early pieces were George Antheil's "A Jazz Symphony" (1925) and James P. Johnson's "Yamekraw: A Negro Rhapsody" (1927). Antheil's composition boils with Stravinsky dissonances and has the staccato weight of Russian industrial music. There are jazz touches—a sounded regular beat, a wa-wa trumpet solo over a ground bass, and crashing piano interludes (played by Ivan Davis) that predict the Cecil Taylor of forty years later. The composition ends, however, with a heady, swirling waltz—the lady of the house sweeping out the poker players at one in the morning. Johnson's piece, probably written in reaction to Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (the first formal piece to truly reflect jazz), is genteel and primitive and sentimental. There is a stride-piano passage (Dick Hyman was on piano) and a flash of boogie-woogie and several choruses of the blues, heavily swathed in strings. It is a timid, inert piece. Bohuslav Martinů's short "Le Jazz" (1928) resembles a Paul Whiteman orchestration of the period, and a suite from Darius Milhaud's ballet "La Création du Monde" (1923) suggested Debussy and had a long, melancholy alto-saxophone solo (played smoothly by Jack Kripl) that had a peculiar and oblique jazz feeling—almost akin to one of Charles Mingus's slow meditations. Hyman appeared in his own "Ragtime Fantasy," for piano and orchestra (1976), a sedate and polished reflection of that elegant music which came to life in a rattling Baby Dodds-style drum passage and in direct ragtime allusions by the pianist. The most unusual selection of the evening was John Alden Carpenter's "Krazy Kat," in which the orchestra played melodic string passages while George Herriman's "Krazy Kat" cartoons were shown on a screen at the back of the stage and a narration was read by June Le Bell. (The narration and the music worked at cross-purposes.) It was good to see Herriman's surreal drawings blown up, but the music had little or nothing to do with jazz. The program was closed by Gershwin's " 'I Got Rhythm' Variations" (1934). The orchestra and the piano (played by Ivan Davis) exchanged fragmented variations on Gershwin's famous song (where would bebop have been without it?), and there were suggestions—they resound all through Gershwin's later orchestral works—of "Rhapsody in Blue."

All in all, a joyous and imaginative jazz festival. Cheers to Dick Hyman and Maurice Peress and Harvey Phillips, to the musicians, and to the 92nd Street Y. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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But acting Commonwealth's Attorney Francis Greene said the charge against Gilbert Marcus Smith, 23, of Ponderosa Trailer Park, will be sent to a grand jury. Smith allegedly drove a 1973 Ford on Route 643.—*Warrenton (Va.) Fauquier Democrat.*

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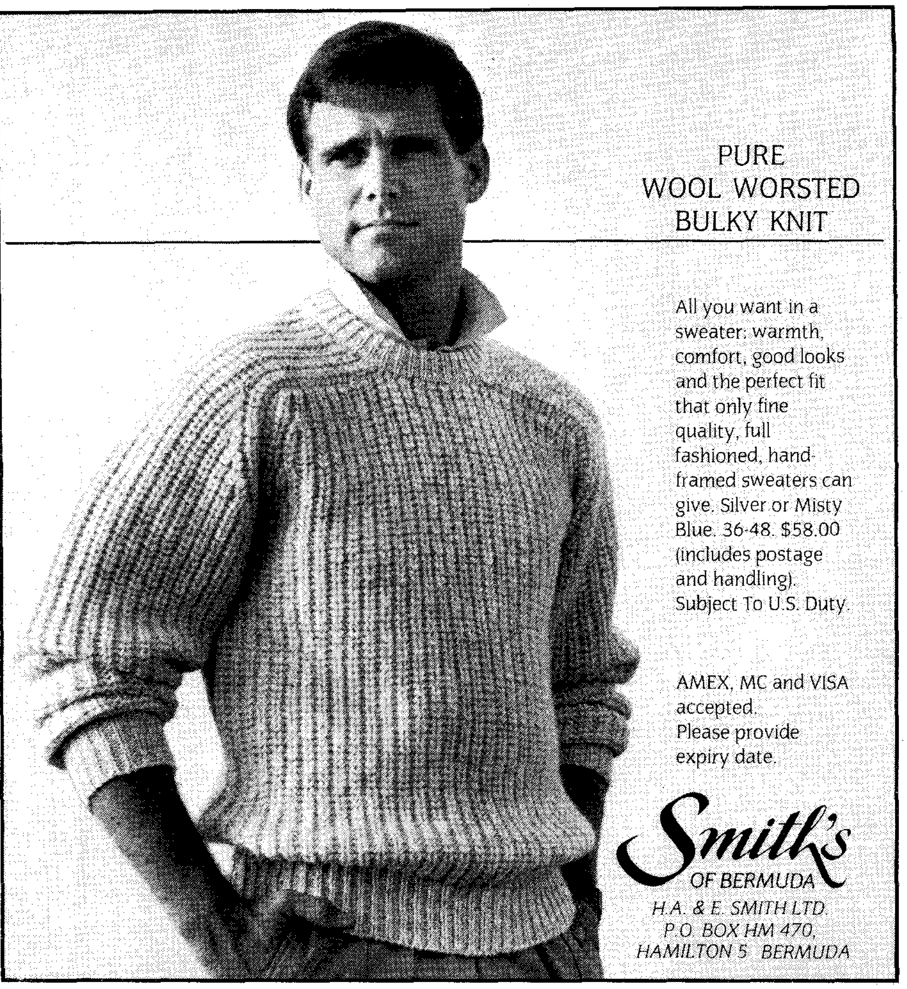

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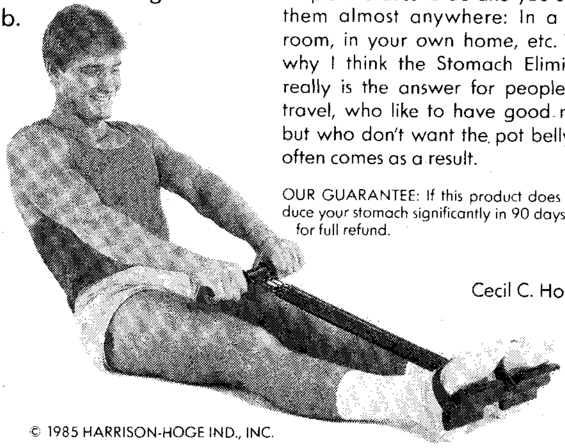


REFLECTIONS

QUESTIONS ABOUT LANGUAGE

II—CATS

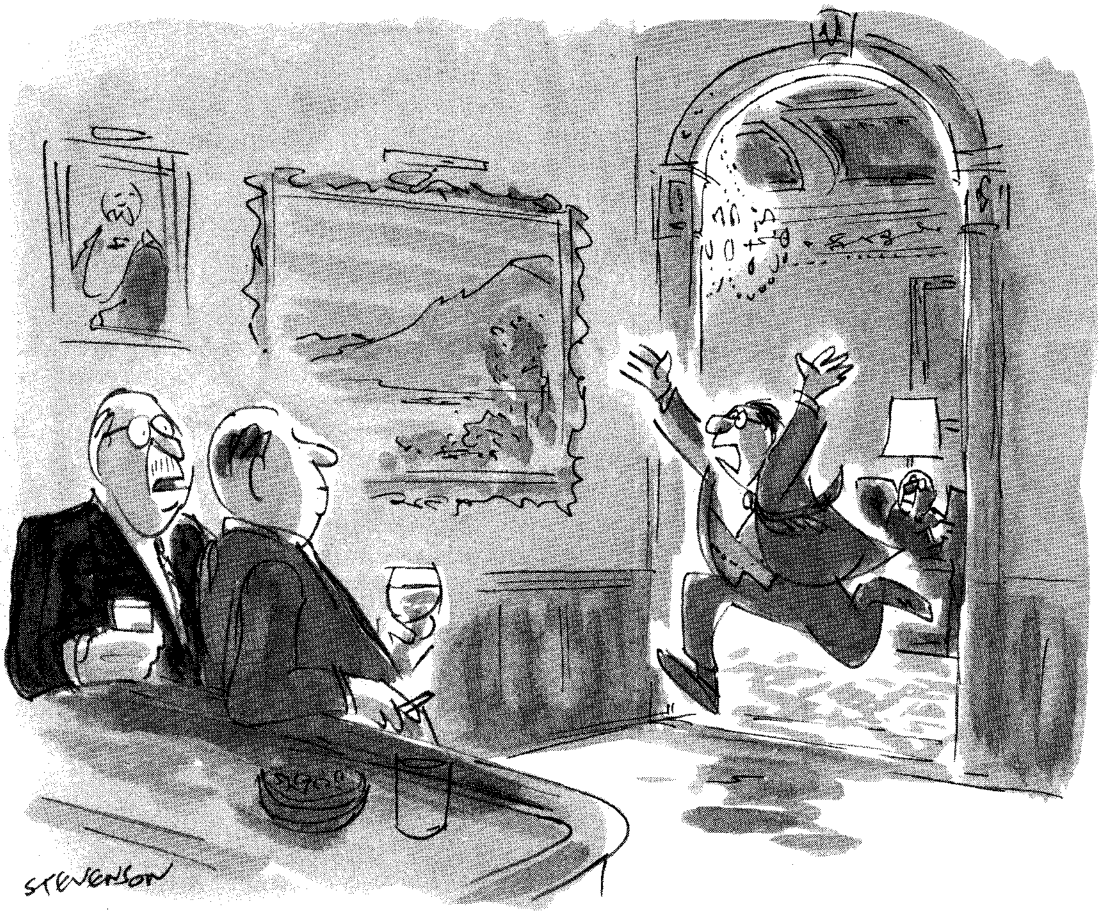
THERE used to be, and probably still is, activity in the area called comparative psychology which consists of various attempts to work out ways of studying and quantifying memory and intelligence across different species. There was sometimes a certain amount of difficulty in coming up with experimental designs that gave clear results. (In one case that I remember something of, various animals were shown where food was hidden and then brought back minutes, hours, or days later and watched to see how well they did in finding the food.) I used to hear older experimenters advising younger ones about working with cats. It seems that under certain circumstances if you give cats a problem to solve or a task to perform in order to find food they work it out pretty quickly. But, as I heard, "the trouble is that as soon as they figure out that the researcher or technician *wants* them to push the lever they stop doing it; some of them will *starve* to death rather than do it."

That result fascinated me—I would have dropped everything in order to find out what the cats were trying to do or say to the researchers. After all, when human beings behave that way we come up with a pretty fancy catalogue of virtues in order to account for it. But, of course, I was stupidly supposing that the point of these efforts was to understand animals, and it wasn't at all. The point was simply to Do Science, or so I began to suspect when I heard one venerable professor tell a young researcher, "Don't use cats. They'll screw up your data."

WHAT is it about cats? Among gentler and more tentative philosophers than the investigators I have described, cats are considered unobtrusively ubiquitous, and the philosophers are by and large grateful for this. At least, I hear the sound of gratitude in Montaigne when he says that while our way of talking is to say that one plays with one's cat there is no reason we shouldn't suppose that it is the other way about—that one's cat is playing with one. Montaigne's delicate alertness to such possibilities of grammatical reversal is sadly missing from most modern speculations about language and consciousness, but our cats are still here, which means that the most agreeable of philosophical expressions, the grateful one, is still possible.

The cats who were prepared to starve to death in the laboratories were, no doubt about it, frustrated animals. The refusal of food is a signal made to the cosmos itself when one despairs of signalling to one's chums that something deep in nature is being denied. A mare on the point of foaling will not eat or drink if there is insufficient congruence between her sense of the event she anticipates and the attitudes of the creatures and landscape around her. Children refuse food when they are overloaded with various phoninesses disguised as love. And when you take a house cat and put it in a situation in which there is only one choice, that of responding in a linear way to human expectations, the cat won't eat if eating entails the performance of a kind of "pleasing" that is a violation of the cat's nature, a distortion of the cat's duties on the planet.

This means not that cats are perverse but, rather, that the pleasures and expectations of human beings are profoundly important to cats. In fact, it suggests that, contrary to popular wisdom, getting it right about pleasing us is in some ways far more to the point of cat nature than it is to the point of dog nature. Dogs are by and large more like human beings in that they are merely amused and relieved when their imitations and approximations of obedience are accepted by us; and their re-



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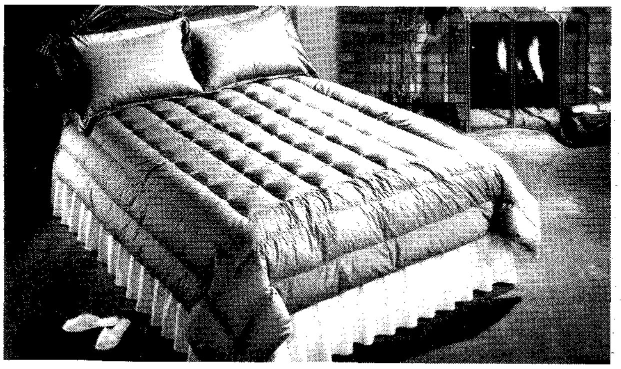

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semblance to us in that way may be one of the reasons it is easier to achieve general agreement on the interpretation of a given doggy action. But cats take the task of pleasing us far more seriously. Science has shown us this. Of course, science has also shown us that merely having some lunkheaded expectation and presenting it to the cat doesn't satisfy the cat. The cat's job includes making us aware of the invented nature of our expectation, and cats can't do this when the bulldozer effect takes over our expectations, as it can in science and in our erotic relationships.

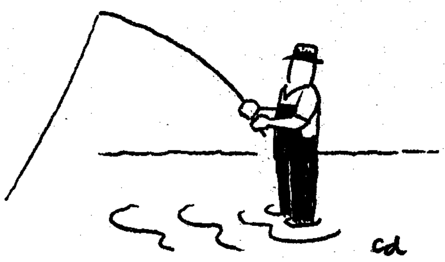
I should interrupt myself and explain what I mean by my simple-minded assault on science in general and behaviorism in particular. I don't mean that there is much point in merely discarding—for now, at least—such notions as conditioned response and operant behavior. They are far too useful, philosophically and morally. For one thing, thinking about interactions between stimuli and behaviors without reference to internal events can make it turn out that most things are not our fault, thus relieving us of the "bad conscience" that Nietzsche so despised. But there are certain confusions that get into the discussions in practice, usually in the guise of genuine difficulties. The result tends to be that the behaviorist overtly denies the interpretative significance of internal events while covertly making appeal to them when the going gets philosophically rough. The opposite happens, too, of course. Some animal trainers declare themselves the enemies of academic psychology without acknowledging the extent to which things like the stimulus-response model have clarified their thinking and practice. All this is well and good, but it still doesn't turn out that behaviorism in its pure form has come up with a better response to cats' refusals than "Don't use cats. They'll screw up your data."

I am not an especially good observer of cats, so the cat who first caught my attention was one who comes when he is called and who attends to his interests straightforwardly. At least, Koshka comes when *I* call him, and he is tolerably responsive when my female cat, Cynthia, hollers at him. He is also somewhat clumsy, which is why it is possible for me to work out fairly easily what he is up to.

Clumsy or not, he is like all cats in his relationship to straight lines. If he is on the windowsill in the living room and I put down a bowl of food on the floor in the kitchen, he selects a route to the bowl that takes him over the sofa and the bookcase and he makes it look like a natural route, somewhat in the way a field-trial dog will make his leaps over yawning gullies look natural; it is profoundly important to Koshka that he avoid the stupidities of straight lines. It is because he is clumsy that I was able to see this; the genius of cats is in the way we don't, by and large, think about such things, because cats play so sweetly with our expectations, all the while charming us out of false skepticisms. And they are, as I have said, very serious about this. When they fail at charming us, they move so swiftly to the next meditation that we are hardly aware there has been an attempt, much less a failure.

The philosophical condition that makes the cat's indirections meaningful is one in which we understand that something needs to be restored—that straight lines, the lines of speech and intention, are already lost to us, so that our first impulse toward directness will be irrevocably contaminated. Dogs manifest their sensitivity to that contamination in various ways—most plainly in their refusals to perform complete retrieves without the restorations and consolations of formal training—and cats have their own evasions of postlapsarian invocations. One traditional way of understanding Eden has been to say that it was prelinguistic, and there is something right about that in a world in which "linguistic" means "after Babel." But there is something wrong about it if "prelinguistic" is understood to mean "prior to language," for Adam and Eve and God and all of creation could sing to and call one another. Let us say that Paradise was not so much prior to language—though it was certainly prior to our language—as it was prior to epistemology, prior to doubt about the sources and resources of meaningful resonances.

In such a case, it is important to understand the circumstances in which cats *will* travel in straight lines and under the direction of a human. There are people who work cats for movies. The animal trainer Bill Koehler has had cats whom he could control in the exacting situations in which the cat's movements must be coördinated with directors, cameramen, actors, and scripts. These cats are by and large travelling in straight lines, in response to signals (or "discriminatory cues") and for food rewards. Such cats are spoken of admiringly, with such comments as "Open his cage in the morning and out he comes, jumps on my shoulder, ready to do a job of work" or "The buzzer sounds and that cat makes a beeline, right now." That is to say that the cats are doing in working situations exactly what the researchers I used to listen to failed to get them to do. The trainers are on to something that could be expressed by saying that training is partly a discipline of a kind of negative capability, which they express in various ways. For example, one day we were watching a woman who was a fine handler work her Basenji on retrieving exercises—and Basenjis are notoriously hard to work with. (I once found myself saying that a masochist is a person who is training his or her second Basenji.) Someone in the group of spectators said, "I like what she does with that dog. Doesn't send out any brain waves." Here "brain waves" was a way of referring to a kind of psychic imperialism.



By contrast, in the labs where the cats wouldn't eat I used to see the researcher or the technician or the work-study student walk into the lab, ready to go to work, trying with some degree of sincerity and expertness to be *objective*. This may sound like a corollary of not sending out brain waves, but in fact it was the first mistake I observed. To be objective is to try to approach the condition of being No One in Particular with a View from Nowhere, and cats know better than that. They are uneasy around such people, because people who don't know better tend to ride roughshod over the cat's own knowledge that a cat is Someone in Particular.

Of course, if the caretaker was an undergraduate he would usually still be moved to talk to the cat, to find the grounds of relationship, but in the laboratory situation the impulse would be truncated, the rhythms of attentiveness and response would be offbeat—and the rhythm and harmony of our attention are everything to a cat. Objectivity depends on models of the world and of language which require precisely the flat-footed and contaminated sort of straight line that cats are dedicated to undermining for the sake of clarity and richness of discourse. It has nothing to do with the emptying of self—or, really, ego—which moves poets to come up with expressions like "negative capability." "Scientific objectivity" is, as most people practice it, precisely what the trainers call "brain waves."

I once went to visit Washoe, the first chimpanzee to be taught the American Sign Language. At that time, she was being kept temporarily at Gentle Jungle, a wild-animal training facility that used to rent animals out to movies and television. There were roughly three categories of people going in and out of the main compound. There was the group that included trainers, handlers, and caretakers, there were Hollywood types of one sort and another, and there were academics, who were there mostly because of the presence of the signing chimpanzee. I realized that without consciously thinking about it I was able to identify accurately and from some distance away which group anyone who came in belonged to. I wasn't doing this with clues of clothing, either; almost everyone was in the same sort of jeans, sneakers, and T-shirt. The handlers, I noticed, walked in with a soft, acute, three-hundred-and-sixty-degree awareness; they were receptively establishing mute acknowledgments of and relationships with all of the dozens of pumas, wolves, chimps, spider monkeys, and Galápagos tortoises. Their ways of moving *fit* into the spaces shaped by the animals' awareness. The Hollywood types moved with vast indifference to where they were, and might as well have been on an interior set with flats painted with pictures of tortoises, or on the stage of a Las Vegas night club. They were psychically intrusive, and I remembered the animal trainer Dick Koehler's saying that you could count on your thumbs the number of actors, directors, and so on who could actually respond meaningfully to what an animal was doing. The academics didn't strut quite that way, but they were nonetheless psychically intrusive—they failed to radiate the intelligence the handlers did. Their very hip joints articulated the importance of their theories. They had too many questions, too many hidden assumptions about their roles as observers. I am talking about nice, smart people, but good handlers don't "observe" animals in this way, from within diagrams of the objective performance, and with that stare which makes almost all animals a bit uneasy, and especially cats.

Cats do not observe *us* in this way—but they do observe us, almost continuously, as I learned from a poem of John L'Heureux's, "The Thing About Cats," which closes with a question:

> A cat is not a conscience; I'm not
> Saying that.
> What I'm saying is
> why are they looking?

It took me some ten years after being struck by this question to realize that it was the question I had been looking for, or a real question and a real noticing of the fact that our cats are looking at us. This is evidence of my own participation in the culture's ailurophobia.

I JUST now looked up from my typewriter at one of my own cats, Patrick, snoozing on top of the stereo. Something—perhaps the longish pause in the sounds of typing—alerted him to the change in my mental posture, and he opened an eye, smoothed a whisker, then leaped down and strolled out of the room with a muffled meow. I felt this to be simultaneously an instance of gracious acknowledgment of the moment of contact with me and as gracious a refusal to interrupt me. (I should say that I am quite stern with my cats about their desire to be in between my eyes and whatever piece of paper I am engaged with.)

One could read this small episode in various ways, as mere coincidence or as evidence of my sentimentality about Patrick, but it now occurs to me that the success of language itself may depend a great deal of the time on serendipity, just as it may turn out that the variations of "meow" which our powers can detect are always by accident the right thing to say. Patrick just reentered the room, crossed in front of me with a graceful arch and another unobtrusive comment, and settled in a new observation post—in his basket. This felt like the right thing for him to do during another longish pause, during which I had muttered aloud, wondering where he had got to. It is not, in any event, a *mistake* on his part—to invoke the philosopher J. L. Austin's wonderful distinction about what remarks and actions of his will fit smoothly into my activities. (In "A Plea for Excuses," Austin talks about two instances of shooting a donkey, in

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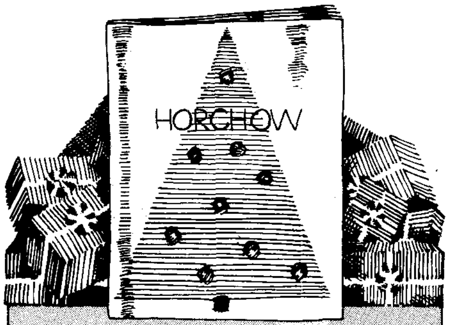

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one case by accident and in the other case by mistake.)

But Patrick used to make mistakes. This is not easy to remember, and, indeed, he so quickly became adept at judging when it was appropriate for him to cuddle, or request a favor, and at what distance from me he should be under various circumstances, that I might be forgiven for invoking the notion of an unconsciously "programmed" set of behaviors to account for it. We need a new vocabulary term to identify such errors—a nasty word like "mechanomorphism," for example—or some other way of referring to our thoughtless and superstitious habit of attributing mechanical traits to organisms, as though nature dutifully imitated our inventions. Donald R. Griffin has pointed out in his book "Animal Thinking":

> If . . . an animal thinks about its needs and desires, and about the probable results of alternative actions, fewer and more general instructions are sufficient. Animals with relatively small brains may thus have greater need for simple conscious thinking than those endowed with a kilogram or more of gray matter. Perhaps only we and the whales can afford the luxury of storing detailed behavioral instructions. . . .

But I am in danger here of straying from my investigation. I think that the differences between the case of dogs and the case of cats, and the different superstitious errors we are led into in the different cases, suggest that what we have made mistakes about is the nature of certain virtues—especially the willingness to please. Consider, for example, that there isn't in our relationships with dogs a phenomenon similar enough to ailurophobia for us to have a popular name for it. People just say that they are afraid of dogs, and the fear of dogs is fairly easy to demolish if the right dog and the right handler are about. The fear of dogs usually has a basis that is at least approximately rational, and this is one reason that someone who is no longer afraid of Lassie may find his or her fear reappearing with different dogs or in different circumstances, as in the case of a few friends of mine who are no longer at all nervous about my dogs but are still jumpy when a strange dog goes by on the streets.

Ailurophobia is not like this; it is far more resistant to desensitization techniques (which often consist of social introductions) and is perhaps more obviously inexplicable. After all, cats are not used much to guard persons or property and are more or less unresponsive to attack training, whereas there are plenty of dogs in the world who are real man-stoppers, and also quite a few dogs who aren't but brag that they are when you happen by their yards or their cars. I am, for that matter, sometimes afraid of dogs; that is to say, I respect a dog's assertion of a claim to property, and in the case of certain dogs I respect their authority when they say, "Do this, not that."

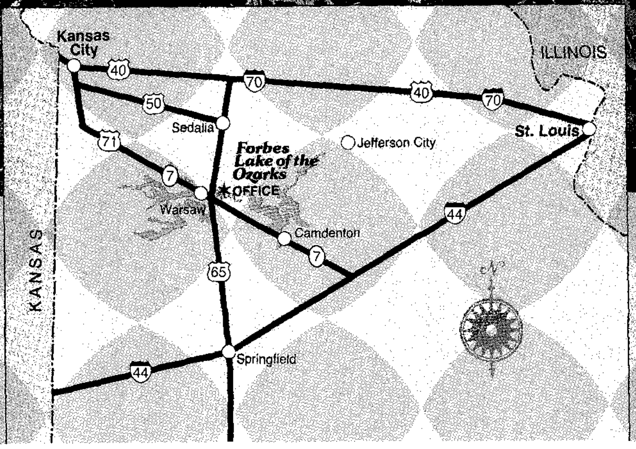
But the thing about cats is, first of all, that they are looking at us, and perhaps the thing about ailurophobes is that they don't want to be looked at like that. We are all ailurophobes to the extent that we have bought the culture's "wisdom" about the aloofness and emotional independence of cats, which, as the philosopher Stanley Cavell taught me to understand, is logically very like virtually any other expression of skeptical terror about the independent existence of other minds—such as jealousy and the reassurances it demands, or sexism, or racism. So perhaps the aloofness story is one we tell ourselves in order not to know that we are being looked at. But why should we not want to be looked at?

I find that for me to point out that we have various reasons for wanting to hide doesn't help, if only because that phenomenon has been too often discussed under the heading of pathology, and I am thinking of something that is part of health. And talk in which we say that some people have a fear of intimacy, or that Americans have this fear, or academics have that fear, is similarly unhelpful, as is talk in which we suppose that genuine intimacy, as opposed to its false forms, is "threatening." I don't mean that such ways of talking are wrong—only that what I am interested in is some of the false ideas we have about the nature of intimacy. There is the idea, for example, that intimacy consists in reporting on inner states or feelings. This is at best an odd thing for anyone to think, in light of the fact that when people are actually spending most or all of their conversational time reporting on their feelings they are usually boring, and in extreme cases are as likely to end up locked away somewhere as people who seem to lose entirely the ability to report on their frame of mind when that is appropriate.

There is something that is not *that* that is intimacy. Babies, as Cavell has provocatively reminded us, learn to talk when you talk to them about something—puppies, say, or pumpkins—and not when they are shut up in boxes, and I want to say somehow that intimacy is thinking. It is thinking about *something*—something other than just the parties engaged in the conversation. If you are my friend, I may from time to time need or want to request your response to some happiness or some grief of mine, and in the logic of any friendship love will entail that we agree to do this for each other. But we won't, as C. S. Lewis observes, want to talk about it once the occasion has passed; to do so is displeasing unless our interest becomes philosophical. To dwell on grief and distress or on happiness—or, at least, to dwell in a housebound way on them—is to dwell in some busy ranch of isolation that is not intimacy and is not thinking. To dwell upon it or in it would be what Lewis, speaking from a precisely British metaphysics of talk, calls "embarrassing," and what I, speaking from the animal trainer's sense of things, want to call distraction, as when we say, "It's no use trying to talk to her now. She is distracted out of her wits."

I am thinking of the capacity for intimacy as a virtue, the virtue of friendship—Philia, the emblem of which is two figures holding hands and gazing at some third object. This is unlike Eros, that love whose emblem is two figures gazing at each other. Eros may be—in fact, had probably better be—figured eventually as the intimacy of friendship. A marriage, for example, may be founded on a rich and continuous conversation about the nature of marriage and love, but it cannot, as the women's magazines keep warning, be founded on continuous *declarations* of love. A friend of mine once said crossly, after a particularly trying evening at a couple's house, that she couldn't imagine herself in a marriage, because she didn't feel like spending all of her time praising someone—she preferred thought and conversation. I didn't know enough then to say, "But what that couple was doing tonight—that is not a bad marriage, that isn't marriage."

Some dogs make continuous declarations of love, or seem to, and this can enable some people to survive psychic wildernesses of one sort or another, but it is only training—work—



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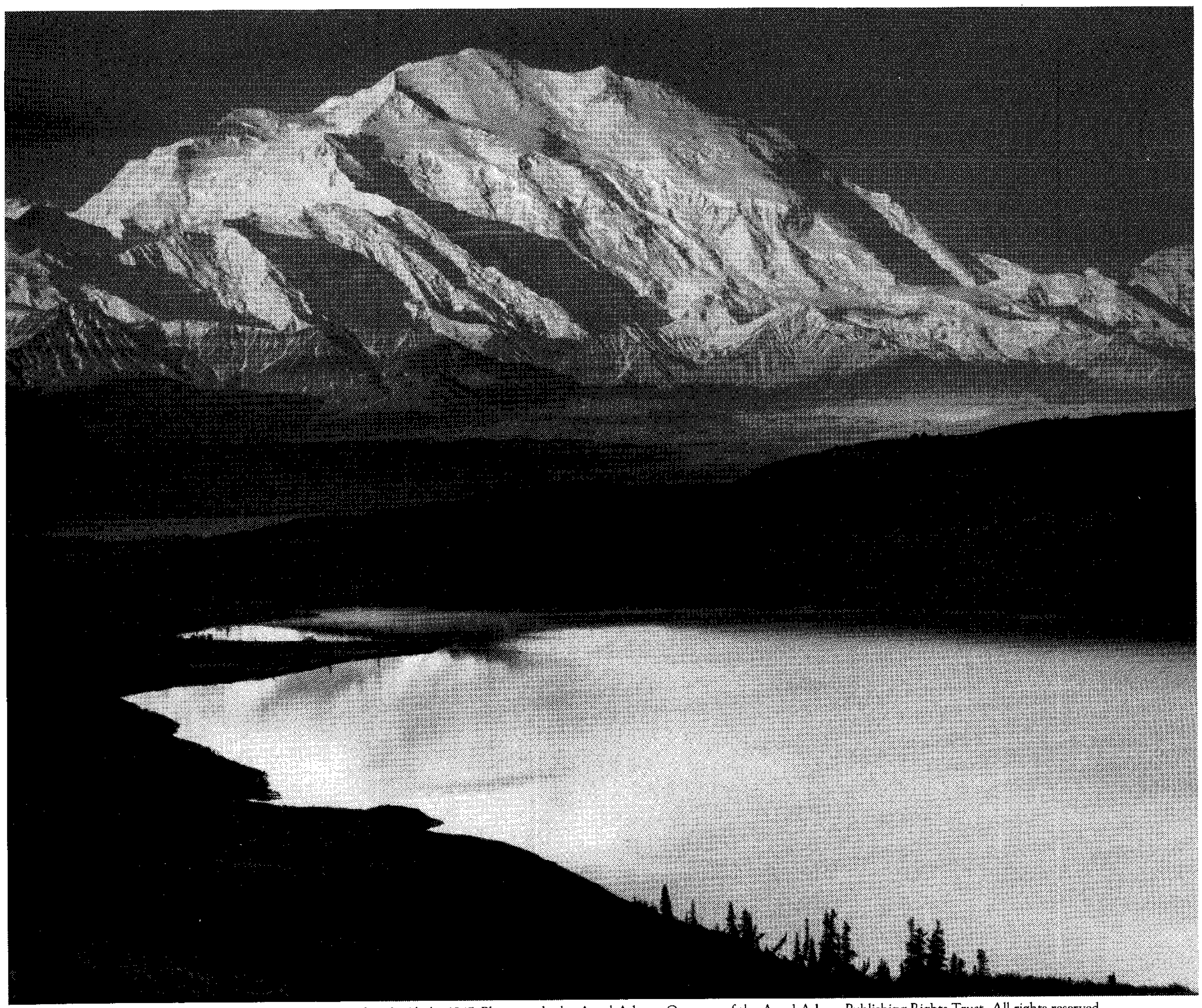

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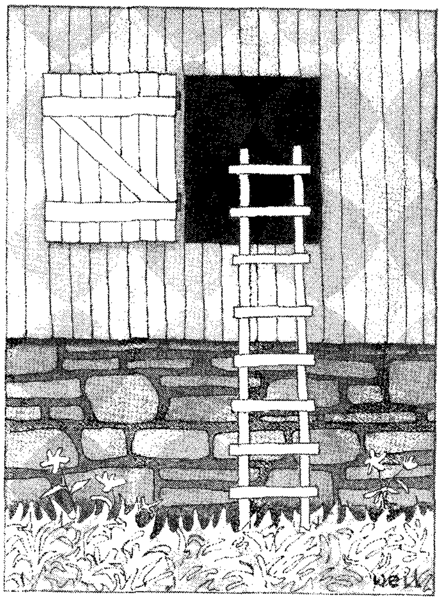
that creates a shared grammar of objects of contemplation outside the dog and the master, and it is there that the best conversations start and, with them, the bonds of that deeper love which consists in thinking. Cats do not declare their love much; they enact it, by their myriad invocations of our pleasure, and they show their understanding of what they are doing—that is, they show the structure of their understanding—in part through their willingness to give up the last moment's enactment for this moment, as though they knew that love, being what refreshes thought, must itself always be discarding us for our refreshment. You may very well get stuck in yesterday's declarations with your spouse or your child, and they may not know how to prevent this in you or in themselves, but your cat will not permit this. The declarations of five minutes ago—that particular arching of the back, that appealing gesture with the paw—may have been true then but now are not, and the cat never allows them to become the bedraggled hermit in our tropes of gesture who, in the words of Wallace Stevens, "comes and goes and comes and goes all day."

ONE may say, with John Hollander, that our cats are infinitely interpretable texts, but the "text" is something *between* us and our cats; it is the object the cat makes out of our positions relative to each other. We regard it from our viewpoint, they from theirs, which introduces a variation on the theme, as cats seldom want to stand side by side with us holding hands unless they are scared or are in certain crises, as our cat Blue was recently, when kitting for the first time. She didn't want my husband to leave the room, and even reported to him on her frame of mind and feelings. But she was asking for this from him, I suspect, because she knows that he respects her too much to get stuck in some sticky mode of rescue, and can be relied on to go back to the conversation. He doesn't, even while holding hands, send out brain waves. Some people are better at talking with cats than other people are; they have larger capacities for the dreamy yet acute sorts of discourse that most cats seem to favor.

Koshka, the cat I spoke of earlier who was clumsy enough to reveal himself to my blunt perceptions, is somewhat jealous—or, at least, he shows his jealousy more obviously than other cats I have known. He has had to deal, over the years, with a variety of cats, kittens, dogs, and other claimants on the hearth, who disturb the progress of his Poem of Koshka. Nowadays, he betrays only the slightest tendency to sulk and grump, having learned that sulky cats don't please me. But in his youth this was not so. Once, I brought in two fuzzy harlequin-marked kittens and sat playing with them on the couch. Koshka leaped wildly into the middle of this arrangement and then away, and then back again, screaming hoarsely that it wasn't *right*. I batted him in the nose and told him to mind his manners, but Koshka said shrilly that they weren't minding *their* manners, were they? Other, more graceful cats would at this point have taken to washing their paws, perhaps, or have developed a sudden interest in a squirrel outside the window while they worked things out. Koshka retreated to the end of the couch and looked depressed and forlorn, alternately meowing and purring at me in a loud, unseemly way. Then he decided to be a good sport and come up and make friends, but found when he tried to get up that his emotional fit had caused him to get his claws stuck in the couch (a frequent mishap for him), and he had to spend a minute or two working them loose. Once he got loose, he headed for me in a straightforward—a doglike—manner, then seemed to remember himself and went back where he had been, lay down again, got up, and zigzagged his way around the room, stopping to sniff some flowers in a vase, a pile of magazines by the fireplace, until he finally managed to be hunting an invisible fly that was buzzing near me and the kittens. Leaping for the fly, he suddenly "noticed" the kittens and began playing with them, pausing to rub against me, purring this time in a dignified fashion. This is not a remarkable cat story, of course.



What had happened to so rapidly transform his clumsily expressed irritation into graciousness was, I think, precisely that typically feline interest in and focus on my pleasure, which is to say, on my interests—the unstated theme that most of a cat's behavior in relation to his or her friends is variations on. (This isn't from our point of view an infinitely adjustable pleasing, of course; try keeping cats and parakeets together, for example.) Koshka revealed that theme in his from time to time doggy behavior, but most cats don't reveal it so directly; that is why it can seem to us that there is no theme, no focus, to a cat's activities. Cats stalk the web of our imaginations as carefully as they stalk prey, and, by and large, elude our grosser interpretations with skill and care, not because they wish to remain unknown to us but because they cannot bear to be *falsely* known, known only by the deceptive glare of a single proposition. Perhaps nervousness about being in such a way falsely known is the healthy source of some of our ill health, our various impulses to hide, to make mysteries of ourselves, and is also the healthy source of ailurophobia. Because cats are more adept than we are at evading monolithic propositions of character, they are also less likely to go insane in the way we do, or dogs and horses do, when "pinned to a proposition."

When our friends get it wrong about us, we tend to go about saying urgently to anyone we can collar that People Don't Understand Us—no one understands scholars, or poets, or animal trainers, or diabetics. And then we go on to try to say what is in fact the case; but one monolithic and totalizing proposition is no better than another, has no more power to penetrate pluralities of perception and misperception. This, of course, is another error that cats avoid. When we aim a misinterpretation at them, they slip sidewise so adeptly that it usually seems as if they just happened accidentally to move at the very moment we took aim and fired—as if it were always by accident rather than by mistake that we miss. (Except, it appears, when behaviorists get going in laboratories.) To put it another way, cats have a much more efficient "stroke economy" than we do. Here I am using the term "stroke" to

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mean any stimulus from outside the organism or, at least, from outside the brain that initiates internal activities. Strokes, that is, start everything else. Strokes like “That’s a catchy little tune there” don’t have the significance that “Porgy and Bess” does, but strokes are necessary, if not sufficient, to those psychic and physical motions that give us “Porgy and Bess.” “Stroke” means *any* acknowledgment of a creature’s existence, including negative and painful ones. These don’t have the generational power that positive acknowledgments have, but they will keep an organism alive even if unhappy. This is one way of understanding why monkeys will embrace wire mothers, and people will stay in relationships that consist largely or wholly of exchanges that leave the participants feeling lousy. Most social animals seem to be capable of becoming addicted to whatever sort of stroke comes handy. Beyond which, some people seem able to become addicted to “do” strokes rather than “be” strokes—usually in the form of praise for a particular accomplishment rather than for a general way of being. The trouble with “do” strokes is that you can never get enough of them, and their stimulating effect doesn’t last very long; hence the dusty trophy cases full of stale strokes that some people clutter up their conversations with. “Be” strokes, by contrast, can last practically forever and don’t require further validation from anyone, including, usually, the creature who gave you the stroke in the first place. So that while I may feel set up for anywhere from a minute to several weeks if you tell me that a finished performance is splendid, the thrill will come to an end, whereas if you manage to acknowledge accurately the kind of mind I have, then it is my nature you have acknowledged, something that is, by and large, immortal as long as I am.

“Be” strokes are the only kind that cats are normally interested in, which is why work with them can’t go the way work with dogs and horses can. Emotional M&M’s are either ignored or resisted if circumstances make it impossible to perform the preferred feline metaphysics. Hence the grammars of approval and disapproval that so madden humans are refused utterly by cats, who appear to be born with something like an intuitive understanding that approval is almost inevitably the flip side of disapproval—in contrast to some (though not all) dogs, who are like us in that they usually have to spend time learning the hard way, if they do learn, why it is that bribery and flattery are so dangerous.

THE cat’s refusal to be approved of or disapproved of may make it appear that, after all, stimulus-response psychology has explanatory force in their case. Especially if people go on to say that in order to get a cat to perform as Bill Koehler’s cats do the “reinforcements” used must be impersonal—the handler’s self-esteem must not get into them. Such a way of talking makes tropes of mechanomorphism look philosophically promising. But the advice about the importance of impersonality itself points to fundamental differences between, say, my cat Gumbie and my Jeep Cherokee. My Jeep also “refuses” to run if there is sugar in the gas tank, and so is “finicky.” But what the Jeep does that we can call “refusing” is plainly figurative, as is a parking meter’s behavior when we “feed” it. Neither the Jeep nor the meter cares whether or not I care, does not refuse to be “fed” if I make approval noises at it. This sort of difference is so obvious that I am driven to suppose there must be a very powerful superstition preventing some thinkers from seeing it—thinkers who like to say that a cat cannot be said to be “really” playing with a ball, because a cat does not seem to know our grammar of what “playing with” and “ball” are. This sort of more or less positivist position requires a fundamental assumption that “meaning” is a homogeneous, quantifiable thing, and that the universe is dualistic in that there are only two states of meaning in it—significant and insignificant—and, further, that “significant” means only “significant to me.” Such a view demands that we acknowledge that the proposition “Cats are more significant to Vicki than grasshoppers are” is a remark about Vicki, not about cats and grasshoppers in and of themselves, as though Vicki had infinite interpretative powers. Such positivism of meaning often looks like an injunction against the pathetic fallacy, but seems to me to be quite the opposite, and also to be, as some writers have claimed that it is, a view that does not answer to the theoretical demand for parsimony. If, for example, Gumbie hides when guests she doesn’t like come to visit, and stalks about after they leave, suspiciously checking on the evidences of their visit, then my sense of the guests and of Gumbie is revised a bit, especially since Gumbie usually behaves this way when guests attempt uncalled-for familiarity with her; from that it follows that Gumbie, if I respect her, is revising the meanings of my world. Of course, I may also say "Oh, Gumbie, don't be such a snob!" and insist on my earlier, friendlier interpretation of the guests and decide that Gumbie is behaving badly. This will still be a function of Gumbie's interpretative powers, including her power to interpret me, without regard for any theories about Gumbie I may start with. Gumbie may also, while disporting herself in the back yard, so draw my attention to grasshoppers that I become interested in them, and maybe take up entomology. If the sentence "Cats are more significant to Vicki than grasshoppers are" is one for which the judgments "true" and "false" are relevant, then it is as much about cats and grasshoppers as it is about Vicki. Compare it with "Xqrwz are more significant to Vicki than bxryqwixxws are." This is not, in the language I speak, anything for which the judgment "true" or "false" is relevant; it is not about anything.

With Gumbie, the only way to manage to believe that any significance she has is the product of my theories about her is to kill her; allow her to live and she will with every turn, every thoughtful purr and liquidity of comment in her throat, remind me that her relationship to the world is mediated through mine only insofar as that mediation is congruent with the revolving "I am" that is Gumbie. The objections to my saying this are curiously various. Some philosophers would want, of course, to cry out against my attribution to Gumbie of a concept of self, but others would want to say that the cat's unresponsiveness to emotional bribery is "just" a function of the fact that house cats, like tigers, are loners—not social animals, not dependent on the structure and organization of any sort of group. I don't know where this notion comes from in light of the fact that virtually every popular book on owning cats recommends that you have more than one, so that they will keep each other company when you are not at home.

Cats are more likely than horses and dogs in domestic situations (hanging around the house) to force the dimmest of us—temporarily, at least—to abandon our epistemological heavy-handedness. When a cat is made out in a TV cat-food commercial to be performing some sort of minuet by means of photographic manipulations, the very ease with which we can so interpret his image is itself a reminder that it is an interpretation built on sand, and not a full figuration. We do not forget that that cat—the cat himself—remains outside our interpretations. Cats are always saying to us in one way and another, "I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me," as the cat in Kipling's "Just So Stories" does. When a cat looks at us, there is always in the looking the reminder that a cat can look at me or at a king and in both cases equally from the chosen poise of *that* particular angle of grace and speculation.

But, of course, here is the point I am laboring over: Cats are saying that *to us*. They take infinite trouble so that we should continue to be aware of their way of looking. Consider the cat in Kipling. In that story, the first creature to be domesticated was Wild Man, who was "dreadfully wild," we are told. "He didn't even begin to be tame till he met the Woman, and she told him that she did not like living in his wild ways." The next animal was, of course, Wild Dog, who was easily drawn into the amiability of the cave by the Woman when she made "the First Singing Magic in the world." The dog came when called and became, by way of a song, First Friend. Wild Horse was coöperative, too, being charmed and tamed by the Second Singing Magic in the world. And so with Wild Cow. Even the little Bat is a guest rather than an intruder in the cave, and calls the Woman, "O my Hostess and wife of my Host." But the Cat refused the tale the humans wanted to tell of him, and, indeed, insisted on a revision of the Woman's story about *herself*, with the result that it was the Woman who was charmed, and said, "I knew I was wise, but I did not know I was beautiful. So I will make a bargain with you. If ever I say one word in your praise you may come into the Cave." The Cat agreed to this and negotiated further, for a warm spot by the fire should there be two words in his praise, and the privilege of drinking milk should there be three. As is usual in such stories, the Woman did say three words in his praise, but, of course, not in the way she meant—the world of such tales is a magically logocentric world, in which, as in legal situations, saying "That isn't what I meant" doesn't get us out

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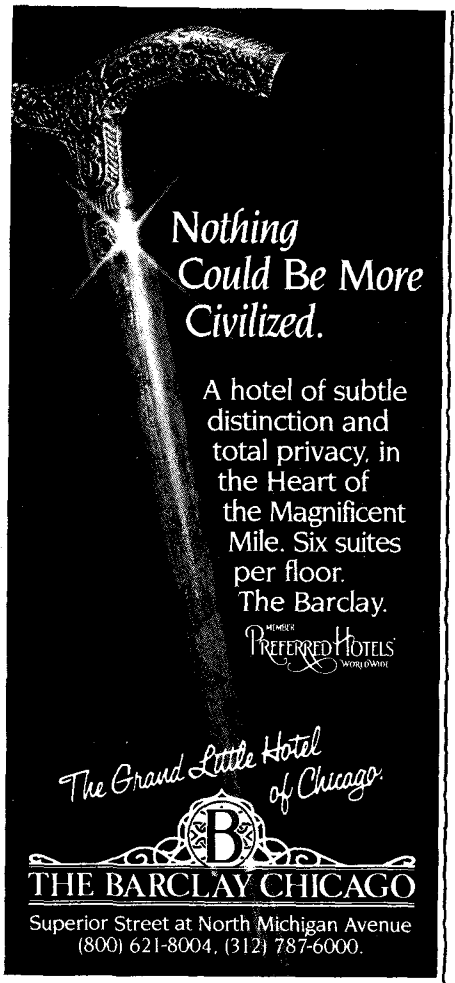

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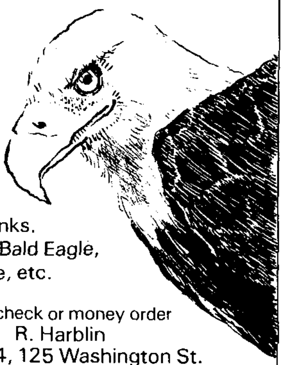

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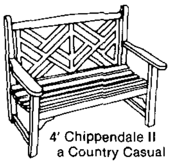

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of it. The Cat, first by tickling and charming Baby, then by purring and so lulling Baby asleep, and finally by catching a mouse, moved the Woman to utter the three words of praise. Kipling goes on to tell of the return of the Man and the Dog at the end of the day, and of their threats to throw things and use teeth should the Cat fail to continue to be kind to Baby and to catch mice. Kipling falters here, I think, for he has it turn out that the threats are effective against the Cat, and I have never seen anyone succeed in making a cat go forward and do something—rather than run away—in response to threats. (In fact, threats aren't really very good motivators for any species that I know of. But that is a somewhat separate issue, which has to do with the reasons cruelty doesn't work very well.) What matters here is that up until the end, when Kipling sentimentally allows the Dog and the Man to succeed with the sort of macho display behavior that cats generally despise, he has the important part right—the Cat's revisionary impulses.

I don't blame Kipling, of course, for his failure to sustain his cat story properly. It is impossible for anyone to stay ahead of a cat. My cat Blue, for example, is becoming a politician these days and has organized the other cats, who are upset with me because I spend too much time talking on the telephone and making airline reservations instead of paying proper attention to creature comforts. Yesterday, a friend called me. When Blue failed to get my attention away from the telephone, she simply "accidentally" walked on the button that hangs the phone up on her way from the bookcase to her water dish. By the time I worked out what she had been up to, she had given herself a bath, dealt with the mice, and instructed my pit bull further on how to keep the male cats in line.

It is pleasing to watch kittens practicing these revisionary impulses—stalking a shadow with sidewise hops, and so on, or playing with parts of their own bodies and those of Mama and their littermates with that odd regard for the intended nature of the tail, paw, or ear which makes us tend to say that the kitten chasing his tail doesn't know that it is his tail. What the kitten is born to know is that it is his or her own Tale, the tale of the cat's limitlessly metamorphosing stances toward us and the rest of the world.

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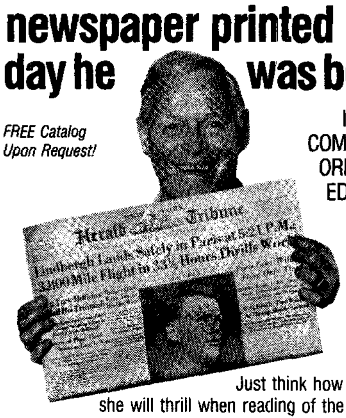

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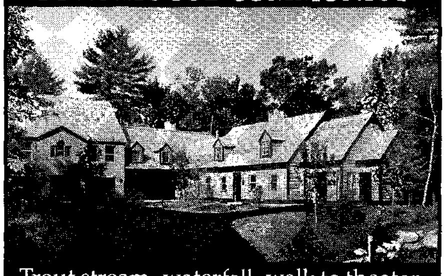

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the opening series in Life Sciences 121a: The Interpretation of Behavior, and tell me that the behaviors I am talking about are explainable as the result of predatory mechanisms in the cat. There is, as usual, an implied "merely" in this, as if in the first place something as difficult and as important as hunting weren't a likely basis for play and tale, and as such also a source of figures of thought in the development of friendships. Believing such a notion consistently would entail denying that any utterance can be a poem, because all or some of its grammar and diction can be shown to have sources in survival modes necessitated by, say, droughts during the Pleistocene.

There are differences between the friendships of humans with cats and those with other human beings. The cat's insistence on being himself brings pleasure, whereas such an insistence in human-to-human loves is too often done clumsily and painfully and may result in the static of Quarrel rather than in the Heart of philosophy. But I have been for too long trying to indicate in prose what is more properly celebrated in verse—those turns and graces by means of which not only those who are Beloved Others but philosophy itself consoles us for the very fact of Otherness which drives us to philosophy. Some Eastern thinkers speak of "the gap" and then say no more about it. Dogs, people, and horses are all likely to try foolishly to close the gap, to deny what Stanley Cavell has called our "differences from one another—the one everything the other is not," and to deny "human separation, which can be accepted, and granted, or not. Like the separation from God." Cats live in a kind of ever-changing song or story in and of the gap. Here is "Kitty and Bug," by John Hollander:

I a
cat who
coated in a
dense shadow
which I cast
along myself
absorb the
light you
gaze at me
with can yet
look at a king
and not be seen
to be seeing any
more than himself
a motionless seer
sovereign of gray
mirrored invisibly
in the seeing glass
of air Whatever I am
seeing is part of me
As you see me now my
vision is wrapped in
two green hypotheses
darkness blossoming
in two unseen eyes
which pretend to be
intent on a spot of bug
upon
the
rug
Who
can
see
how
eye
can
know

—Vicki Hearne

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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THE THEATRE

Son of Lupino

LAST week, I was commenting on the odd eagerness with which Broadway appeared bent upon committing suicide. This week, Broadway is filled with happy chatter about its new hit, "Me and My Girl," and prophets of doom like me are supposed to feel abashed and outwitted by this evidence of Broadway's intrinsic good health. But what if this new hit is in fact a fifty-year-old British musical comedy, at once creaky and childish, that was chopped up and patched together by contemporary hands in London a couple of seasons ago and whose notion of wit consists in part of turning itself into a clumsy parody of "My Fair Lady"? Is Broadway really entitled to congratulate itself upon the importation of a cleverly embalmed freak—one whose success depends not upon its book or lyrics but upon the presence in the leading role of that consummately skillful and engaging actor Robert Lindsay? Broadway audiences have reason to take delight in his performance as Bill Snibson, the seeming Cockney guttersnipe who turns out to be the natural son and heir of the late Lord Hareford, of Hareford Hall, Hampshire, but when Mr. Lindsay is offstage little to delight us remains except the gorgeous, ambulatory sets (by Martin Johns), the costumes (by Ann Curtis), and the lighting (by Chris Ellis and Roger Morgan). The rest amounts to hearty, harmless huffing and puffing, by such fearless veterans of huffing and puffing as George S. Irving, Jane Connell, and Thomas Toner.

In the original production of "Me and My Girl," the role of Bill Snibson was played by Lupino Lane, who also produced and directed the show. Lane was one of the great clowns of the twentieth century. Like most great clowns, he was small and shapely and a superb acrobat; sharing these attributes with Chaplin and Keaton, he was introduced to American movie audiences as a possible rival to them, without notable consequences. Lindsay, who studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts, and who played Hamlet just before playing Snibson, is said to be replicating several of Lane's acrobatic routines in the course of "Me and My Girl;" be that as it may, the routines are certainly hilarious. Unlike most of the Hamlets I have observed, Lindsay also sings, tap-dances, and causes a brown derby to wobble back and forth on the top of his head like a cork in a high sea. Informing these ingenious antics is a charm resembling that of Fred Astaire: reason enough, surely, to seek Lindsay out, despite the silliness of the ramshackle vehicle in which he finds himself starring. I am sorry to report that the two actresses who have been cast in supporting roles—Maryann Plunkett and Jane Summerhays—are not his match for charm, though they are competent in the discharge of their duties. So are Nick Ullett as an upper-class fop and Timothy Jerome as a fey solicitor.

The original authors of the book and lyrics of "Me and My Girl" were L. Arthur Rose and Douglas Furber, and the composer of the music was Noel Gay. The book has been revised by Stephen Fry, and the program calls attention to the fact that contributions to Fry's revisions—something one wouldn't have expected to see boasted of in print—have been made by Mike Ockrent, who has also directed the production.

"Me and My Girl" serves to open the new Marquis Theatre, which lies embedded somewhere in the twisted innards of the Marriott Hotel, on Times Square. The Marquis is intended to compensate for the demolition of the Helen Hayes, Morosco, and Bijou Theatres, which occupied a portion of the site and were thrown down in 1982, over many protests. The Marquis box office faces Times Square; from it one is directed upward by means of curving fun-house passages and a pair of escalators to the lobby of the theatre, which occupies a section of one of the hotel's innumerable lobbies, scattered over several floors, and features the incessant rise and fall of the hotel's giddy glass-

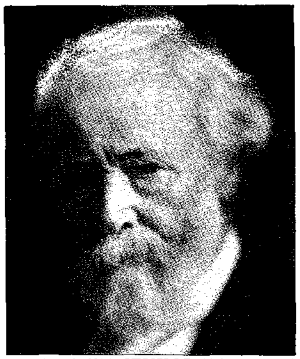
"Put in more references to international law."

walled elevators. The theatre itself has sixteen hundred seats, and so is suitable for musicals but not for plays. It has excellent sight lines, comfortable seats, and a bland, inoffensive décor. How are its acoustics? What a gratuitously old-fashioned question to ask in 1986! Sound is canned at the Marquis, as it is almost everywhere else these days. The unamplified human voice will never be heard there and would no doubt tend to frighten the young if it were. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Sunless Raisin

THE Roundabout wound up its season last week with, I'm sorry to say, a disappointing production of Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which, for all the strength and richness of the play and all the good work of most of the actors, never really caught fire—or didn't, anyway, in the performance I saw. "Raisin," which opened originally in 1959, was the first Broadway play to be written by a black woman and to have a black director, Lloyd Richards, and it had, of course, a black company, headed by Sidney Poitier, Ruby Dee, Diana Sands, and Claudia McNeil; at the time, the event almost overshadowed the play. The story is about Walter Lee Younger and his family, who live in a rotting apartment in a Chicago slum. He is a thirty-five-year-old chauffeur who never ceases to dream of tricky ways to advance the family's finances. His wife is a daily servant, and the other members are his sister, a college student who plans to become a doctor; his little boy; and his mother, a recent widow. When the mother receives an insurance check for ten thousand dollars, Walter sees his chance and tries to persuade her to let him invest the money in a shady liquor store. But the mother has other plans; she makes a down payment on a house in a hitherto white neighborhood and puts the rest of it in Walter's care, to pay for the education of his sister and his little son. The family receive a visit from one of their new white neighbors, the essence of smiley hypocrisy, who tries to persuade them to sell back the house at a profit, which they refuse to do. Walter hands the extra money over to a shady crony to invest for him, but the fellow runs off with it. In desperation, Walter sends for the white would-be buyer, over his family's protests, but at the last moment his pride reasserts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itself. The Youngers will move on.

So much for the plot, which is probably familiar by now in any case. What matters is the details and the humor and the passion. Despite my reservations, I admired James Pickens, Jr., as Walter; Starletta DuPois, as his loving, worried wife, her exposed nerves always under control; Kim Yancey, as his spunky, assertive sister; and Kimble Joyner, as his little boy. Best of all—funny and electric—is Vondie Curtis-Hall, as the sister's Nigerian beau, who tries to persuade her to go to Africa with him. John Fiedler, smooth as silk, plays the white neighbor, as he did in the original production. The appropriately ratty setting was designed by Thomas Cariello and lighted by Shirley Prendergast; the costumes were by Judy Dearing. Harold Scott was the director.

NORMA ALEANDRO, of Argentina, made a three-day appearance at the Public, as part of its Festival Latino in New York, and even a non-Spanish-speaking member of the audience like me could tell that we were in the presence of a star. In a long red velvet gown, her thick black hair to her shoulders, she was beautiful to look at and to listen to (one ear in, one ear out of earphones transmitting a grating English translation). The title of the evening's program, an anthology of selections from a variety of writers, was "About Love and Other Stories About Love." This theme was divided into "love with prestige" (the love of men and women) and "love without prestige" (the love of dogs or cats or fishing, or whatever). The authors included Lope de Vega, Federico García Lorca, and Gabriel García Márquez, but in spite of this lineup the excerpts didn't amount to much. Miss Aleandro was at her best in her engaging introductions to them, and in the few songs she sang, to guitar accompaniment. There were arresting moments throughout that, taken together, affirmed that this marvellous woman was put on earth to be not a diseuse but an actress.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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BOOKS

Elusive Castaway

As a political symbol, the atomic bombing of Hiroshima succeeds for obvious reasons. As a challenge to a novelist or poet, its accepted significance makes it slippery. The bombing figures in "Hiroshima Joe," a recent novel by Martin Booth (Atlantic Monthly; $17.95), not as the main event but as corroboration of the power of human destructiveness over human goodness: cruelty over love, to use the author's terms. Given the title character's experiences in the war, there is no arguing with that appraisal of the evidence, but it is hard to avoid the feeling that the character was devised to match the experiences, and the experiences cut to fit a grim conclusion.

Booth is an Englishman, who, says the dust jacket, "was born in 1944 and spent a large part of his youth in Hong Kong." His leading character, Joseph Sandingham, is a young British officer who is captured by the Japanese in the battle for Hong Kong in 1941 and held in various prison camps until August 6, 1945, when he is abandoned by his guards on the outskirts of Hiroshima just after the bomb falls. The novel is arranged in alternating wartime and postwar segments, with Sandingham first introduced as a virtual derelict, scrounging a living in the streets of Hong Kong. He is considered crazy and is known as Hiroshima Joe, though how anyone came to know enough about him to nickname him isn't explained. Flashbacks account for his years as a prisoner of war and for what turns out to be the key to his demoralization—the death in battle of a fellow-officer who was his lover. There are references to his prewar life in England, mostly unrevealing, but the period from the end of the war to the spring of 1952 is a blank. His sentimental attraction to a boy of about ten at the hotel where he lives suggests that Joe may be based on a character Booth remembers from his own Hong Kong years. Toward the end of his life, Joe makes a pathetic attempt to seduce the boy—an ambiguous incident, as Booth describes it, as is Joe's suicide, which follows not long afterward. In an epilogue (summer, 1985), the boy reappears as a married man, paying his respects at Joe's grave, for which he has composed the headstone inscription: "He saw what no man should be made to see; he died fearing what we all must fear." The epilogue, while it brings the total pages up to 441, has the virtue of making clear what had, through page 434, remained obscure; i.e., the significance—to Booth, at least—of Sandingham's fate.

The title gives the book an air of mystery, and its shape generates some momentum, but there is not enough of either to fortify a reader against the sluggish pace of the narration. By the time Booth reveals that Joe was in Hiroshima on the fatal day, it figures that he must have been. And Joe's delayed discovery—after seven years—that he was a victim of radiation poisoning comes as no surprise to the reader: he was bound to be. In any case, by that time he is already done for, morally and spiritually speaking.

The writing is generally direct ("He pushed the overhang of branches aside and sat down in the doorway of a collapsed room"), with poetic touches ("While the rain fell he chewed upon the cane and listened to the water's clamour on the leaves") and patches of metaphysics:

> He spoke out loud to no one. The wind whipped the words away. He tried to remember who had said it to him, and when.
>
> "History is now. War is all the time. There is always a fight going on somewhere. It's all a part of human activity. Common as buying and selling."

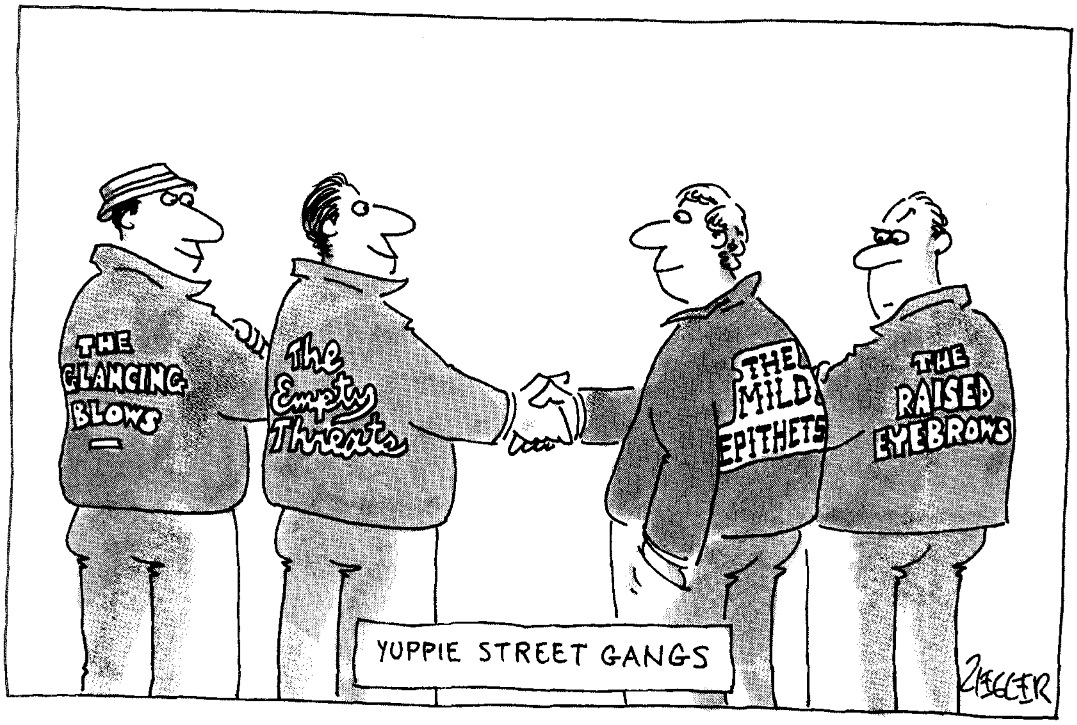
It is better adapted to observation ("Whereas the British Army painted boulders white, the Japanese scrubbed roads: all armies do pointless things, Joe thought") than to dialogue—

> (1) "Who is he?" the fair boy was asking.
> "He a c'azy man," said the bellboy. "He *mok tau!*"
>
> (2) "How was Repulse Bay?"
> "Paradisiacal."—

and is particularly inefficient when it comes to pinning the central character down:

> There were times when he considered himself a refugee from matters European, a man who had removed himself from the horrors of the shallowness and materialism and hypocrisy of the world in the West. . . .
>
> At other times, he saw himself not as a willing and accepting refugee, an acolyte of peace and simplicity, but as a castaway, suffering the purgatory of deliberate rejection or cursory dismissal.

Early in the book, Booth writes that "tiny details implanted themselves upon Sandingham's mind," that "when he had to, he could be excep-



tionally observant." Sometimes a writer finds himself in the position of counting on tiny details to add up to something he can't quite express, distracting a reader in the meantime. If that doesn't work, he can always write an epilogue. —SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE INNOCENTS, by Carolyn Slaughter (Scribners; $16.95). On the dust jacket, a sunset and a fire blend: an ironical sort of rainbow. This grim melodrama, set on a South African farm in the near future, features two strong women, lifelong companions, one black and one white, who hold out against two challenges: one from the government, which has ordered all black farmworkers herded into labor camps; the other from their teen-age charge, who doubts their account of her parents' deaths. The two challenges span a spectrum of wrongs that apartheid inflicts upon innocents; by the end, the newborn great-great-great-great-grandchild of a man who fled to South Africa to be free is obliged to flee a countryside in flames, but there is reason to hope that one circle of crimes and lies has been broken. Carolyn Slaughter, whose last book, her seventh, was "A Perfect Woman" (1985), grew up in Botswana and now lives in London.

Q CLEARANCE, by Peter Benchley (Random House; $16.95). A speechwriter for a post-Reagan President has hardly had time to acclimate himself to Q Clearance (which is to Top Secret what atomic energy is to a wood stove) when he finds his "in" box elevated to the West Wing of the White House; his desk adorned with anemones, courtesy of the Presidential suite, a door's width away; and the President elevating him to Special Assistant to the President for Perspective. It is a title that the speechwriter should have second thoughts about, coming, as it does, from a President with an ear for acronyms; as for the anemones, his superstitious secretary advises him that they have a reputation for fading fast. Just how fast *he* fades depends upon how fast a certain cleaning woman grants Q Clearance to a caterer with an international clientele. A funny, fine-tuned story that sometimes seems to imagine itself a thriller. Before writing "Jaws" and its three succes-

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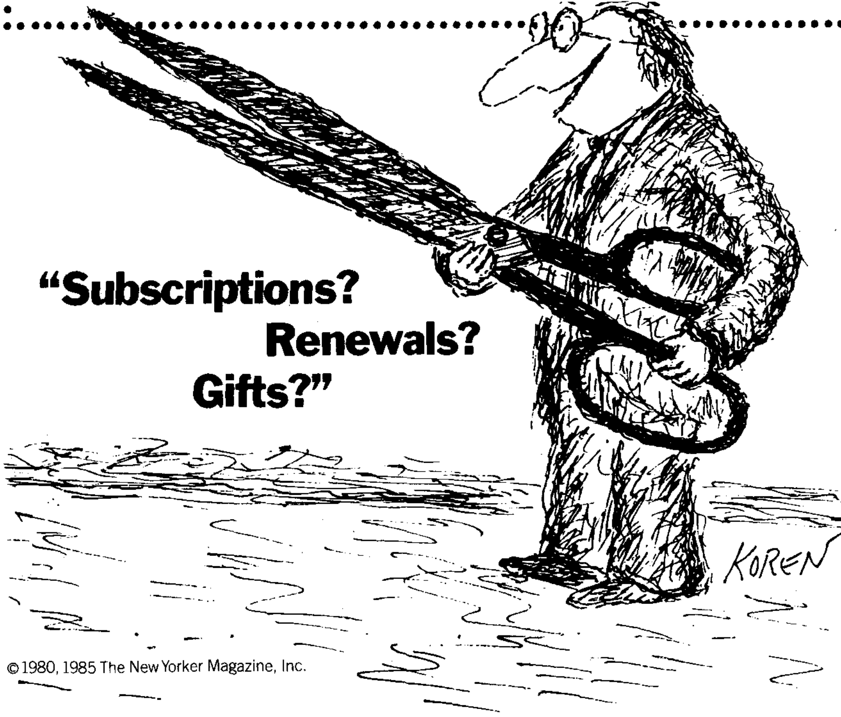
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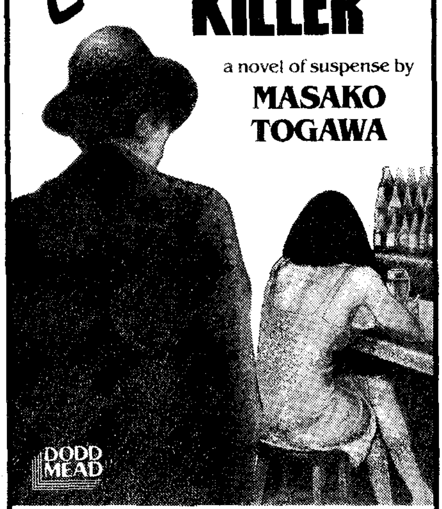

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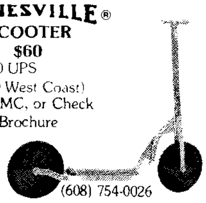

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sors, Peter Benchley wrote speeches for President Johnson.

GENERAL

STRANGER IN TWO WORLDS, by Jean Harris (Macmillan; $18.95). In 1981, the author was convicted of second-degree murder for shooting her lover, Dr. Herman Tarnower; she was sentenced to prison for a term of fifteen years to life, and her legal appeals have been rejected. In this autobiography, Mrs. Harris attempts to exculpate herself and to make the romance and its outcome pathetic rather than sensational, but she succeeds only in making them perplexing. Her book, however, is more than an extralegal plea; it is an extremely intelligent firsthand account of how two institutions—the school and the prison—function in modern America. For most of her adult life, Mrs. Harris was a teacher or administrator in private schools, and her memoir describes both the rewards she found in education as a career and the problems she encountered. These included questions of decorum and disrespect, inattentiveness, drugs, and parents' ambivalence about discipline. (They approve of discipline in theory but resent it when it is applied to their own children.) Though private schools' clienteles are richer than public schools', the two evidently resemble each other. Prison, however, resembles nothing in Mrs. Harris's experience. She writes lucidly of her life at the Bedford Hills Correctional Facility, and her narrative raises painful questions. What causes deviant, destructive, and self-destructive personalities? (Guards as well as prisoners seem bizarre, anomalous.) Are there alternatives to the brutal and stupefying custody she describes? In prison, Mrs. Harris has devoted herself to helping to care for young children who come to visit their mothers. These youngsters suffer severely during years of separation, and it is disturbing to read of children being punished for crimes they did not commit.

NAPOLEON'S FAMILY, by Desmond Seward (Viking; $16.95). The rise and fall of Napoleon Bonaparte retold—and retold most engagingly—with emphasis on the greatest of all his many burdens: his four brothers, his three sisters, and (to a lesser extent) his mother. Mr. Seward quotes, with seeming ap-

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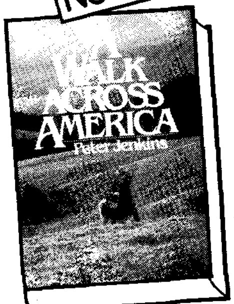

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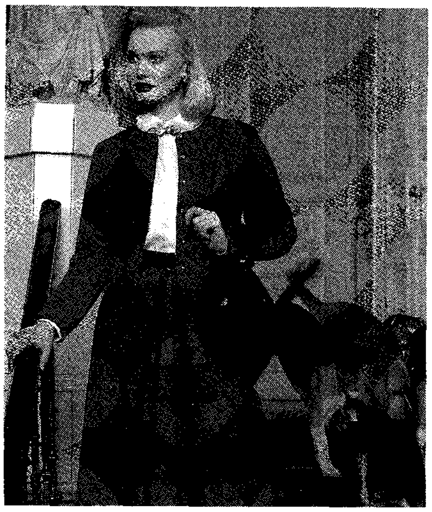

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proval, the commentator Pieter Geyl on "the excessive greed, envy and inefficiency only matched by self-conceit, displayed by that peculiarly unpleasant set of people." Mr. Seward tells us that Joseph, the eldest, was interested only in his investments and, later, in his prospects of succeeding to the throne. Lucien's "instincts were essentially those of a third-rate politician with a weakness for inept intrigue." Louis was crippled by gonorrhea and "afflicted by fits of jealousy and delusions of persecution." Jérôme had "a thin, mean mouth" and remained throughout his life a "spoilt brat." Pauline was, according to one of her lovers, "the greatest hussy imaginable." Caroline was clothes-crazy (as was Napoleon's first wife, Josephine, who ordered as many as nine hundred dresses a year, outdoing Marie Antoinette's record of around a hundred and seventy) and impossibly arrogant. Elisa stands apart as agreeable, intelligent, and a patroness of the arts. Illustrations.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SIX KEY CUT, by Max Crawford (Atheneum; $14.95). It is hard to accept that this is the same Max Crawford who last year gave us, in "Lords of the Plain," an unusually fine depiction of West Texas in the Comanche wars of the eighteen-seventies. The novel he gives us here is set in the Miami of today and involves a multimillion-dollar cocaine theft. The characters have names—By (or "the boy"), Jamie (or "the girl"), Waldy (or "the white rat"), Ash (or "the bad cop") —but no identities. And the writing: "Out in the night Lex's rage became a howl of derision. He put his head back and laughed, mad." One might be reading a would-be hardboiled thriller of the thirties.

•

The name of the Department of History and Geography has been changed to the "Department of History."

The change reflects the makeup of the faculty in the department. The geography faculty have retired, and the newly hired professors in the department are all history specialists.

The Biology Department includes faculty with a strong background in geography, but the name of that department will not be changed.—*Faculty/staff newsletter of Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S.C.*

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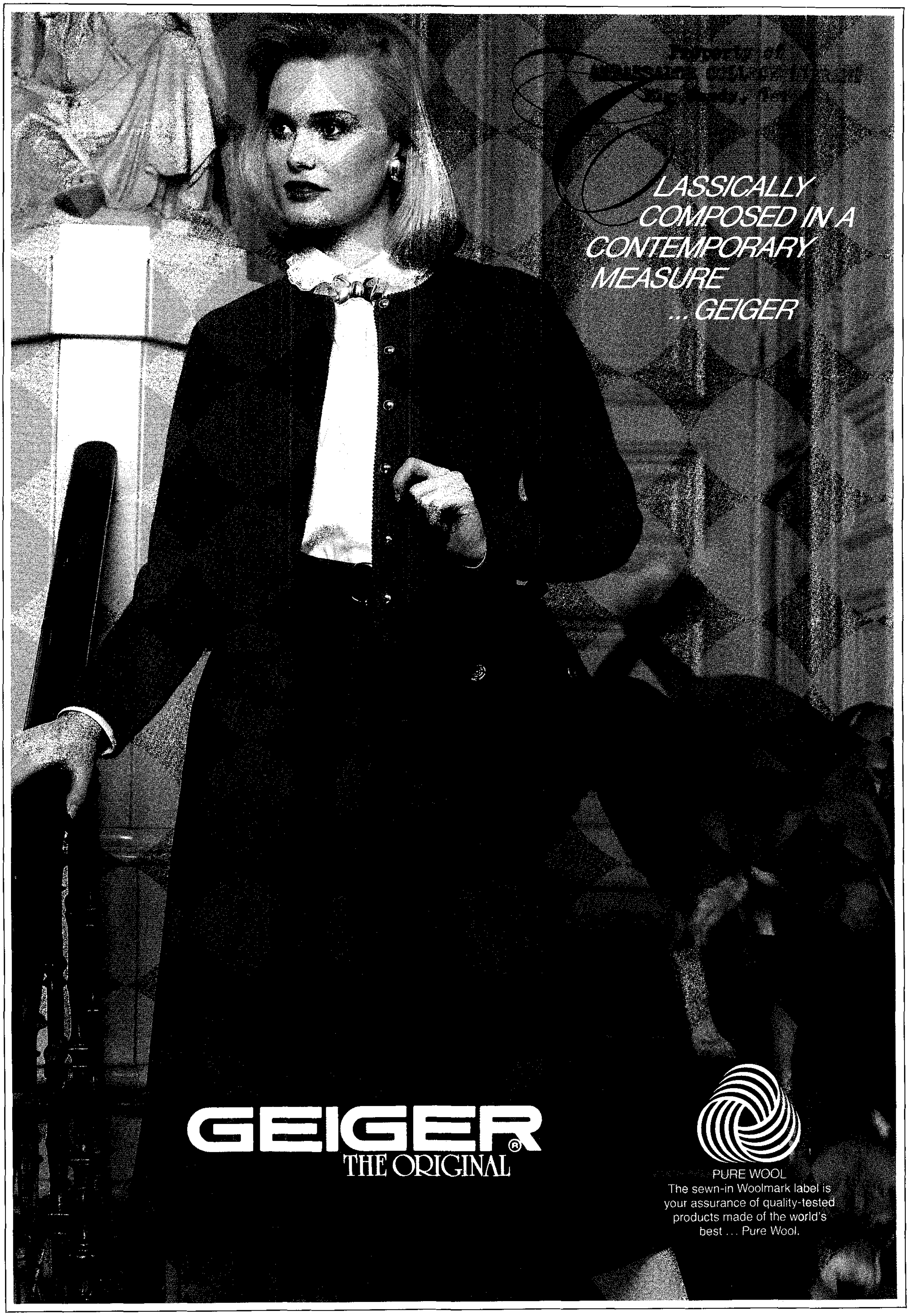
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